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HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.

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W. H. Milner

HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY HIS SON

ARTHUR MILMAN, M.A, LL.D.

WITH PORTRAITS



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1900

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AUSGOLIAO

TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY FATHER AND MOTHER
THIS IMPERFECT RECORD
IS
DEDICATED

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is probably no question so difficult and delicate to decide as the time that is most appropriate for the publication of any biography or memorial of one who has occupied a position of eminence and authority, whether in the world of action or of letters. If, on the one hand, it be held back until the generation that would have been most attracted by the personal history of its subject has disappeared, there is more than a risk that much of the interest which might otherwise have attached to it may be lost. If, on the other hand, as is the prevailing custom, a "Life" is to follow swift upon death, some instinctive faculty, by no means universal with biographers, would seem to be required, enabling them to distinguish what is really worthy of preservation from mere ephemeral details, to discriminate between mere transitory popularity and that which is likely to be considered of value by the more sober verdict of posterity.

To those who may think that these reminiscences of my father's life should have been published long ago, if published at all, I have no answer to make.

I can only confess and avoid. All my father's friends, all those who would, I believe, have valued any memories, however slight, of his early days, have indeed passed away, and they can now but appeal to, with very rare exceptions, a world of strangers. Even so, however, I have been advised that it would be a pity to lose them, were it only for the sake of the allusions to Eton and Oxford in the early years of the now expiring century, and of the illustration which they offer of the marked change which within my father's lifetime came over opinion, especially upon views of the proper methods of dealing with religious history.

Rough and insufficient as I know the sketch to be, little more than an outline, I trust, or rather hope, that, with those who can read between the lines, it may revive the memory of a character of singular simplicity and sincerity, of one who, with many friends, had few enemies—even those who differed most from him in opinion admired his straightforward honesty, admitted his personal attraction—of a man whose one aim and object was to follow after truth through good report and evil, if haply he might find it. I may not say more: I cannot say less.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage—The Milmans and Harts—School and College—Eton and Oxford.

IT is not necessary, as an introduction to the following slight sketch of the life of Dean Milman, to trace back his ancestry for several generations. Pedigrees long drawn out are apt to be tiresome, and it will probably be amply sufficient to indicate as concisely as possible the kind of people from whom he was descended, with such few illustrations as may seem to have something more than a mere family interest. His father, Francis Milman, physician to George III., was a man of refinement and cultivation, eminent in his profession, and much in the confidence of the Royal Family, especially of Queen Charlotte, who is said to have been indebted to him, not only professionally, but as her adviser in many private and delicate communications with the King. For these services a baronetcy was conferred upon him, the patent of creation being, it is stated, the last that was issued in the last year of the last century. Sir Francis was President of the Royal College of Physicians 1811-13. He came of an old Devonshire stock,

his immediate ancestors being scholars and country clergymen, content to live their quiet life, to discharge the uneventful duties of their station, in that picturesque fringe of broken ground which lies between Dartmoor and the Channel, and has given birth to so many naval worthies, forgotten some for want of a sacred poet, while of others the names will never perish.

Sir Francis' father and grandfather were both also named Francis. The father was rector of East Ogwell and vicar of Abbots Kerswell. He married Sarah, eldest daughter of Richard Dyer. The Dyers had been squires of Levaton in Woodland, near Ashburton, for three centuries; but they were then to end, for Sarah's only brother John died, and it was her son who inherited the modest estate. The grandfather, the first Francis, was rector of Marldon and vicar of Paignton, and married Joan Prideaux. *His* father, Thomas Milman, of South Brent, had married another Prideaux—Agnes. The Prideaux are one of the oldest families in Devonshire. The church of Modbury contains the tomb of Sir John Prideaux, who died in 1406. The race is still extant, and is at present represented by Charles Prideaux-Brune, of Prideaux House, near Padstow, in the adjoining county of Cornwall. There was, it may be mentioned, a Devonshire scholarship at Exeter College, Oxford, which has been held by seven Milmans,—the first being Sir Francis' grandfather; the last being Robert Milman, his grandson, and Dean

Milman's nephew, who afterwards became Bishop of Calcutta.

The Dean's mother was Frances, daughter and eventually heiress of William Hart, merchant and linen manufacturer of Bristol, whose country seat was at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire. By a strange coincidence, she, who was descended from Sir Richard Braye, the physician and faithful adherent who ministered to and consoled the imbecile King Henry VI., married the physician who was to attend that other king of England who lost his reason, George III., and to win the confidence of the royal patient and of his devoted Queen. It will not be without interest briefly to indicate how this came about.

The Harts first rose to consideration as London merchants, and John Hart, who died comparatively young in 1507, married Elizabeth, the heiress of the De Pechés (De Peccato, corrupted into Peachey), a Norman family who came over at the Conquest, and who purchased Lullingston, in Kent, in 1360. The ruins of the De Pechés' feudal stronghold are now known as Shoreham Castle, and the present owner of the modern mansion in Lullingston Park, Sir William Hart Dyke, Bart., is the eldest representative of the ancient stock. Sir Percival, the son of John Hart and Elizabeth Peachey, was as successful at Court as in commerce, for he obtained and retained the office of Chief Sewer and Knight Harbinger under four sovereigns—Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. This solid

citizen and accomplished courtier had his town house and garden at the south-east corner of Tower Street, looking over the fatal hill, the fortress, and the shipping beyond. The space between Tower Street and Thames Street was not then built over. In the city he served in the office of sheriff, attended to the manifold calls of business, and then, passing to the Court, discharged, through four reigns, full of changes in Church and State, his various duties of precaution and parade without exciting any fatal enmity when enmities were so rife. His wife was daughter of the first Lord Braye, grandson of Sir Richard Braye. Lord Braye was also nephew and heir of Sir Reginald Braye, eldest son of the physician of Henry VI.

A grandson of the Knight Harbinger and Frideswide Braye, George Hart, settled at Bristol, where a branch of the family was already established (John Hart was mayor of Bristol in 1599), and engaged in the linen industry when Somersetshire was becoming the manufacturing district of England. He married a daughter of the mayor, whose son, Sir George Knight, was notorious in Bristol history as the persecutor of the Quakers. George Hart's enterprise and that of his children were crowned with success, and the thriving weavers established their country home first at Bitton and afterwards at Stapleton. For three generations they served in the highest municipal offices. George's son, Sir Richard, represented Bristol in four parliaments; but his son William, when he offered himself

to the electors in 1721, was rejected on account of his Jacobite sympathies. Of the children of his son, a second William, all except Frances died without leaving issue. But their near relations managed the mills at Chard until the end of the last century, when steam superseded water-power. Then manufactures migrated to Lancashire, and ruined mills on the banks of the Somersetshire streams are the last monuments of a vanished industry.*

Of the marriage of Francis Milman and Frances Hart, which took place on July 20th, 1779, there was issue seven children; but of these three died in infancy, and were buried in the Milman chapel or chantry in old Chelsea Church.† The four who survived were William George, afterwards the second baronet, born 1781; Francis Miles, born 1783; Frances Emily, born 1787; and Henry Hart, born 1791. My father's eldest brother, William, and his sister Emily were both accomplished artists,

* These and other memoranda relating to the family history have been collected and arranged by my brother, Archibald Milman, C.B.

† This chapel, on the south side of the church, was built by Sir Thomas More, and is properly called his chapel. It continued in possession of the proprietary of his house till Sir A. Gorges sold that to the Earl of Middlesex, reserving the chapel, as he continued to reside in another fine house that he had built for himself in the parish. Sir A. Gorges' house, and with it the property in the chapel, subsequently passed through various hands, and was occupied and owned at one time by Sir William Milman, Knight, who built the houses in Milman Street, Chelsea, and died, *s.p.*, 1713. My grandfather, Sir Francis, bought the chapel for the sake of the family association, and in it several members of the family are buried. See Faulkner's "Description of Chelsea," pp. 93 and 100.

devoting themselves especially to architectural subjects in water-colours. Sir Frederick Burton, than whom there can be no better authority, coming on one occasion into a room hung with their pictures, enquired who had painted those interiors of churches, adding that he thought he could identify the work of every known water-colour painter in England, but that he did not recognise this hand. On being told that they were the work of amateurs, he said, "Oh no! there is too much knowledge and surety of hand for those to be the work of dilettanti; they are professional." On being assured that they were executed by members of the family, he said that they must have had a great appreciation of architecture, and have given much time to their art. For his sister Emily my father had a deep attachment. She was the friend and confidante of all his earlier years, the one at home to whom, as will be seen, his letters from school and college were chiefly addressed, with whom his plans for the future were discussed, opinions on books and events, on the passing topics of the hour, were freely interchanged. She died on July 26th, 1835.

My father's second brother, Francis Miles, chose the life of a soldier, obtaining his first commission as an ensign in the Coldstream Guards in 1800, when he was but seventeen years of age; in 1804 he became lieutenant and captain. In the Peninsular War he served in 1808 as aide-de-camp to Major-General Catlin Craufurd, was present at the battles of Rorica and Vimiero, the retreat to Corunna, the

action on the heights of Lugo, and the battle of Corunna. He was with his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, at the passage of the Douro, the capture of Oporto, and at the battle of Talavera, where he was very severely wounded, and was only saved from being burnt on the field by the gallantry of a private in the Guards. He was taken prisoner in the hospital of Talavera, where, with others of his wounded comrades, he was detained for nearly three months. Thence, passing through Madrid, he was carried into France. The experiences of a young English officer, while a prisoner in Spain under these circumstances, as simply narrated in a letter home, and in a short diary,* when every impression was vividly recent, seem worth preserving, with some necessary compression. To his eldest brother he writes from Bordeaux on November 14th as follows :—

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—

I take the opportunity of a gentleman's promise at this place to remit a letter to England. After travelling above five hundred miles in Spain, we arrived at Bayonne on November 7th. The expense we have been put to on the road has been shameful : excepting that from Valladolid to Burgos, we had a coach provided for us, through the kindness of General Kellermann. The French Government allow me three francs (2s. 6d.) a day, but they did not allow any arrears for the three months we were prisoners in Spain. Had we not luckily had a little money by us, we should have been obliged to have lived upon a pound of black

* The diary is printed as an appendix at the end of the volume.

bread and a quarter of a pound of meat, which was not always good, throughout the whole journey. At Madrid we were confined three days close prisoners at the Retiro, without being allowed to go beyond the sentries who were posted in our rooms: during that time we received nothing but our rations of mouldy bread, and a stinking goat for meat, which the man who brought it was so ashamed of that he told us himself he had brought us some *carrion*. We were generally marched from seven to eight leagues every day, halting at the great places for one day. This town is one of the finest in France, and we propose staying a day or two longer, as the inhabitants are civil to us and ask us to dinner. Our route will lie through Angoulême, Poitiers, Orleans, Sens, Troyes, and Châlons, to Verdun—the distance, between five and six hundred English miles. We came from Bayonne post in a cabriolet, which was cheaper to me than the diligence, as I have a servant, whose place would have cost as much as my own. I shall expect you to take the first opportunity to write to me, but you must take particular care not to hint at anything political, as the letter will not come to hand if you do. I should tell you that I am travelling with Major Fotheringham of the 3rd Guards, who was wounded in the head—we came all the way together from Talavera—besides three others, Major Popham, Ensign Scott, 3rd Guards, and Surgeon Egan. We all arrived at Bayonne without a farthing. A merchant then gave us money for our bills. The exchange between the countries is immense: for £50 they gave us about £38, which makes a deduction of one-quarter. At Talavera we have given five shillings for a loaf of bread, and sometimes we had no meat for three days, at a time that we were confined to our beds and required delicate nourishment. Half a pound

of tea * was sent us by Colonel Bathurst, to whom I shall ever be thankful: it was of more consequence than £1,000 at the time. At Bayonne we had a magnificent dinner given us by the French officers who came with our escort. We drank the health of the Emperor and King George, and to a peace between the two countries. General Kellermann put us upon our parole and asked us to dinner at Valladolid. You have no idea what a good man he is, and how extremely attentive he is to all the English who pass through. I remember him in Portugal. Another general who was in Portugal—Thiebault—commanded at Burgos.

For some time after his arrival in France my uncle entertained hopes of a speedy return by means of an exchange to England; but these soon vanished, and many weary months of internment as a prisoner on parole, at Paris, at Valenciennes, and at Verdun, were before him. More than one attempt was made to obtain his release, but Napoleon refused to exchange prisoners; and hopes of success had been almost abandoned, when it occurred to Sir Francis Milman to make one last attempt through his friend Dr. Jenner, of whom it was reported that Napoleon had spoken as *un ami du genre humain*, and who had intimate relations with some of the leading members of his profession in Paris. There is good ground for believing that this intervention would have been

* Colonel Bathurst writes to Captain Boothby: "I have got a small quantity of tea, which I send to such as I know at Talavera. I am sorry it is not more: I have only two pounds. I wish you would divide one with Stanhope of the 29th, and the other between Major Popham, 24th, and Milman of the Guards." See "A Prisoner of France," Boothby, p. 100.

effected, and that an arrangement for the exchange of Captain Milman with a Captain Husson would have been sanctioned by the French Government ; but it, in fact, became unnecessary, as the first restoration of Louis XVIII. had in the meantime occurred, when my uncle returned with the other prisoners and *détenus* to England.* After his return to England at the peace, Captain and Lieut.-Colonel Milman's promotion followed the usual course. In 1837 he became Lieut.-Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and went on half-pay in the same year. He was Major-General 1841, was appointed Colonel of the 82nd Regiment 1850, Lieut.-General 1851, and he died 1856.

Henry Hart Milman, the youngest son, was born at 47, Lower Brook Street, in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, on February 10th, 1791. His first school education—there is no record of earlier incidents—was obtained at an establishment of high reputation in those days, kept by Dr. Charles Burney, at Greenwich. Burney was a considerable scholar, not unworthy to be compared with Porson and Elmsley.

The death of poor Burney [writes Elmsley to Dr. S. Butler, January 1st, 1818] must have surprised you. I rate him higher as a scholar than some of my friends do. He was the Copernicus of our art ; very inferior indeed to

* See Appendix II. The part taken by Dr. Jenner in negotiating the exchange out of friendship to Sir Francis Milman may give an interest to some letters which passed on the subject.

Galileo Porson, but still the first man who put us on the right scent.*

Under the auspices of Dr. Burney was laid the foundation of the scholarship and classical tastes in which his young pupil afterwards became so proficient. From Greenwich and the care of Dr. Burney, Henry Milman, at the age of eleven, was transferred to Eton, where he was admitted as a King's scholar in the election of 1802. For the greater part of Milman's school days Eton was under the rule of Dr. Goodall, a very popular master ; and it was not until his acceptance of the provostship in 1809 that he was succeeded by Dr. Keate, the succession, as not unfrequently happens on a change of dynasty, being marked by decidedly strained relations between the new master and a faction among the boys, which more than once broke out into actual riot. The sixth-form collegers, between whom and the oppidans the feeling was not always friendly, took no part in these disturbances, but on the contrary were disposed to uphold Keate's authority, who in their opinion had been treated somewhat unfairly, his enemies among the boys being apparently of opinion that the best mode of evincing their regret for Goodall was by disrespect and mutiny towards his successor. My father's letters from school are full of references to its disturbed condition.

You could not [he writes to his friend William

* "Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler," i. 146.

Harness*] have picked a much more unfortunate time for my making a friend of Gambier. It is not unlikely that we shall have a serious rumpus here; civil dudgeon is growing very high. The best part of the joke is that there is no reason in the world for it, excepting the genuine spirit of O.P. The sixth-form collegers determined to oppose such senseless folly. Accordingly, your humble servant, in quality of præposter—in Harrow dialect monitor—seized one of the ringleaders, and carried him to Keate. This has given a turn to it, and perhaps is likely to breed divisions between collegers and oppidans. What part Gambier takes in it I do not know, but I should hope he had nothing to do with a business which has neither head nor tail. *Entre nous*, if there was as much spirit among our O.P.'s as among their prototypes at Harrow, we should have flat rebellion, as Jack Falstaff says. But my Lord Byron *per contra*, the age of chivalry is over: vulgarly, there is no spirit nowadays. One of the assistant masters is the chief object of abomination—a man whom I cannot say I admire; but Keate comes in for a share, which is very hard upon him, as he has certainly done nothing to give offence. I believe the rioters think the more noise they make the greater respect they pay to Goodall.

Keate had plenty of courage, but in manner was far from conciliatory. Writing to his sister somewhat later, Milman says:—

* William Harness, born 1790, died 1869, was educated at Harrow, where he contracted a friendship with Lord Byron, and at Christ's College, Cambridge. Mr. Harness is best remembered by his Edition and Life of Shakespeare. In later life he was incumbent of All Saints', Knightsbridge, a district church in the parish of St. Margaret, of which my father was rector, at whose suggestion, but largely through the personal exertions of Mr. Harness, All Saints' was built.

I am sorry to say we have had another small disturbance here, in which, as before, the rioters were completely in the wrong. Keate talks in a very spirited manner, and I must say I think he will soon be more feared than Goodall, but he will never be so much beloved. He has a sharpness in his manner which must prepossess most against him, and sometimes, when he intends to be particularly civil, he looks as if he would knock you down. Moreover—and this was against him—he did not wear a wig.

My father always looked back—what old Etonian does not?—with pleasure to the years of his school life, and some few reminiscences of them may still be gleaned from letters to his sister and to Harness, who were the chief recipients of his confidence. It is not always possible to assign a positive date to these letters, the postal stamps being often obliterated; but they give the impression of a boy full of animation and high spirits, with the keenest enjoyment of school life and its surroundings, and combining with this an ardent addiction to the more serious duties of the place, an inexhaustible interest in literature, and a desire for scholarly attainments. With his sister he discusses new books and poems; with Harness, all sorts of schemes and subjects for poems of their own composition.

Of earlier friendships none was more intimate than that which my father formed with John Taylor Coleridge—afterwards Sir John Coleridge, for many years a judge in the Queen's Bench and a Privy Councillor—a friendship which endured to the end,

though divergent paths in life, and perhaps divergent opinions, may in later years have caused some interruption of intercourse. Coleridge was by a year or two my father's senior, a difference which goes for much in school days; so Coleridge, it may be inferred, became Milman's confidant and adviser, to whose judgment many a youthful poem was submitted.

As your dear father [Sir John Coleridge wrote to me] committed his lectures—delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford—to the flames, it is probable he did not preserve these early productions of his boyhood; yet of his felicity and copiousness and fancy they surely bear undeniable witness.

My father certainly did not preserve them, but Sir John Coleridge was a less reckless destroyer, and was so good as to send me after my father's death several MS. volumes of his poems in English, in Latin, and in Greek. Of these, two may perhaps be named, and only named: one, some lines on the death of a schoolfellow and friend, L. Shawe, who was drowned at Eton on May 15th, 1807—a genuine expression of feeling; and the other a longer poem, "Isabel d'Autin," thus referred to by Sir John Coleridge:—

It was addressed to his sister. Scott had set the example of such introductions in "Marmion." I mention this now for another reason. Your father and Duckenfield (our contemporary) had each a sister at home older than themselves. I had one sister, much my junior, at that time rather my pet

than my adviser or helper. The happiness these had in their sisters is so deeply impressed on my mind as always to have remained, and has led me often to urge on my granddaughters how much use and comfort they might be to their brothers at school. In our days there were real hardships in college at Eton; and, besides these, there are always little difficulties and scrapes at school. I saw, as to these, how your father and D. seemed to lean on their sisters, and what natural advisers and helpers and intercessors they were.

Some lines, with the date of March, 1809, addressed to J. T. Coleridge on his leaving Eton, may also just be mentioned, as illustrating the friendship and admiration with which the older was regarded by the younger boy.

Life in the Long Chamber nearly a century ago was no doubt a pretty rough one, but amusements to enliven it were not wanting :—

We have established in college—but at present we keep it entirely to ourselves, and it would be better if it were not made too public—a small theatre; and I assure you we make no despicable figure in broad farce, having attempted nothing beyond the *Heir-at-Law* and a few farces as yet. We are getting up the *Poor Gentleman* with all possible expedition; and as we have no very flaming critics, we expect to come off with grand *éclat*.

And somewhat later on :—

Our theatricals are rather at a stop, owing to our Provost being resident, who unfortunately in his house can hear everything done in Long Chamber; and though he laughed at one of us the other day

whom he overheard rehearsing to his great amusement, yet he certainly would stop us before long if we din in his ears and disturb his midnight couch with our unlawful thunders. We acted *Tom Thumb* the other day, and a most ludicrous piece of work it was. I [a future Dean of St. Paul's], being of an elegant height and shape, represented the Queen of the Giants, and with wooden-soled shoes of about four inches, a kind of cap about one yard high, managed to cut a pretty Brobdingnagian appearance. We certainly amused ourselves and other people to no small degree.

But time slipped away, and Milman began to be anxious about his future plans. As a collegier at Eton, he might reasonably look forward to a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge; but the elections were by seniority, and unless a vacancy or vacancies occurred in the year when his name stood first on the list of Eton King's scholars it would be removed, and the nomination would be lost. Writing to his sister, March 30th, 1810, he says:—

I have got a prize and a cough: what business they have together I do not know. The prize is £5, I suppose to be received in books left by the late Provost for declamation. There is also a ten-pounder for Easter task, but the will is so worded that it is a point of law whether the same person may get both; I believe they wish it to be decided that he may. I have just heard a curious fact which was told Lloyd by the man himself. Plumptre, a King's man, who resigned last year, intended certainly to have kept his resignation for this year; but Goodall, knowing he was going

to be married, without his authority promised it [the fellowship] to Pole, who was the last who went off last year. Plumptre, finding that on the strength of this promise Pole had given up till too late every endeavour to procure himself a resignation, sent in his resignation to the Provost of King's, but worded in such a manner as to let him know that it was not voluntary. So that if I lose King's by one, Goodall is undoubtedly the cause of it.

And to Harness previously on the 21st :—

I am sorry to say that I have scarce any chance of coming to King's, or indeed to Cambridge at all. I myself should for many reasons prefer Oxford, though I have some friends at the former place whose society I have reckoned on for some time. My father talks of Oriel for me, which is certainly one of the first colleges.

Ultimately it was decided that he should be entered at Brasenose, and at that college he matriculated on May 10th, 1810. Writing to his sister from Eton some days later, he says :—

I have been to Oxford, and have read the "Lady of the Lake." Which shall I begin with? Oxford is the most beautiful place I ever saw; the "Lady of the Lake" one of the most beautiful poems. My own college you may know by its wearing on its gate the insignia of a Brazen Nose. When I get to Oxford, I shall busy myself to enquire who it belonged to: perhaps to Brazen Mask. Sterne, in his chapter on Noses, does not mention it; but I suppose it is held an insult on the whole college should any impertinent fellow pull our nose. Be that as it may, I hope to be very comfortable at

the college. And now I am to make a proposition to you. Prepare all your powers of eloquence; if that avails nothing at "heart-rending woe," pull out your white pocket-handkerchief; and all this, I don't doubt, will persuade my father to carry you to Oxford to the Installation, and I suppose I shall not be left behind. It lasts four days—is to be the finest sight that ever was. Poets are tuning their lyres, college kitchens putting their saucepans in order, heads of houses powdering their best wigs. At Brazen Nose—for in the election of a Chancellor the whole of the University followed our nose—it is to be grand beyond my powers of description. The whole college to dine on plate. New chairs of dimensions far exceeding any yet heard of are prepared. I hear of many famous people who are to write congratulatory pretty things which the Chancellor (God bless his patience) is to listen to. Delegates will be appointed from each college. At Brasenose the men are chosen: a nobleman, a man of property, and a clever man—the latter is Johnson, the John the Baptist man. Many people write and send odes for others to recite. Southey writes for Balliol, Bowles for Trinity. I believe my friend Coleridge will be chosen for Corpus. Will not all this do? Balls, concerts every night. All the world will be there, and Mrs. All the World into the bargain. It is about the 9th of July. If my father should like it, let me know, and I will employ somebody to get apartments.

The Installation referred to was that of Lord Grenville, who had been elected Chancellor on December 14th, 1809, after a close contest, the other candidates being Lord Eldon and the Duke of Beaufort. The Installation, a brilliant affair, is described in letters to his sister and Harness.

Writing to the latter from Eton on July 11th, he says:—

I am just returned from the Oxford Installation, a sufficient excuse, I hope, for your letter remaining unanswered so long. It certainly was one of the most magnificent spectacles ever seen. The day was entirely occupied with recitations, music, and balls, not to omit the addition of the balloon. You cannot conceive my envy of the people seated in the car. One man offered three hundred guineas for a flight, which was refused. The complimentary verses, as one might expect, were too full of Muses and Apollo and classic shades to be very interesting, though there were occasionally some extremely beautiful lines. There were some lines of Southey's—of course nothing could be more obnoxious to true academical grizzle-wigs, who have grown old on the same round of Homer and Horace; but what ruined them in the opinion of men of more liberal ideas was a most execrable recitation by a man who united the drone of a pair of bagpipes with the true tabernacle whine. I wished for some method of conveying my dislike of the reciter and approbation of the poetry; but as that was impracticable, I kept the medium of holding my tongue. One man had at least ten lines to commemorate my Lady Grenville's beauty, accomplishments, and taste for mineralogy, not forgetting her pretty house and grounds in some heathen country whose name I have forgot. My friend Coleridge got the prize for Latin verse upon the Dying Gladiator. I hope you have met with it; the lines are excellent. . . . We had a most glorious disturbance about old Sheridan. It was quite shocking that the author of the *School for Scandal*, and one of the first political characters of the kingdom, should be denied a Doctor's gown merely because he likes to keep the colour in his

face by a plentiful infusion of port. By-the-bye, to show them how little he regarded it, he got dead drunk, and was carried out a corpse from some college party.

Milman went into residence at Brasenose at the commencement of the October term, 1810:—

Here I am safe lodged at No. 3, surrounded with books, and no shelves put up yet; in short, in a most delightful chaos of literature, the wind whistling the prettiest concert imaginable, and I illustrating Mr. Southey's "'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear of tempests," etc.

But [a few days later] what I am to learn here rather puzzles me at present; for of our three tutors one can lecture and never does, another cannot and always does, the third neither can nor does. I have all my books about me, and am as comfortable as a man can be who has to make acquaintances. I intend to read at least a quarter of a mile every day.

My father's career at Oxford was a brilliant one, and seldom have so many prizes been accumulated in the same hands. He won the Newdigate in 1812, the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Verse in 1813, the English and Latin Essays in 1816; having in the meantime obtained a first class in Classics (1813), and in 1815 having been elected a fellow of his college. In addition to all these prizes, the Chancellor of the University, Lord Grenville, sent him a present of books, accompanied by a letter congratulating him upon his repeated success, and auguring a brilliant, useful future for a course so well begun.

It is the fashion [says Christopher North in one of the "Noctes"] to undervalue Oxford and Cambridge Prize Poems, but it is a stupid fashion. Many of them are most beautiful. Heber's "Palestine," a flight as upon angels' wings over the Holy Land. Tickler; more than one of Brougham's prize poems are excellent; . . . and Milman's "Apollo Belvidere" splendid, beautiful, and majestic.

Lord Tennyson, speaking of Prize Poems, says that they, *not even Milman's*, should be regarded as poems; and if an Ingoldsby Legend may be quoted in such august company—

His lines on Apollo
Beat all the rest hollow,
And gain'd him the Newdigate Prize.

On the subject of this prize poem he writes to his sister :—

You must know that the honours of my poor "Apollo" are not yet exhausted. I found here a billet-doux full of verses from a lady (postmark Bristol)—and the verses were very good verses too, of course—all about my having Apollo's shell, etc., etc. N.B.—John Townshend swears it is an *old* woman's hand. What is more important, the poem sold so well that Parker, the bookseller, sent me a beautiful set of books—Todd's "Milton"—for my copyright.

The prize poem had, as usual, to be recited in the Theatre at Commemoration, at which—

Among our other distinguished visitors, we had Prince Koslowski (*l'aimable roué*, as he is represented in St. James's Street). He and I are very great friends, and a most extremely clever fellow he is. . . . He is a most excellent classical scholar,

and knows more of English literature than half the literary characters in England. Old Warren Hastings had an honorary degree also, which got the men's hands into clapping famously before I made my *début*. There was one character present whom I regret very much not having distinguished—Hannah More. I rather wonder the name of Theatre did not alarm the good lady.

A few miscellaneous extracts from his correspondence while an undergraduate may be interesting as dim reminiscences of Oxford in the early years of the century. Thus in a letter to his sister of May, 1812, while anxiously awaiting for the decision on the prizes to be declared:—

As for myself [riots in Nottingham and elsewhere were prevalent, and the country had been startled by news of the assassination of Mr. Perceval], I think we shall be murdered before they [the prizes] are settled; or perhaps it might be rather against me with his majesty the Mob, and, like Jack Cade's friend the Clerk of Chatham, they might hang me with my inkhorn round my neck for not having a mark (X) to myself like a plain-dealing man, and being guilty of the heinous offence of being able to write, not plain prose, but heathenish rhyme. We have lost our character as a nation, and I shall begin to look out for a passage to the Brazils or Mr. Wilson's Isle of the Palms. Will you go with me? I hope the account of the bonfires, ringing of bells, and drum-beating at Nottingham is at least exaggerated. It is an undoubted fact that there were hisses in the gallery at the Lyceum directly the news was heard. What do you think of the feeling of our tutors? One of them sagely observed that "he supposed it would produce a change in the

administration." Another said, "*What a sad accident!*" We are pretty quiet here as yet ; but they have begun at Cambridge with this unaccountable business at Sidney College.* I received a letter from Dampier the other day, which said that the Bow Street officers they had had down about it say they never saw so many *schools* in a town in their lives, and they would recommend the Sidney *boys* to search their boxes to see if they have lost anything.

Probably about the same time, but only an undated fragment of the letter has survived, he describes a meeting with Wordsworth :—

Who do you think I supped in company with the other night? No less a person than Wordsworth the poet. He is Cookson's first cousin, and we had a very delightful trio. He is an odd fish to look at, but a remarkably pleasant man ; a great deal of soul in his conversation, but not in the least overbearing. He allowed the faults of his friends Coleridge and Southey, particularly the German metaphysics of the former. In one place, to be sure, he put me in mind of Sir Fretful ; he had been *told* that the Edinburgh reviewers had honoured them with unqualified abuse. I asked him about Southey's going before the House of Commons. He said Southey had intended simply to have pleaded Privilege of History against Privilege of Parliament, and to have written two or three plain, pithy sentences of defence.† "Pelayo," he was surprised to hear, was advertised ; he thought it only just begun. Wordsworth was here the very day my friend Coleridge passed the most splendid examination ever passed since I have been at Oxford, which

* There had been a series of mysterious robberies in the college.

† See "Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey," vol. iii., p. 324.

delighted him much. He gave me an invitation to Grasmere.

And in another letter, this time to Harness :—

We have an odd kind of fish just come here to B. N. C., who was at Harrow, of the name of Lowndes. They swore that he ate Æschylus and Pindar between his bread-and-butter, and slept with Thucydides for his bolster. I began to be mightily alarmed at him. However, he does not turn out such a monster. I find he eats rolls and butter like a Christian, and I rather—though a marvellous, rough, unpolished kind of animal—like him than not. . . .

You are not aware, perhaps, of a new turn in my character. A Methodistical cleaner of breeches had great hopes of converting me to the true faith. I desired him to bring me some of his books the other day, that I might examine his tenets; and when I was going to bed, I felt a strange inmate in my nightcap. On examination, I found that he had wrapped up three little tracts in it, and laid it very quietly on my bolster. So that Sir John Sinclair's definition of a nightcap is not extensive enough: it not only being meant to keep the hair from being tumbled, but as a covering for Christian knowledge.

Some weeks of the long vacation in this year (1812) were devoted to a walking tour in Scotland, which is described in a series of interesting letters to his sister, but over ground now so well known that the letters will not bear transcription. It is amusing, however, even at this early date, to find a groan over the irruption of tourists at Loch Katrine, which was visited towards the end of

the tour, on descending from a district then comparatively unfrequented :—

The worst part of visiting Loch Katrine is the complete antidote to the effect of fine solitary scenery caused by the seeing a collection of carriages at the water's edge, and fine flaunting figures, with parasols and flying trimmings, sauntering among the rocks. The day I was there two chariots and one coachful came—that on a bad day, at least what appeared a bad one in the morning. Five hundred names were in the book of Callender as visitants this year. How many from love of scenery? how many from fashion?

Returning through the English Lake country, he paid his respects to Southey :—

Not a word about Southey yet. I am sure you will think me very forbearing. I have seen him two or three times. He has all the earnestness of a poet entirely without affectation.

The year 1814 was made memorable in the annals of Oxford by the visit of the Allied Sovereigns with the Prince Regent in June. But before coming to this, a letter may be quoted referring to another visitor to the University, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg,* who seems to have afforded some amusement :—

The Duchess amused us pretty well, for a day or two looking at her, and a few more talking of her. She determined to see everything, was tired getting up to the top of the Radcliffe Library, sat down,

* Sister of the Emperor Alexander.

and made the two Proctors sit on each side of her. Dialogue between her Highness and one of our noblemen : " May I ask what your lordship's studies are ? " " General, madam. " " But what particular books do you read ? " " None, madam. " " Then I find that I have been rightly informed that lords read nothing here. " Dialogue the second (the Duchess and Dr. Barnes, the Sub-Dean of Christ Church) : " Pray, sir, may I ask what branch of literature you preside over ? " " None, madam. " " But what are you professor of ? " " I am not a professor, madam. " " You take the part of Theology, perhaps ? " " No-o, madam. " " Law, perhaps ? " A still more puzzled " No " followed from the Doctor ; and the same answer he made to all the questions she put to him afterwards. Degrees were subsequently conferred on Prince Gagarin and General Turner, at which her Highness was present. She is pretty, and very pleasing in her manner, but a little too like a Calmuck in her mouth.

Then follows a by no means flattering description of her attendants, which it will perhaps be discreet to omit. He continues :—

The Emperors are to come, but there are great doubts and questions about their reception—whether they can contrive to have the Commemoration at the same time or not. I have had a hint from Hodson* about complimentary verses, if any are spoken, which is not certain. The way they received King James was that the Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, etc., rode out on horseback, with lackeys and foot-cloths ; on the King's arrival they dismounted, knelt down, and the Vice-Chancellor made

* Rev. Fordsham Hodson, Principal of Brasenose, 1809-1822.

a Latin speech. How it would make the Emperors stare! Other kings they have been in the habit of receiving with logical disputations.

The visit was fixed for June 14th. All Oxford was in a flutter of excitement and preparation :—

I like your flattering yourself [my father writes on the 11th] that I, to whom all the Emperors and Kings are going to pay a visit, should have time to write to you. We are all at work at preparations, the big-wigs hunting out precedents, the barbers powdering said big-wigs, carpenters raising platforms, cooks imagining dinners, and poets writing complimentary verses: among the last I rank. I wrote a copy at Hodson's request, which was only much too good for the occasion, as he said, and unfortunately three times too long. Whether the old folk will like it or not I cannot tell, but I flatter myself it is much too independent for them to approve of. I suspect they [the authorities] will choose nothing but gross flattery, which I will not write, so that we shall not agree. Another question is whether the authors are to speak or the noblemen. If they choose mine, I insist positively on speaking myself. Who knows but the Emperor may appoint me his Poet Laureate? However, it is a vile aristocracy, as if they paid the visit to Oxford as to the school of young high-born cubs and to see purple and gold gowns instead of a literary place. They are searching for precedents. Unfortunately all they can find is the reception of James I., before whom the young men performed Latin plays, which unavoidably set him asleep or made him swear; and that of James II., before whom the Vice-Chancellor plumped on his knees in the mud and made a Latin speech to. They are jealous of the undergraduates, they are quarrelling with each other, and, in short, it is very amusing.

It is said the Prince, by way of shirking the Dean of Christ Church, has expressed his intention of going to Merton, for the more convenient attendance of his physician, Sir H. Halford. The Cossacks are to bivouac in Merton meadow, and the Hetman Platoff is to be remunerated for his services by being created Doctor of Laws. Some say the Prince will be hissed, and Lord Essex, who is coming, violently applauded. If a degree to Lord Yarmouth be brought in question, it will be refused most probably. Lines to be spoken in compliment to the Regent :—

Who made the fierce Muscovian burn his town ?
The Regent, with his whiskers curl'd and brown.
Who by Vittoria ruled the battle-storm ?
The Regent, with his fine new uniform.
Who made the harvest bloom so fine and yellow ?
It was the Regent, who was rather mellow.
And who by Leipsic Bonaparte beat ?
It was the Regent, with his splendid fête.
And who in Paris set King Louis up ?
The Regent, who invited him to sup.

On the appointed day the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent paid their anxiously expected visit to Oxford, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and were sumptuously entertained with banquets, illuminations, congratulatory odes, and addresses. Milman's ode, for whatever reason, had not been accepted. He refers to this in the following letter to his sister, and gives some account of the reception of the royal visitors :—

I send enclosed two copies of certain odes of my fabrication. The first was intended to have been spoken at the royal visit ; but it was formally noted

to me that it was too long, and I was advised, among others by the Poetry Professor, who judged about them, to print it. I appended the other to complete the volume. I suspect length was not the sole objection. There was a want of flattery to the Prince Regent which did not suit. Even Coleridge spoilt, in my opinion, a beautiful ode by adding a stanza about "the Brunswick" who,

When no earthly hope was given,
Found strength and confidence in Heaven.

I should think it was the only time he looked that way for anything. The rest were not very striking; the one most applauded was a parody on Mr. Fitzgerald's "God bless the Regent and the Duke of York." I was grievously disappointed in not speaking, because my total absence of flattery would have produced a good effect after the others. The whole sight has been the most magnificent which can be conceived: the newspapers give very good general detail, but the splendour of the dinner in the Radcliffe Library and the Theatre surpassed all imagination. The Royal Personages were completely astonished themselves. They say the Prince intends to hold his Court here, the applause he met with being so extraordinary to him. He went through everything admirably—bowed to the compliments most gracefully, and nudged the Emperor when he ought to bow. The Emperor is a fine, noble-looking man; the King of Prussia, awkward and like a drill sergeant; Blucher, a fine German-looking old fellow with large mustachios. The city was illuminated at night, and you may conceive the splendour only by considering the High Street in a complete blaze, nothing dark but the spires of churches. St. Mary's was lit up at the University's expense, all the gate and three of the windows

traced in lamps, the pinnacles connected by festoons of light. Hodson's house was very tasteful; Queen's splendid; the gateway of Magdalen very finely ornamented; and the little church at the end of Magdalen Bridge closed the whole, surmounted by a brilliant coronet of lamps.

CHAPTER II.

Fazio—Its Success upon the Stage—Miss Fanny Kemble and Madame Ristori—"Samor"—Correspondence with Sir John Coleridge—Letter from Paris, 1815.

THAT Milman during the years of his life as an undergraduate was steadily devoting himself to the studies of the place is apparent from the result ; but his time was certainly not wholly given to what is usually considered academical learning. His tragedy *Fazio* was written while he was still at Oxford, and appeared soon after he had taken his Bachelor's degree, being put upon the stage without the author's knowledge, and without his consent being in any single instance solicited. Dramatic copyright was then unprotected, and it may be worth while even now to quote a few lines from the prefatory observations to a later edition, to illustrate the injustice to which, previously to the Act of William IV., the author of a play might be exposed :—

Its first appearance, I believe, was at the Surrey Theatre, where it was brought forward under the name of the *Italian Wife*, and it had been acted some time before I was aware that the piece of that name was my work. That theatre was then,

I believe, only licensed for operatic performances, but the company contrived to elude this restriction by performing all kinds of dramas with what they called a musical accompaniment. Every now and then the string of a solitary violin was heard, while the actors went on in their parts without the slightest regard to the said accompaniment, and so represented any drama which might suit their purpose. It was in this manner that I first saw *Fazio*, but I remember that the actress who personated Bianca only wanted a better audience to improve her taste."

If the author might fairly complain of the manner in which his play was coolly appropriated without any leave or licence previously obtained, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the result. It was acted with complete success at Bath, and arrangements were made by the managers of Covent Garden (though still without any notice of their intention) for its production on the London stage :—

"The first information which I received on the subject was the request of Mr. Charles Kemble, with whom I was then but slightly acquainted through my intimate friend his gifted sister, Mrs. Siddons, to permit him to read the part of *Fazio* to me."

The play certainly seems to have taken with the public. My father writes, November 1st, 1818, to his sister :—

The letter you sent me was from Miss Somerville, hoping that I should criticise it in London. She

has since found out my abode at Reading, and sends me the newspaper here. I should suppose she has succeeded. The Don * sent me an extract from the *Globe* newspaper, which outpuffed all puff yet of myself and Miss Somerville. But you must know, most impertinent miss, that my London fame is not confined to Covent Garden, the Surrey, and Olympia. They are playing me with wonderful success at the East London Theatre in Goodman's Fields, with a Miss Campbell for heroine. So that my name may be known as far as Whitechapel or Hockley-in-the-Hole. Pray inform the Baronet, when you see him, that his letter was safely delivered to Mr. Berry, and that if the Regent, won by the splendour of the morocco, shall insist on giving me a deanery, I do not know that I shall be bashful. I wonder if I shall be able to say,—

To my work's immortal credit,
The Prince, dear sir, the Prince has read it.

It may be doubtful whether this particular credit was secured; but it is a fact that, in spite of some adverse criticism and obvious blemishes which the author in later days would not have been slow to acknowledge, *Fazio* held possession of the stage, and has been acted not unfrequently in quite recent years. Bianca has been a favourite character, especially with young actresses. A tradition of the effect made by Miss O'Neill's admirable representation long survived among older playgoers, and the American Journal of Miss Kemble relates the sensation made by her own personation of

* A nickname for his brother Frank.

the part in different cities of the United States. Earlier, in the "Records of a Girlhood," Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) thus refers to her appearance in *Fazio* at Covent Garden :—

You will be glad to hear that *Fazio* has made a great hit. Milman is coming to see me in it to-night. I wish I could induce him to write me another part.

And her father, Mr. Charles Kemble, writing under date of January 14th, 1831, says, referring to this performance :—

I have secured for you a private box on the Bow Street side, close to the stage, where Mrs. Milman will both hear and see perfectly well. In my opinion Bianca is far, very far in merit beyond any part Fanny has yet attempted. May it appear so to you, and induce you to write another tragedy, and once more restore to us the bright days of the Theatre. It was with great reluctance that I felt compelled to resign *Fazio*—the reason for which I will give when I have the pleasure of seeing you in London.

And Miss Kemble herself says :—

Did my mother tell you in her note that Milman was at the play the other night, and said I had made Bianca exactly what he intended?

In later years, after her unhappy marriage, Mrs. Butler said to my father, "I could not act Bianca now ; I should go mad."

Nor can any one who had the privilege of seeing

it forget the beautiful impersonation of Bianca by the great Italian tragédienne, Madame Ristori, at whose performance, during one of her earlier visits to England, my father, then Dean of St. Paul's, was present. Madame Ristori told him that she had been much impressed with the opportunities offered by the play for a display of high histrionic art, and had had it put for her into Italian by Signor Del' Ongaro.

The tragedy of *Fazio* was followed by an epic poem in twelve books, "Samor, Lord of the Bright City." This, commenced as an Eton boy, was almost finished while he was an undergraduate at Oxford, though it was not published until the success of *Fazio* had encouraged him to hazard another appearance before the public. Though probably known to few—for, lost in the infinitely accumulating crowd of books, it has shared the fate of many and no doubt more deserving performances—"Samor" is of some interest as one of the earliest works of its author, and as showing the varied nature of the studies with which his school days were occupied.

I had at Eton the fancy for searching our old chronicles for subjects for poetry; and at that buoyant period of youth we are sometimes gifted with a happy ignorance of the magnitude of the work we undertake, and are the last to mistrust the sufficiency of our own powers for our noblest undertakings. Youth, once possessed with a notion of its poetic calling, is not disposed to take counsel of prudence or diffidence: if it did, it would rarely prepare the mind for producing anything of real

value in riper years; if too hastily cooled down, it would in most cases be chilled to barren inactivity.

The faults, indeed, with which "Samor" was, if severely, yet perhaps justly, charged—a too great exuberance of ornament, and artificial diction (Southey wrote of it as full of power and beauty, *but too full of them*)—were faults which might not unnaturally be expected in a youthful poem, and they were partly corrected in a later revised edition. A notice of "Samor" in the *Quarterly Review* by Coleridge led to some correspondence between the friends. Although Coleridge had concluded his review in these words, "There is scarcely a page of the book which does not testify that the author is a poet of no ordinary powers; every one of them exhibits some beautiful expression, some pathetic turn, some original thought, or some striking image," Milman had been hurt by the trenchant nature of some of the criticisms, especially as coming from a friend, and thought he had not been quite fairly treated; that while confessedly all the weak parts of the poem had been analyzed, the critic left off when he came to the higher strain; that no theory or principle had been laid down that might help him to correct the defects that were pointed out, or by which he might regulate his future operations. Once having given vent to his feelings, the subject was, I am sure, dismissed from my father's mind. But the thought that he might have been hard or unjust to a friend seems to have weighed upon

Coleridge's sensitive and generous nature. After my father's death Sir John Coleridge, when sending to me some of the letters which he had preserved, wrote (may I be pardoned the quotation—the words were, under the circumstances, singularly affecting):—

I shall enclose with this [MS. volumes containing poems written at Eton] a few letters I have found; one I am sure will be deeply interesting to you all, especially to your mother. You will see, perhaps, that I have cut it out from a collection. I own I part with it with regret, but I cannot even wish to withhold it from that which you are making. I might hesitate to send one or two others—on my own account, not his; but it would be foolish in me to do so. It is not the only regret which has been occasioned to me by my unlucky criticism; and the regret, I am happy to say, is always tempered by the thought of the perfect good temper with which he forgave me. I never thought of him for many years without a special feeling of tenderness on that score towards him and condemnation of myself.

Then, in answer to a letter in which I had no doubt ventured to express the grateful thanks of my father's family to Sir John Coleridge for his kindness in parting with these letters, he continues:—

I am very thankful to you for your last letter, as regards myself and my unhappy criticisms. I need hardly say to you that I intended nothing unkind; but it is perhaps due to myself to say that I intended something more; and, extravagantly enough, something of this kind. I entertained a *very* high opinion of your father's poetical powers, and of his destiny

as a poet if he pursued the right course—right, that is, of course, according to my notions. He and I, however, differed widely enough and in several particulars. We had had many a stout fight in conversation upon these. Now, my wild hope was that all he had done, even "Samor" included, might be but the precursor to greater performances; and in that hope I wrote. I am not going to trouble you with the controversy over again. Looking back at fourscore on what he did do in other ways after the publication of "Samor," I accept thankfully what has been done; but I am not satisfied he might not have justified my hopes in what I still think was his true as well as his first line.

The letter above referred to, from which Sir John Coleridge parted with regret, the last record of a friendship which had lasted for full sixty years, may here find an appropriate place, though not written till the year preceding my father's death. It is surely impossible to read without emotion these friendly and affectionate communications between the old schoolfellows whose honoured lives were then so near their close. Coleridge had written to congratulate my father on the appointment of his nephew, Robert Milman, to the Bishopric of Calcutta, under the impression, it appears, that he was a son of the Dean.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
January 21st, 1867.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,—

I cannot regret the misapprehension, or rather the misinformation, under which your letter has been written, as it has called forth such very

friendly expressions of interest in me and mine. It is *my nephew*, and not my son, who is Bishop-designate of Calcutta—a nephew, as son of a very dear brother, whose promotion gives me very great satisfaction ; and of course the pang of parting at my time of life from him is very different from that of taking a last earthly farewell of a beloved son. My nephew is, I may say, a man of great zeal and activity ; and though of moderate High Church opinions, with a great fund of good sense—I suspect one of the best qualifications for his arduous office. Wherever he has been, he has been very popular in the best sense ; and he has the talent of making others act with him. He is unmarried ; but his sister, who latterly has lived with him and shared all his toils, accompanies him. She was my god-daughter, and one for whom—having, alas ! no daughter left, and no daughter-in-law (as yet)—I have the greatest affection. I shall feel her loss deeply. All this I write because I know how keenly alive you are to the importance of filling with a fit person the very difficult post of Bishop of Calcutta. But I must revert to more personal matters, and assure you how highly I appreciate your warm interest in my family affairs and in myself. This renewal of old friendships, which began so many years ago—I should not say renewal, for I trust that our friendship and mutual regard have never ceased, however divergent our paths in life, perhaps our opinions on many important subjects—this reawakening of old associations is to me in the highest degree affecting. In the interval so many have dropped off, so few remain, that I cannot but feel deeply grateful for your kind, and I am confident most sincere, language. At our age there are few with whom our intimacy began at least sixty years ago. In those sixty years you have gained all that is worth having in life—high professional position, universal respect,

very many domestic blessings, the answer of a good conscience, and I trust, though with some infirmities, a quiet decline down the last slope of life. For myself I may say that I have obtained much of what I should most have coveted in early life—a post in the Church best suited to my habits and tastes. I now find myself in a happy home, at nearly seventy-six, with faculties unclouded, at least as far as I am concerned; with full enjoyment of my books, as much so as when I was at Eton; with society which, if I enjoy more moderately than of old, I can still delight in; with most affectionate sons and an inappreciable wife. What can man wish more. How can he be sufficiently thankful for such a lot? . . .

Ever most truly yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

I have spoken of “Samor” as forgotten; but this is perhaps too broad a statement; for I have been informed that, a discussion having recently arisen upon the various accounts of the lighting of the Jubilee bonfires over Great Britain, the description of the firing of the beacons from one end of the western part of the island to the other, from Cornwall to Cumberland, given in the 10th Book of “Samor,” was referred to by a very competent judge as more vividly reproducing the impression intended to be conveyed than any other with which he was acquainted. In legendary history Samor, a British chief, more commonly known as Edol or Eldol, “is Lord”—Dugdale, in his “Baronage,” calls him Earl—of “Caer Gloew, the Bright City, the Saxon Gloucester.” A gathering of British chiefs

has assembled at Mount St. Michael, in Cornwall, which has been joined by Hoel, King of Armorica (Bretagne), with his fleet. Emrys is hailed as King of Britain, and the fiery signal is lighted to summon all the chiefs to united resistance against the Saxon invader :—

"Air, earth, and waters, ye have play'd your part ;
There's yet another element," cried aloud
Samor, and in the pyre he cast a brand.
A moment, and uprush'd the giant fire,
Piercing the dim heavens with its blazing brow,
And on the still air shaking its red locks.
There by its side the vassals and their King,
Motionless, with their shadows huge and dun,
Show'd like destroying angels, round enwrapp'd
In their careering pomp of flame : far flash'd
The yellow midnight day o'er shore and sea :
The waves now ruddy heaved, now darkly plung'd ;
Upon the rocks, within the wavering light,
Strong-featured faces fierce, and hard-lined forms
Broke out and disappear'd : the anchor'd fleet
Were laving their brown sides in rainbow spray.
No sound was heard, but the devouring flame,
And the thick plashing waters. "Keep your faith,"
Cried Samor, "ye eternal hills, and ye
Heaven-neighbouring mountains!" Eastward far anon
Another fire rose furious up : behind
Another and another : all the hills,
Each beyond each, held up its crest of flame.
Along the heavens the bright and crimson hue,
Widening and deepening, travels on : the range
O'erleaps black Tamar, by whose ebon tide
Cornwall is bounded ; and on Heytor rock,
Above the stony, moorish source of Dart,
It waves a sanguine standard : Haldon burns,
And the red City * glows a deeper hue.
And all the southern rocks, the moorland downs,
In those portentous characters of flame
Discourse, and bear the glaring legend on :
Even to the graves on Ambri plain, where woke
That pallid woman, and rejoiced and deem'd
'Twas sent to guide her to the tomb she sought.

* Caer-ruth, Exeter.

Fast flash they up, those altars of revenge,
As though the snake-hair'd Sister torch-bearers,
Th' Eumenides, from the Tartarean depths,
Were leaping on from hill to hill, on each
Leaving the tracks of their flame-dropping feet.
Or as the souls of the dead fathers, wrapt
In bright meteorous grave-clothes, had arisen,
And each sat crowning his accustom'd hill,
Radiant and mute; or the devoted isle
Had wrought down by her bold and frequent guilt
Th' Almighty's lightning-shafts, now numberless
Forth-raining from the lurid reeking clouds,
And smiting all the heights. On spreads the train.
Northward it breaks upon the Quantock ridge;
It reddens on the Mendip forests dark;
It looks into the cavern'd Cheddar cliffs:
The boatman on the Severn mouth awakes
And sees the waters rippling round his keel
In spots and streaks of purple light, each shore
Ablaze with all its answering hills: the streams
Run glittering down Plinlimmon's side, though thick
And moonless the wan night; and Idris stands
Like Stromboli or Ætna, where 'twas feign'd
Ever at their flashing furnace wrought the Sons
Of Vulcan, forging with eternal toil
Jove's never-idle thunder-bolts. And thou,
Snowdon, the king of mountains, art not dark
Amid thy vassal brethren gleaming bright.
Is it to welcome thy returning Seer,
That thus above thy clouds, above thy snows,
Thou wear'st that wreathèd diadem of fire,
As to outshine the pale and winking stars?
O'er Menai's waters blue the gleaming spreads:
The Bard in Mona's secret grove beholds
A glitter on his harp-strings, and looks out
Upon the kindling cliffs of Penmanmawr.
Is it a pile of martyrdom above
Clwyd's green vale? Beside the embers bright
Stands holy Germain, as a saint new come
From the pure mansions of beatitude,
The centre of a glory that spreads round
Its film of thin pellucid gold. Nor there
Pauses the restless messenger; still on
Vaults it from rock to rock, from peak to peak.
Far seen it shimmer'd on Caer Ebranc Wall,
And Malwyn blew a bugle-blast for joy.

The sun uprising sees the dusk night fled
Already from tall Pendle and the height
Of Ingleborough; sees Helvellyn cast
A meteor splendour on the mountain lakes.
Like mirrors of the liquid molten brass,
The brightest and the broadest and the last,
There flakes the beacon glare; and in the midst,
Dashing the ruddy sparkles to and fro
With the black remnant of a pine-tree stem,
Stands, arm'd from head to foot, Prince Vortimer.

These references to *Fazio* and "Samor" have carried us on to somewhat later days; but before leaving this chapter of early reminiscences, a visit to Paris, then occupied by the "Allies," may be mentioned. When Paris was thrown open by this occupation, there was an immediate influx of visitors eager to satisfy a pent-up curiosity. My father, no doubt as eager as any, describes his hurried visit in two letters to his sister, to which the occasion may attach some interest:—

HÔTEL DE VIRGINIE, RUE ST. HONORÉ,
Tuesday, August 14th, 1815.

MY DEAR EMILY,—

Here I am, with my head in a whirl, my feet aching, and my whole self in as complete a state of fatigue as if I had been taking a walk to the moon. This Paris certainly, in its present state, is the most extraordinary place, and the most noisy, I ever saw; and the Rue St. Honoré seems a channel made for all the noises to pass to all the other parts of the city—shoals of passengers afoot, pushing on, or else fixing themselves like bills to the walls, for fear of being crushed by coaches, cabriolets, fiacres, and all the four-wheeled and two-wheeled vehicles tilting along at a round trot, and the coachmen hallooing, "Gare! gare!" I had a most prosperous

journey ; found a vessel ready to sail, got on board at eight o'clock in the evening, and was in Dieppe before eight the next morning ; but the ship not being able to come into the harbour, I could not get my luggage till two, which gave me plenty of time to reconnoitre the particularly and notoriously thick ankles of the Dieppese ladies. One of my companions in the vessel was Mary Anne Clarke,* "my darling," in the last stage apparently of consumption, without any remains of beauty, of which, I believe, she never had a great share, but excessively amusing. I did not find out who she was till just before we parted company. Mr. William Smith, of Norwich, and two of his sons were also there ; but I did not find out who he was, excepting that he was a Mr. Smith, till after we had parted. I arrived in Paris in time to see Talma, Damas, and Mademoiselle George in *Iphegénie en Tauride*. Talma was glorious ; Damas very good ; the lady sometimes very good, sometimes scream. The play is rather a good one, because the author had not genius enough to spoil Euripides, but imitated him very quietly, only altering a few incidents, and, by-the-bye, leaving out some of the finest touches. This morning, after a visit to the Louvre, I left all my letters, having been lucky enough to call on Mr. Frederick North, who gave me recommendations to Langlet, the great Orientalist, librarian in the Bibliothèque du Roi ; Monsieur Chevalier, ditto at the Panthéon ; Monsieur Nicolopoulo, a Greek, ditto at the Institut. What crop they will produce I know not. I met Hawkins where I dined on my arrival ; saw Master this morning ; and called on both the Plantas, but did not find them.

As for the state of affairs, I can know nothing ; nor do I think that the opinion of any individual

* For an account of Mary Anne Clarke, see "Dictionary of National Biography," *sub nom.*

who has not very great advantages is of the slightest importance. As far as I can see and hear, they are in a perfect state of apathy. The Dukes of Angoulême and Berri went in state to Notre Dame to-day, but there was no appearance of applause or dislike; the people, who were in great numbers, seemed to look at them for the sake of looking at something. It certainly, however, did not appear a sullen, but a totally careless silence. Labédoyère's trial is closed, and he is condemned; whether they will shoot him I know not. Ney is taken, and the *jeu de mots* is, "Bonaparte a perdu son Ne $\frac{y}{2}$." It sounds very well, but, as you see, does not write. At Dieppe and Rouen they would not believe that we had got Boney; at Rouen they declared roundly that both he and Madame Bertrand were still at Paris.

This particular caution I must give you: that this is by far the worst place for writing I ever knew; the day is so completely filled, and probably will be, that you must excuse the scarcity of my epistles.

Of the Louvre I say nothing yet, excepting that with my admiration of the Apollo there is a great mixture of anger on account of the wretched manner it is placed. You can neither go round it, see the hinder part of it, or get near it.

Your affectionate brother,

H. H. M.

HÔTEL DE VIRGINIE, RUE ST. HONORÉ,
August 24th.

MY DEAR EMILY,—

I pass my time here very pleasantly, and shall do so, I expect, as long as the sights last. I have passed every day, except one, between two and three hours in the Louvre, and have not near finished my studies yet. The Apollo, the Laocoon, the two Gladiators, and innumerable other statues it is impossible to survey completely without passing

a long time before each ; and in the gallery the Raphaels, the Rubens, are new again at every fresh point of view. Then come Correggios, Andrea del Sartos, Leonardo da Vincis, and Vandykes, all exquisite in their way. They in general are very poor in landscapes, their Claudes are few and by no means first rate, only three moderate G. Poussins, some lovely Berghems, and two very fine Rembrandt landscapes which I caught in the very act of removal. If I were to begin details upon separate pictures, I should never have done. I find acquaintances without end every day. Old Mr. Planta and I meet among the *savans*. Joseph I have not yet seen ; he is entirely occupied with affairs of State. I went to a *séance* of the Institut the other day, and was in great peril of a second yesterday, but escaped miraculously. The first day, after a very simple and good memoir of Visconti's on a Greek inscription of Lord Elgin's, advanced a dark man with a pair of spectacles astride a large nose, and began on the philosophy of Raymond Lully, which he continued for three-quarters of an hour, and at last wound up with an *enfin*, "that the philosophy of Lully did not deserve to be recovered from the oblivion into which it has so justly fallen." The letters which have established me among the *savans* were given me by Mr. Frederick North. Le Chevalier I find a delightful old man, perfectly of an English opinion with regard to the depravity and despicableness of his country. He calls Bonaparte *ce coquin grand administrateur*, laughs at the *savans*, and abuses the Edinburgh Reviewers. He gave me a most amusing account of his meeting, at dinner in London, Hunt, the editor of the *Examiner*. I went to a learned *déjeuner* on Sunday at Langlet's, the great Orientalist, who unhappily is the only Frenchman whom I cannot understand ; he holds his head down, being a little man, and spills his words on

the ground in such a manner that it might be Sanscrit for aught I can distinguish to the contrary. The great man, or rather lion, of the party was the Count Volney who was in Egypt—a worthy old gentleman who intends to prove to us that the writings of Moses ought to be dated two or three thousand years later. The *savans* seemed to think him something very fine; for my part, though it is not fair to judge of a man by one morning, I thought him a prosing old system-monger. I liked Volknaer, their great geographer, the best of those I conversed with. I have also various Greek acquaintances, beginning with Arsenios, the Archimandrite of Sparta, who saluted me to-day with the holy kiss, and ending with Monsieur Nicolopoulo, who writes Greek poetry.

I am just returned from the Théâtre Français, where I saw *Andromaque*. The three first acts were heavy and wearisome. I could only think of what Orestes usually appears to me in the tragedies with which I am familiar: either labouring with the dreadful Heaven-ordained task of killing his mother, or pursued by her avenging furies; instead of which I had him before me whining out rhymes of *flamme* and *âme*, talking about *invincibles attraits*, and all the mawkish and sickly *façon de parler* of French love-making,—the savage barbarian Pyrrhus in the same style to a woman who in point of fact was as much his property as his horse. In the fourth and fifth acts, however, I forgot who they all were, and was in the highest degree delighted with the ravings of Madame Duchesnois and some noble touches of Talma. Talma's countenance is round and by no means expressive; his voice full and strong to the finest tone; his action free; and but for the inherent defects of French versification, which often throws the cadence on the wrong word, and to avoid the monotony of the

rhymes forces them all into a trick of sliding the first words of the following couplet into the preceding one, when the sense demands a pause at the close of the first couplet—but for these disadvantages his delivery would be excellent. Madame Duchesnois storms admirably; it is not rant, but a long-sustained effort of raving, which she contrives to break with a hurrying delivery of a few lines, and thus passes through the long jingling speeches with great effect. Their comedy is admirable. I saw *Tartuffe* the other night. Mademoiselle Mars surpasses all our comedians far and far; her laughing eye and graceful easiness of manner are perfect. The men were also excellent, but did not surpass Dowton's Dr. Cantwell.

I am greatly tempted by books. The good French works are as cheap as possible. I bought a complete Della Valle in four volumes, in decent condition, for five francs.

My love to all, and believe me

Your affectionate brother,

H. H. M.

Are the "*Mémoires de la Régence du Duc d'Orléans*," the posthumous work of Marmontel, which my mother wants to complete her set?

CHAPTER III.

Enters into Holy Orders—First Curacy—Nominated to the Vicarage of St. Mary's, Reading—Poetical Works—*Fall of Jerusalem*—*Martyr of Antioch*—*Belshazzar*—Professorship of Poetry at Oxford—Tour in Italy—Marriage.

OUR interest in the success of *Fazio*, the only play that was written by my father for the stage, and the visit to Paris, have carried us on a few years, and we must now go back to Oxford, where he had taken his degree in 1813, and had obtained his First Class, after, I believe, an examination of exceptional brilliance. It is not quite clear for how long afterwards he continued in residence;* but it cannot have been for many terms, as in 1816 he entered into Holy Orders, being ordained deacon by Archbishop Howley, then Bishop of London, and priest in the same year by Dr. Legge, Bishop of Oxford. After serving some months in the

* Sir Henry Longley has favoured me with the particulars of a club of young Masters of Arts at Oxford who about this time dined monthly during term in rotation at each other's rooms. The list of members is remarkable, especially seeing in what different directions they ultimately tended, and including as it does such names as Thomas Arnold, Oriel; Augustus W. Hare, New; Edward Hawkins (Provost of Oriel); John Keble, Oriel; Charles T. Longley, Ch. Ch. (Archbishop of Canterbury); Henry Hart Milman, B.N.C. (Dean of St. Paul's); Thomas Vowler Short, Ch. Ch. (Bishop of St. Asaph); Charles A. Ogilvie, Balliol.

curacy of Ealing, he was nominated in 1817 by the Chancellor, Lord Eldon, to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Reading. This appointment, though formally made by the Chancellor, was, there can be no doubt, obtained by the direct intervention of Queen Charlotte, who was desirous of showing her sense of the obligation which she was under, as has been already indicated, to her physician, Sir Francis Milman. A curious letter from Lord Stowell, who resided at Early Court, in the neighbourhood of Reading, explains the circumstances under which the appointment was made.

Some reflections having—it was many years afterwards—been made upon Mr. Milman, for acting, as was suggested, in a manner not quite suitable to a person in occupation of a Chancellor's living, Lord Stowell writes a very handsome letter, which he desired should, if Mr. Milman wished it, be delivered to him, assuring his correspondent that no such thought had ever been harboured in his mind; and then, after explaining the circumstances under which the presentation had been made, he concludes:—

I have always considered Mr. Milman as the presentee of the Queen, and have never looked to him as a person who was at all bound to my brother or myself in any debt of gratitude for that living, for which he should be in the slightest degree bound to vote upon any occasion otherwise than as his own private judgment might dictate, and I beg that this may be communicated to him.

My father was not the man to vote under any

circumstances otherwise than his judgment directed ; but Lord Stowell's letter is written in a generous spirit, all the more considering that his brother, the Chancellor, had promised him that he should have the nomination in his own hands. Lord Stowell and the vicar of St. Mary's, it may be added, were always on the most friendly terms, and from the beginning Lord Stowell admitted that the nomination was a highly proper one. And if my father was indebted for this his first piece of preferment to Court favour, it was certainly the last and only advancement that could in any way be attributed to such influence. For the reputation which he soon earned for himself in the county town in which his living was situated, as a clergyman remarkable for the breadth and liberality of his religious views, for moderation, for toleration, was little calculated to commend him to the High Tory party, which was then predominant in the Church of England. Moreover, when to this general feeling of distrust was added the more particular indignation which was roused in pious minds of the straiter sect by the publication of the " History of the Jews," it seemed as if this prophecy of a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (T. Moore) would be fulfilled : " Woe unto the young divine who, like the accomplished author of the ' History of the Jews,' dares to reason, however unpretendingly and sensibly, upon matters of religious concernment ! On him will the theological reviews, monthly and quarterly, pour the vials of their wrath—on him the golden

paths of preferment will, as sure as he lives, be shut." For eighteen years accordingly, from 1817 to 1835, my father remained vicar of St. Mary's—years full of activity, intellectual progress, diversified pursuits.

Reading in the early years of the century was a very different place from what it has since become as a centre of railway traffic and an emporium of biscuit-manufacturers and seed-growers. It was in 1817 a lively, busy county town, of from eight to nine thousand inhabitants, with assize court, gaol, and ruins of the once famous abbey. There was also a grammar school of reputation, then and for some years afterwards, under the rule of Dr. Valpy, whose "Delectus" was only too well known to several generations of schoolboys. Situated on the Kennet just above its junction with the Thames, between which and Reading spread rich open meadows, a beautiful view extended on either side from Mapledurham to Sonning. The road to Caversham on the Oxfordshire bank crossed by a picturesque old bridge of several arches, which has since been replaced by a not picturesque iron contrivance. Then and for long afterwards—in fact, until one of the latest Reform Bills—Reading returned two members to Parliament; and the writer of these lines can just remember being taken as a very little boy on a bitter frosty day to see the candidates chaired after an election, and to have been much impressed by the wavering motion of the bearers, and indeed of the whole crowd, on the slippery roads, which made

the whole procession look like a wild Bacchanalian rout, previous libations having no doubt added to the general unsteadiness.

This must, I think, have been at the General Election in January, 1835, on which occasion Serjeant Talfourd—afterwards Mr. Justice Talfourd—and Charles Russell were returned, Mr. Olivera being the unsuccessful candidate. A note from Serjeant Talfourd solicits my father's vote :—

READING, *January 7th*, 1835.

DEAR SIR,—

If consistently with your own view you can in the present state of the poll honour me with a vote, I shall feel the obligation deeply. At all events, I trust you will pardon a request which is prompted by the natural desire of recording in my favour a name so distinguished in our literature, and shedding so much lustre on my native town.

I am, dear sir,

Most respectfully yours,

T. N. TALFOURD.

One other digressive reminiscence. The windows of the nursery at the vicarage overlooked the church and churchyard, and I remember that our old nurse (not old then) used to sit hour after hour at night watching the grave of a loved sister, in fear lest it should be rifled, for the names of "Burke and Hare" had caused a sort of panic of terror, especially among the class to which she belonged.

The announcement of my father's appointment to the vicarage of St. Mary is said to have been received with some misgiving by certain

of his future parishioners, whose equanimity was disturbed at the idea of submitting themselves to the spiritual guidance of a minister who had written a play—a play that had, moreover, been actually put upon the stage. This distrust, revived after some years in an acuter form on the publication of the “History of the Jews,” was perhaps never altogether removed, but it was tempered by the respect and admiration that every one felt for their vicar’s talents and rising reputation. His parishioners were proud of him, and he won a way to their hearts by the zealous discharge of his parochial duties, and by his consistent moderation and toleration.

Have you read Mr. Milman’s new poem? [Miss Mitford enquires of her father]. We have Mr. Milman himself in Reading: he has gotten one of the livings there, and reads and preaches enchantingly.

And speaking of his preaching on another occasion more particularly, she says :—

Mr. Milman made a great display last Wednesday at the Bishop’s visitation, preaching a sermon which I was so unlucky as not to hear, but which everybody speaks of as a most splendid piece of oratory—on the philosophy of preaching. I hope he’ll print it.

It was in the earlier years of his residence at Reading that his brilliant poetical career may, too, be said to have culminated by the publication of his three religious dramas, the *Fall of Jerusalem*

(1820), the *Martyr of Antioch*, and *Belshazzar* (1822), which were followed somewhat later by an historical tragedy, *Anne Boleyn*, with which this phase of his work was concluded.

It may be difficult for the present generation to realize the general favour with which these dramas, at least the first two of them, were received; but this is no reason for depreciating the judgment of our fathers. And what this judgment was may be not unfairly estimated by the opinions of two very competent critics, of very different character and school of thought: Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta; and Christopher North (Professor Wilson), who has been already quoted on the subject of prize poems.

Murray has sent me [writes Heber] a copy of a glorious poem by Milman on the Fall of Jerusalem, which he wishes me to review immediately. I have looked at some parts, and been delighted with it.

And thus the Professor:—

Each successive poem of that beautiful writer was highly—not too highly—praised in the *Quarterly Review*, to which he had been one of the most powerful contributors. On every account he deserves such eulogies.

Doubtless * to this generation the memory of

* To obviate any misconception, it may be mentioned that this and a few other sentences are taken from a brief memoir of Dean Milman by the writer of these lines, hurriedly prepared at the request of a friend for insertion in a then (1869) new publication, "The Register; or, Magazine of Biography."

Milman as a poet ("poet-priest Milman," as he is called by Lord Byron) has in large measure become obscured by distance, and to the majority of readers of poetry he may be chiefly known as the writer of those beautiful hymns for the Church service which he contributed to Bishop Heber's collection: among others, the hymns for Palm Sunday, "Ride on! ride on in majesty!" "When our heads are bowed with woe," and that exquisitely pathetic funeral hymn from the *Martyr of Antioch*, "Brother, thou art gone before us." On the subject of these hymns, under date of May 11th, 1821, Heber writes:—

I rejoice to hear so good an account of the progress which your Saint [alluding to the *Martyr of Antioch*] is making towards her crown, and feel really grateful for the kindness which enables you, while so occupied, to recollect my hymn-book. I have in the last month received some assistance from —, which would once have pleased me well; but, alas! your Advent, Good Friday, and Palm Sunday hymns have spoilt me for all other attempts of the sort.

And on December 28th:—

You have indeed sent me a most powerful reinforcement to my projected hymn-book, and I shall neither need nor wait for the aid of Scott and Southey. Most sincerely, I have not seen any lines of the kind which more completely correspond to my ideas of what such compositions ought to be, or to the plan, the outline of which it has been my wish to fill up.

Those, too, who may not care, or have time, to recur to the religious dramas as a whole, may be reminded that in them are scattered other hymns and Christian lyric odes which are admittedly of a high order of beauty and merit. Of these, that noble ode in the *Fall of Jerusalem* of which the following is the opening stanza has often been quoted. It appeals to the All-Merciful :—

For Thou wert born of woman : Thou didst come,
O Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread omnipotent array ;
 And not by thunders strew'd
 Was Thy tempestuous road :
Nor indignation burns before Thee on Thy way.
 But Thee, a soft and naked child,
 Thy mother undefiled
 In the rude manger laid to rest
 From off her virgin breast.

Equally beautiful is Margarita's ecstatic song when led to execution at Antioch :—

What means yon blaze on high ?
The empyrean sky,
Like the rich veil of some proud fane, is rending.

And that most pathetic hymn of the bereaved parents in *Belshazzar* :—

O Thou that wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor heap fresh ashes on the mourner's brow,
Nor rend anew the wounds that inly bleed,
The only balm of our affliction Thou,
Teach us to bear Thy chastening wrath, O God !
To kiss with quivering lips—still humbly kiss—Thy rod.

For many years after his appointment to St. Mary's at Reading, my father's intimate connection with his

University still remained unbroken. He was a Select Preacher in 1820, Professor of Poetry in 1821, Bampton Lecturer in 1827. The following letter to his friend Coleridge with reference to his candidature for the professorship is of some interest. It must not be forgotten, however, while reading it, that some years had still to elapse before Keble's name, as the author of the "Christian Year," was to become a household word :—

ST. MARY'S, READING, *November 4th*, 1821.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,—

Many thanks for your very kind letter which I found on my table on my return from Oxford, to which the rumour of Keble's opposition had hurried me, as I wished to consult my friends there on the subject. On my arrival I was most agreeably relieved from all my uneasiness by hearing Keble's determination ; his conduct in the whole transaction has been, what all who know him would expect, most honourable, and such as to endear him to me more than even my former regard for his character. The being opposed by him would have been most unpleasant, as certainly the less collision there is in the interest of friends the better, and the contest would have placed many of our mutual intimates in a very unpleasant state of embarrassment. This is now, however, over ; and my chance of success, which against Keble would have depended on the number of votes *out* of the University which I could have brought up, and I think (in confidence to you I state it) that I could have moved a good majority, may now be safely left to the residents to decide. Of course this mode of viewing the subject might give more deadly offence to this latter body than any of my other conduct. You therefore will see

that it is intended only for your private ear. For my other trespasses I really cannot plead guilty to them. The first is a shaft from that quiver of calumny which showered on to our heads so abundantly during the late contest. To drop all metaphor, it is a great lie. I have indeed mentioned to my friends my intention of standing, and I may have said to some very intimate ones that I expected their votes ; it is also true that I have been asked my intention, and voluntarily been promised support, by one or two persons with whom I was not personally acquainted ; but no solicitation has been made by me outside of that circle, and my Brasenose friends would justly have thought me selfish and interested if I had thought of intruding myself during the progress, or in the immediate prospect of Heber's more important election.* For my second head of offending I can say in the words of Mrs. Malaprop, " How can I help it if the gods have made me poetical ? " But saving my antagonists' wisdom, what do they know of our respective critical talents ? If a man writes good poetry, it is some cause for suspecting that he knows something about poetry. Enough of this, however ; and, seriously, I am very much obliged to you for your kind caution and advice. It was thought prudent by my friends that I should not appear or visit any one the day I was at Oxford, lest it should appear canvassing. As, however, I am Preacher, either this term or the beginning of next, an unexceptionable opportunity will occur of passing some days in Oxford. I ought perhaps to have thanked you for waiving your own claims, which I do most sincerely. Shuttleworth I know to have long declined—I believe from a decided dislike to all public appearance, which makes even preaching disagreeable to him. I have nearly ready for publication

* The election of Mr. Richard Heber as burgess to represent the University in Parliament.

the *Martyr of Antioch*, a dramatic poem ; not quite so near, but far advanced, *Belshazzar*. What say you as to the prudence of publishing at all before the P.P. is decided? I am sure Murray will be regulated by me about publication. The latter I have great hopes of.

Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

Eventually my father was elected to the chair—I believe without opposition; and being, as the custom was and is, re-elected for a second term in 1826, he continued to hold the professorship till 1831. His lectures on the history of Greek poetry, composed and delivered, according to the ancient and then rigid usage, in Latin, were long remembered for the beautiful translations from Greek and Latin poets with which they were enlivened and illustrated—an object in itself desirable, as that perfect familiarity with Latin which would enable the audience to follow an unbroken lecture in that language was by no means general, especially among the younger students. These translations, with translations of the “*Agamemnon*” of Æschylus and the “*Bacchanals*” of Euripides, published in 1864, form a charming volume.

After referring to his lectures and to the occasion for which the translations had been originally made, my father, in a few introductory sentences to explain their conservation and publication after an interval of some forty years, says :—

I have consigned my lectures with unaverted

eyes to the flames. The translations I was, however, not quite so easily content to part with. They were heard at the time with much favour by many whose judgment stood high in the University, and I have met with some in later days (one* especially, by whose brilliant and busy life such reminiscences, I should have supposed, would have been long utterly effaced) who retained a vivid impression of the delight with which they had heard them in their youth. To these (few, I fear), as to myself, they may be welcome as pleasant voices from days long gone by; while to some others (not, I fear, too many), lovers of Greek poetry especially, they may not be altogether unacceptable.

From the professor's chair at Oxford, too, was read a part of those translations from the Sanscrit which afterwards appeared under the title of "Nala and Damayantī, and Other Poems."† His account of the manner in which he became engaged in these studies is thus explained‡:—

During the last two years in which I held the office of Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, having exhausted the subject which I had chosen for my terminal course, I was at loss for some materials for the few remaining lectures before my office should expire. I had been led, by the ardent curiosity which I have ever felt to acquire

* Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, I think.

† An edition of the Sanscrit text of the story of "Nala" was published by Professor Monier Williams in 1860, side by side with my father's metrical translation, to which the Professor, referring, says: "The author has himself kindly taken the trouble to improve the present version, and has adapted it so closely to the new text that line answers to line with surprising fidelity."

‡ Preface to "Nala and Damayantī."

some knowledge of the poetry of all ages and nations, to examine some of the publications of French and German as well as English scholars on the subject of Indian poetry, chiefly those of the Schlegels, of Bopp, and of De Chezy. I was struck with the singularity, and captivated by the extreme beauty, as it appeared to me, of some of the extracts, especially those from the great epic poems, the "Mahábhárata" and the "Ramâyâna," in their Homeric simplicity so totally opposite to the ordinary notions entertained of all Eastern poetry. I was induced to attempt, without any instruction, and with the few elementary works that could be procured, to obtain some knowledge of this wonderful and mysterious language. The study grew upon me, and would have been pursued with more ardour, perhaps with more success, but for the constant interruption of more imperative and literary avocations. . . . I ventured to communicate to the members of the University who attended my lectures my discoveries, as it were, in the unknown region of Indian poetry, and to introduce translations of such passages as appeared to me of peculiar singularity or beauty. Though I was still moving in the leading-strings of my learned guides, I had obtained sufficient acquaintance with the language to compare their interpretations with the original text. I afterwards embodied some part of my lectures in an article in the *Quarterly Review*,* in order to contribute as far as was in my power to open this new and almost untrodden field of literature to the English reader.

In the Long Vacation of the year (1822) succeeding his election to the Poetry Professorship, my father found time for a much-longed-for visit to

* July, 1831.

Italy, his farthest point being Naples. One letter out of several which were written to his sister in the course of this tour may be given, as containing an amusing account of a scene in the streets of Naples at which he was present :—

ROME, *July 20th*, 1822.

MY DEAR EMILY,—

I suppose this letter will find you returned to Pinner, I hope in as flourishing a state after your short journey as I am after my long one. You must not be surprised at the date of my letter, nor suppose that I have been at Rome all this time. I found my ambition increase as I advanced, and I therefore determined on running to Naples, whence I am just returned, most excessively unwilling to leave that most enchanting place. I found there the Comptons, who were more kind and hospitable than I could have expected even from them. I almost entirely lived with them, except a day or two with the Hamiltons. The Ambassador and they showed me every evening some new and beautiful drive. In short, what with the rich sky, the blue sea, the town and the environs, and the society, I could have spent many weeks there with the greatest delight. Of all odd people certainly *Pulcinello* is the drollest and most amusing, and I saw an instance of a "*fuggi, fuggi*"—a new and expressive term for that most discreet system of retreating before an enemy for which the Neapolitans are celebrated, and which in the town is followed by a "*serra, serra,*" which means, "Shut up your shops." I was present at the reception of a new Saint, or rather a *Beato*, for he will not be Saint till the next Brevet. About this same person there are some singular and not over saintly stories ; but as he died fifty years ago, and has passed through a fair probation of miracle-making, all Naples was

poured forth to see a procession, which might have been fine, in which his bones were carried to be installed in the Church of the Jesuits. We (the Comptons and I) were in an excellent balcony in the Strada Toledo, looking down on the street paved with people of all sorts. Part of the procession, two or three banners and a number of boys carrying flowers and some priests, had passed, when suddenly "Fuggi, fuggi!" was the cry. And never was word of command better obeyed: for off they all scampered—at least all who did not tumble over each other—procession and all; out went the torches; down fell the flowers; the banners were wrapped round the poles; and in an instant there remained only a few soldiers (the Austrians, on the whole, seemed cool and not very suspicious)—but five Neapolitan soldiers actually stood their ground, no one else being left in the street, and began to load their muskets. This made us at first think that some revolutionary movement had taken place, or something serious; but before long a certain number of the people returned, the broken procession began to form again, when, alas! "Fuggi, fuggi!" was again the cry, and three times, for no reason whatever as far as we could make out, did this very droll panic sweep the streets clean. His Majesty was not there, or probably his royal person would not have escaped the contagion, as on a former occasion, with great naïveté, he allowed that he had a considerable *paura*, adding, "Anch' io son Napolitano."

As for what I have seen, I have been in such a state of continued motion that I have had no time to make any journal or to write at all, excepting certain mystical notes for memoranda in my guide-books. I arrived in Rome three days before the illumination of St. Peter's, which of all sights which I ever saw or ever could imagine is the most splendid, sufficient 'to repay all the heat

and fatigue which I have gone through. Indeed, as to the first, nothing that I have since endured has been at all equal to the two days at Paris, and we find that the thermometer has been as high in London as in Rome. The only thing which I have been obliged to give up with great regret has been Pæstum; but it required three days, which I could not spare; and the malaria of the morning and evening, which is there I really believe a serious cause for alarm at this time of the year, and the tremendous heat of the middle of the day on those barren and treeless plains, made it impossible to go there. With this exception, I have seen or hope to see almost everything worth notice in Italy. There are only two considerable towns, Pisa and Mantua, which I cannot bring into my route. Here I stay only two or three days to recruit after my journey of twenty-six hours from Naples, and to see a few things which remain. Hence I go to Florence, where I have not been yet, and where I hope to find letters: after that Venice, Verona to Milan, Milan to Genoa, if time remains, and home over the Mont Cenis.

My love to my Lady, and tell her that I rather longed to see her basking in the evening sun in some of the lovely valleys near Naples, inhaling the scent of myrtle and orange flowers, and looking over most *richly wooded* declivities to the bay, which is the most picturesque in its form possible. Remember me to all friends; love to William, and tell him that he has been as *hot* as I.

Yours affectionately,

H. H. M.

My servant turns out excellent, active, honest, and studying my interest and comfort in everything.

Many years were to elapse before my father

had another opportunity of gratifying his love of foreign travel and of art by visiting the great Continental galleries. But so much of the time that could properly be spared from his professional obligations was taken up by his engagements at Oxford, and by frequent, almost necessary visits to London, then a somewhat tedious coach journey of several hours, that little leisure remained for more distant excursions. It is indeed true that, in the earlier years of this century, the time of the parochial clergy was not so exhaustingly occupied, as now, by the duty of providing for an unvaried and a constant succession of daily services. In this respect we are other, possibly better, than our fathers. Still, the claims upon the time of one who was ever ready to advise, to console, to take a leading part in every effort to improve the intellectual and moral condition of his parishioners and of the town in which his lot was cast, were incessant; and to these duties all others were subsidiary. But it is just this hourly performance of the "trivial round, the common task," that neither seeks nor can have a record. This only may be said: that whatever my father's hand found to do, he did it with all his might.

If tempted, then, indeed almost forced, to deal more exclusively with the literary and social aspect of my father's diversified pursuits, it should never be forgotten that these were for many years grounded upon and subordinate to absorbing professional duties. Sparkling with wit and humour,

full of spirits and energy, yet always a conscientious and hard-working parish priest, the circle of the Vicar's attached friends and admirers in the town, in the surrounding neighbourhood, drawn from all classes, from all parties, was ever widening. No doubt the work was at times rather uphill: for there was in Reading a strong infusion of Radicalism, never friendly to the Church; and in the years immediately preceding the Reform Bill popular opinion was easily excited on occasions worthy and also unworthy—such, for instance, as that which was afforded by the trial of Queen Caroline.

The occasionally somewhat amusing excitement engendered by this unfortunate trial is illustrated in the following extracts:—

VICARAGE, ST. MARY'S, 1820.

We are going to attempt to fan the lurking embers of loyalty in this town of Radical darkness, and intend blazing forth in a loyal declaration. The bellows of my zeal have been employed in puffing the flame; it is lucky, therefore, that illuminations are over, or my windows might not escape so well. We had a Radical meeting, where my friend Mr. ——— figured, and, like John Cam Hobhouse, to display his travelled knowledge, he said that the Swiss peasant girls wore shockingly short petticoats; therefore there could be no harm in anything the Queen had done. A humorous gentleman followed, who gave a very merry account of how our ancestors now and then cut off kings' and archbishops' heads. So much for Reading news. The only good new anecdote which I have heard is one, seriously and gravely told me, of

which Michael Angelo Taylor* is the hero. He expressed his regret at being obliged to leave London. "Indeed," he added, "I am seriously disappointed. I did think that before this the King would have sent for me, and that he would have said, 'Michael, it is time that you and I should end our differences.' What am I to do?" Now, really, how the King can so wickedly disappoint little Michael, or how these pertinacious Ministers can obstinately stay in after Sir Claudius Hunter† has told them to go, is surprising. As he modestly said, "I thought it my duty—they might consider it presumptuous, but I really could not help telling the Ministers the only thing they have now to do is to give up their places."

And writing again on October 25th:—

We are flat enough. Everybody is too tired of her gracious Majesty to talk of her, and yet she almost debars us from any other topic. How very cleverly Brougham has managed the whole, wanting every witness who could not come, and contriving to be prevented adducing the proofs that witnesses have been suborned! He justifies the story which he himself tells of her Majesty: "She says she has two friends: one a very honest fellow and a great fool—that's Alderman Wood; the other a very clever fellow and a great rogue—that's me."

In the month of May, 1824, my father was married to Mary Anne, younger daughter of Lieutenant-General William Cockell—to her to

* Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., known by the sobriquet of Chicken Taylor, of whose pomposity many laughable stories are told. See Lord Campbell's "*Lives of the Chancellors*," vii. 405.

† Lord Mayor of London, 1811.



Walker & Bonnell fecit

Mrs Milman
from a drawing by Lady Eastlake.

whom he afterwards dedicated the collected edition of his poems, as having made "the poetry of life reality." And so indeed she did. The marriage was a singularly happy one. Sorrows, hereafter alluded to, came of course, overshadowing their happiness for a time. But whatever befell seemed only to draw them closer together. Our mother's regular features and fine figure were animated by a gentle dignity. Her ready sympathy and singular sweetness of disposition, to which all harsh judgments seemed strange and improbable, won her many friends, high-born, accomplished, or homely. She was one of those whose name was rarely mentioned without the prefix "dear." Unaffected piety, without any profession, made bright a life to which all things grave and beautiful were matters of enjoyment, something to be thankful for. A complete congruity of sentiment made her entire devotion to her husband not less perfect, because it was inevitable.

Our grandfather, General Cockell, was a fine old soldier who had served his country all over the world. In truth, he was a born soldier. As a boy he used to drill the village lads, forming them into companies, and marching them over the country. When he could not prevail upon his parents to part with their only surviving son, he stole away and enlisted as a private soldier; nor, until after his arrival in Canada, did he communicate with those at home. His father then gave way, obtained his discharge, and bought him his first

commission in the 2nd Queen's Regiment in 1782. Later, in 1793, he was Captain; then successively Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in the 105th Foot, a newly raised regiment, which was disbanded at the Peace of Amiens. He became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 46th Foot 1800, of the 5th Fusileers 1802, and was at the Cape of Good Hope with the rank of Brigadier-General 1806-10. Here General Cockell attained his highest position—that of Acting Governor of the Cape, when, as Commandant of the Forces, he occupied Government House in the absence of the Governor, and administered the affairs of the Colony, already so important by its position on the old high-road to India. He was Lieutenant-General 1814, and died Governor of Edinburgh Castle in 1831. His last years were passed at Sandleford Lodge, near Newbury, one of those lovely “silent woody places” only to be found in England, with its bright stream crossing the road, and a little wooden bridge for foot-passengers—the grand trees of the Priory (then the property of Lord Rokeby) on one side of the hollow, and the modest approach to the Lodge on the other. It was here my father wooed the beautiful daughter of the old soldier.

For the most exciting incident in my grandfather's career—an incident perhaps worth preserving—we must, however, go back to 1796, as it happened on the occasion of General Hoche's attempted invasion of Ireland, so imprudently deferred until midwinter. That able general did

not, it will be remembered, sail from Brest until December 15th. His fleet consisted of seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, and, with the addition of corvettes and transports, carried fifteen thousand French troops. Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy actually arrived on the 22nd at Bear Island, at the mouth of Bantry Bay, with half the troops, seven sail of the line, and ten other vessels. At that time young Cockell was on the staff of General Sir James Duff, who had a command in the south-west of Ireland. On the advent of this grave news the General and his Aide-de-camp set off in advance of the troops in a carriage, escorted by a troop of dragoons, to ascertain the real position of affairs. After passing through Kenmare, they had to traverse the wild mountain tract that separates that estuary from Bantry Bay. Pressing on through the night, they were caught in the same wild snowstorm that prevented Admiral Bouvet from penetrating up the lough. In the darkness they missed the rough track. The carriage fell over a cliff, and the horses were killed. Rendered alert by the unusual jolting, the General and his Aide-de-camp sprang out just in time, and escaped with a few bruises. They then dismounted two of the dragoons, took their horses, and hurried on through the darkness. Day dawned as they were descending on to the shore, when they were not a little relieved to find neither a considerable force of French soldiers to be reconnoitred, nor bands of insurgent peasantry, but only an angry

cock to salute them with belligerent crowings. Discouraged by the non-arrival of the rest of the expedition, and fearful lest the wind should veer to the south-west, Admiral Bouvet, who had already found it difficult to maintain his position, had disregarded the entreaties of the soldiers to be set on shore, and had stood out to sea, not regaining the harbour of Brest without the loss of five ships.

CHAPTER IV.

The Quarterly Review—Appreciation of Gifford—Letter to Coleridge on Editorship—A Frequent Contributor—"History of the Jews"—Outcry against—Thirty Years after—Edition of Gibbon.

A FEW reminiscences of my father as scholar and poet have been given in the two previous chapters; his work as an historian will subsequently be approached. Before speaking, however, of the "History of the Jews," the first in order of his historical works, it seems advisable to make some mention of his connection with the *Quarterly Review*, to the pages of which he was at one time a constant, at all times a valued contributor. A full list of these contributions, embracing a wide variety of matter, would run to great length. The first of them, upon "Italian Tragedy," appeared in the October number of the *Review*, 1820; the last, an essay upon "Pagan and Christian Sepulchres," more than forty years years later, in July, 1865. Of Mr. Gifford, the first editor of the *Review*, for whom as a young man his first work was done, my father always entertained a kindly recollection.

I heard [he writes to Mr. Murray, under date of January 5th, 1827], with that regret which all

must have felt who had an opportunity of appreciating his character, the account of Gifford's death. You may well say and appeal to the *Quarterly* that his place is not likely to be filled by his equal. Many knew his uncommon critical sagacity, his peculiar judgment, and his felicity in striking off character with a few satirical touches; but his kindness to young authors whose talents and principles he admired, and his social qualities, are known to comparatively few.

And in an earlier letter to Coleridge :—

Your account of poor Gifford is melancholy. I agree with you fully in the kindness of his manner, which certainly was singularly contrasted with the bitterness of his satire. To me he was always extremely obliging, and indeed in some respects exceedingly useful.

Mr. Gifford did not formally resign the editorship till the close of 1824; but at least two years previously it had become evident, from the state of his health, that his retirement could not be long postponed, and there was naturally much speculation as to the person who would be chosen to succeed him. So far back as 1822 it appears to have been confidently rumoured, though the announcement was premature, that the appointment had been accepted by Mr. John Taylor Coleridge, whose claims had been urged by Southey; and that my father seems to have taken the news as authentic is shown by the following letter to Coleridge, in which he refers to the appointment as if it had been completed, and makes, with offers of assistance,

some general observations as to the manner in which the conduct of the *Review* might in some respects be improved :—

OXFORD, *December 3rd*, 1822.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,—

I hear with much pleasure that the *Quarterly Review* is likely to devolve to your care, and should have written to you on the subject, even had not a paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday assigning it to me rather accelerated my communication. For my own part I have long felt, and expressed myself in the spring to Reginald Heber on the point, that no clergyman ought at the present juncture to be placed in the situation. In these days it is our duty not to force ourselves into situations where the obloquy which must fall upon every one who, however conscientiously, intermingles himself with politics will spread abroad over our whole body. The clergy must not unnecessarily seek unpopularity. Neither would my personal situation or inclinations lead me without a great effort to sacrifice the time necessary for such an occupation. I am conscious of stealing as much, or more perhaps than I ought, of both time and labour for my own pursuits from my profession, and could not justify myself in adding this new avocation to my present. And even putting conscientious motives out of the question, I should extremely doubt the prudence of such a measure from a worldly point of view. Political partizanship, which, however fairly or unfairly, will always be attributed to the editor of such a journal, will in the present day be rather in the way of advancement in my profession than favour it ; and though at present I feel singularly indifferent upon such subjects, circumstances may occur which might make me deeply regret the having engaged in any occupation which should interfere with my

promotion. Not that at present I have any immediate views of such a nature; yet every man may look forward to a wife and family, which will make it a duty to advance himself as far as he is able by fair and conscientious means. You will, perhaps, be making some professional sacrifice, but still the usefulness of the situation will more than compensate for that; and if your legal business should rapidly increase, it will then be time to confine yourself to that alone; and by a skilful management of your time I do not doubt that at present you may reconcile the two avocations. For my own part I hope you will make no scruple in employing me in whatever may lighten your labours. Independent of personal contributions—which perhaps I am not presumptuous in supposing may be occasionally acceptable within certain limits, to which I have hitherto and hope still to confine myself—if by sending down to me papers on particular subjects (foreign literature, for instance), or others in my own professional department, I can (quite privately between ourselves) save you time or trouble, you may depend upon my rendering you all the assistance which my abilities and judgment can afford. I make this offer partly from the desire of serving you, partly from the conviction which I feel of the very high *national* importance of a work which has so entirely the public ear, and which may do more for sound taste, sound principle, and sound opinions, both political and religious, than any work or journal extant. Perhaps it may improve in your hands by a more decided tone on certain points on which I believe we feel together, and perhaps by a little less personality than it has occasionally indulged in. After all this, shall I make you laugh or make you angry if I presume to insinuate that hitherto general good sense without paradox has been the chief cause of the success of the *Review*? And if you will

prove "Peter Bell" and "Benjamin" to be poetry, not even the authority of the *Quarterly* will enable you to prohibit the smile which the greater part, and perhaps not the least read, of the world will put on. I do not mean to assume the French lady's infallibility who said, "Il n'y a que moi qui a toujours raison," but I am pretty sure I am right on this point.

After little more than a year Mr. Coleridge, owing to the rapid increase of his business at the Bar, was compelled to resign his position as editor of the *Quarterly*; and as soon as the new arrangements could be carried out, Mr. Lockhart reigned in his stead. Milman and Lockhart were contemporaries, and had taken their degree in the same year at Oxford. Their early acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship, which remained unbroken from the time that Mr. Lockhart came to London to take up his appointment as editor, till his death in 1854. On literary projects and on matters connected with the *Review* they were in constant correspondence, and Mr. Lockhart seems also on several occasions to have served as the channel of communication between Mr. John Murray and my father, when the former, by illness or from press of business, was glad to avail himself of Lockhart's assistance.

So many references to the relation between these three men have already appeared in the "Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray," by Mr. Smiles, and in Mr. Andrew Lang's "Life of J. G. Lockhart," that further to dwell upon it could

not but involve an undesirable repetition, even though some additional details should prove interesting. On one point only a final word may be added. My father's connection with the *Quarterly Review* was not a secret that, even if desired, could be hidden; and being himself of some fame as a writer, as well as an ardent lover, of poetry, it was not unnatural that articles upon contemporary poets which made some sensation in their day should have been attributed to his pen. "Who," asks Lord Byron:—

"Who kill'd John Keats?"

"I," says the *Quarterly*,

So savage and Tartarly;

"'Twas one of my feats."

"Who shot the arrow?"

"The poet-priest Milman

(So ready to kill man),

Or Southey, or Barrow."

Whoever else shot the arrow, certainly Milman did not; nor, as is now generally allowed, was Keats killed by it. There was a similar misleading speculation as to the authorship of the review of "Alastor."

The article on "Alastor" in the *Quarterly Review* was at first attributed to Southey (whom Shelley had known and liked); but that proved untrue. It was then imputed to Milman, and Shelley denounced it as the work of an angry priest. Milman, with admirable magnanimity, never repelled the charge, though in fact few men were more keenly alive to Shelley's genius. We now learn, after all, that this much-contested article was the work of

Mr. Coleridge—not the poet, but his nephew, whom we have all known in calmer times as the venerable, amiable, and accomplished Sir John Taylor Coleridge, a judge and a Privy Councillor.*

There was indeed a sensitive regard for the feelings of others in my father's disposition which would in any case have made him shrink from the office of critical executioner, and he expressed more than once his dislike of what he called the "savage tomahawk style" of Macaulay's review of Robert Montgomery, though in the main he considered him quite right.

The less you have to do [he writes to Mr. Murray] with Mr. Robert Montgomery the better: he is not of your tribe of authors. The present poem is more full of examples of the Bathos or the Art of Sinking in Poetry than I have seen for some time; nor is there any real genius, in my opinion, to redeem it. He sometimes lashes himself into bombast, which I have no doubt that he and some of his critics who have been bepraising him think vastly sublime. I dislike the savage tomahawk style of Macaulay, but in the main he is quite in the right, and this poor youth's talking about "assassins" and other such hard words only shows his own feebleness.

But if what is sometimes described as a "slashing article" was abhorrent to his nature, no inducement of friendship could tempt him to dishonest praise. Pressed by his friend Harness to review

* Quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. clvi., p. 432.

one of Miss Mitford's plays—*Charles I.*—for the *Quarterly*, he answers, July, 1834 :—

I have taken so great a liking to Miss Mitford, that for her sake, still more, much more as your friend, I would do much to serve her. But I have read the play twice over, and really cannot see how a case is to be made out for the *Quarterly*. It may act well ; but to the reader it is so pretty and womanish, so far below the magnificence of the subject, that it would do her more harm than good to attempt to praise where the extracts will not justify. I cannot write excepting when I am really seriously in earnest in my admiration. This critical honesty stands much in my way, but it is a part of my nature.

In later life, and when his whole time was occupied by the Histories of Christianity, contributions to the *Review* became more rare. His articles embrace a wide variety of matter, critical, literary, biographical, historical. Some of them, of course, deal with questions and books of passing interest ; others contain sketches of persons and events which were afterwards embodied in a more finished state in the histories. But again, towards the close of his life, when the completion of the " History of Latin Christianity " had restored him to comparative leisure, he took pleasure in renewing his old connection with the *Review*, and in occasionally writing essays on any subject in which he happened to be particularly interested. A selection of these later articles, with the addition of a few of earlier date, were reprinted, after the author's death, in a volume

with the title, "Savonarola, Erasmus, and other Essays."

It is scarcely possible to speak of the "History of the Jews," my father's first historical work, without referring to the tempest of disapprobation with which the book was received in orthodox circles on its first appearance, and to the obloquy with which its author was assailed. But this part of the subject may be dealt with all the more briefly as the story has been already told in the "Memoir of John Murray," in which much of the correspondence between the author and his publisher is also given. The volumes had been written as part of the Family Library, an interesting and useful series undertaken by Mr. Murray for reasons which are partly stated in a letter from Lockhart to Milman (July 17th, 1828), inviting his assistance, at the request of Mr. Murray, in carrying out the scheme :—

I enclose Mr. Murray's acknowledgment of your paper in the last *Quarterly Review*. Your essay, from all I have heard, is a favourite. Mr. Southey says that it is admirable in every way. You have seen, I doubt not, the biographies and histories of the Society for the Propagation of Useful Knowledge; and if you have, you must agree with me that these diligent gentlemen are making a paltry, and are desirous of making a dangerous, invasion on the departments of public instruction which will ever be the most attractive. It has occurred to some people of another way of thinking, that a series of cheap volumes of biography and history, written in another spirit, but very calmly and temperately,

might be of great benefit to those who cannot buy expensive treatises, and who are now offered cheap ones by Mr. Brougham. Arrangements have already made some progress. Sir W. Scott, Southey, Palgrave, and various others have agreed to contribute their aid, and I now write to ask if there is any chance of your coming into the scheme likewise. What say you to a volume about the History of the Jewish People? Surely it might be made more entertaining than any romance, and really useful besides. This is what Mr. Murray and his friends now in this room ask me to propose to you; but any subject chosen by you, whether history or biography, would, I am sure, meet all their wishes.

And then follow some further details as to the terms and mode of publication. The proposal was accepted, and my father was for some months occupied in the task that he had undertaken, setting to work with characteristic energy, but with some misgivings, and complaining to his friend Harness of the difficulty which he found in dealing with the subject exhaustively, from want of easy access to a public library.

ST. MARY'S, *July 16th*, 1829.

I really am at work, but with what success I scarcely dare anticipate. Murray asked me to write the "History of the Jews" for his biographies. I blindly assented, thinking the affair very plain and straightforward; but you have no conception of the difficulty of finding a guide or authorities among the countless writers on the subject. I must confess that I think the subject has been fertile in nonsense; but, unhappily, much of the nonsense is sainted and canonized, and I suspect wise heads

will be shaken at my views. Keep, therefore, my secret, though a secret in Murray's keeping is about as safe as one entrusted to that worthy and sonorous person the town-crier. . . . To return to my Jews. The subject is singularly interesting ; but it is difficult to manage either that or my Greek Poetry, which I am very anxious to complete, without a public library. I am never satisfied till I get to the bottom, and sometimes the said bottom is somewhere beyond the depths of our knowledge, and sometimes one comes plump upon it when least expected.

The first instalment of the work was ready by the end of the year, and was followed at no long interval by the remainder. Writing on December 6th, Mr. Lockhart says :—

I perceive your Jews are now fast approaching completion. It is a splendid book, but some wise folks shake their heads at some passages touching miracles. A few sentences would have disarmed them, and will no doubt do so in the next edition. I have been suggesting to Murray that your most efficient method might be to write a "History of Christianity" in the same form, and I sincerely hope you will smile on this proposal. But the *Quarterly* is very much in need of your aid, and that must be my chief concern. I do not mean that we are falling off. On the contrary, Murray says the *Review* has now regained all it had lost at one period. But we are in danger of becoming a little too businesslike, and want grievously the grace from time to time of a pen like yours discoursing eloquent music.

Heads wise or unwise had indeed been shaken. A wild storm of disapproval gathered, burst, and

7 Sunday after Sunday Milman was denounced from University and other pulpits in most unmeasured language, in language to which we have since unhappily become too well accustomed, as holding heretical opinions, as a most dangerous and pernicious writer. Bishops, some of whom at least had at first been favourable and friendly, suddenly became cold, became hostile, averted their faces, lifted up their hands. If even now we, who live in times so changed, feel surprised, as my father was surprised, by this wild outcry, it must be remembered that an historical or a scientific method of dealing with the documentary records of religious history was then a startling novelty to the mass of pious minds in England, and that the "History of the Jews," to use the words of Dean Stanley,*

4 was the first decisive inroad of German theology into England: the first palpable indication that the Bible could be studied like another book; that the characters and events of the sacred history could be treated at once critically and reverently. Those who were but children at the time can remember the horror created in remote rural districts by the rumour that a book had appeared in which Abraham was described as a "sheikh."

4 The bitterness of feeling that prevailed in some quarters may be measured by this extract from a letter written by the Rev. H. Drury, one of the masters at Harrow, to Archdeacon S. Butler † :—

* "Essays on Church and State," p. 576.

† "Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler," i. 361.

I read your charge with great delight; 'twas exactly what I should have liked to have heard, and to have seen in its effects on the sour visages of the "serious." I do not wonder they endeavoured to resent such home truths. The same spirit rages sadly among us. I had introduced Milman's "History of the Jews" to read with Paley's "Evidences" every Sunday morning. I found it gave sacred history and geography in such an entertaining manner that it riveted the attention of my boys surprisingly. This is daily denounced to Longley by Mr. —, as Cunningham's mouthpiece, as "an impious book," "a gross misrepresentation of the Word of God," "an attempt to introduce German scepticism," and what not—of all which Milman is as innocent as I am, and he has had the highest testimonials of praise and thanks from the first members of the High Church.

The general attitude of this party may be inferred from the following letters, written at the time by my father :—

TO JOHN MURRAY, ESQ.

ST. MARY'S, READING, *March 9th*, 1830.

The measure which you propose [printing extracts from the Family Bible and the History in parallel columns] has, as you may conceive, passed through my mind, but for many considerations I think that it would be highly objectionable. In the New Edition, in the first note on a passage relating to a miracle, I have inserted these words: "The author finds upon reference that the authorities quoted by the learned Editors of the Family Bible on this and many similar points concur with his own view." This is a fair warning, but a direct attempt to divert the attack by bringing forward the Family Bible would offend many

persons with whom I do not wish to join issue. As yet the High Church party, at least all the better order, have stood aloof. The fanatics would like nothing better than to have an opportunity of turning the clamour against the Family Bible. They hate the book ; they do not love the Christian Knowledge Society, and would be delighted to have passages pointed out on which they might raise an outcry as they have against me. This would exasperate the High Church party, who might think it necessary to take part against me, though holding much the same opinions. At all events, such a measure should be reserved till actually called for. I am greatly mistaken if there is not a strong reaction in favour of the book. For my own part, I have reconsidered the whole subject ; I have corrected the few points on which I have expressed myself somewhat too strongly ; and am convinced, not merely that I am in the right, but that all reasonable persons think me so, and that the crowd will follow. The public mind cannot go back—it will go on ; and on the few points on which I have advanced beyond it, it will soon catch me up. Religion must be defended, as I have defended it, and as (my Preface will tell them this) Paley did so before me.

And writing to Mr. Lockhart on the 29th of the same month, he says :—

Now for those ungracious Jews. I should be very sorry for personal reasons to be attacked by Benson,* as we have always been very good friends ; but I might be in much more formidable hands—Le Bas', for instance.† Benson is in the pulpit

* Rev. Christopher Benson, Canon, of Worcester and Master of the Temple.

† Rev. Charles Webb Le Bas, Prebendary of Lincoln, afterwards Principal of the East Indian College, Haileybury.

almost unrivalled, but neither strong in argument nor learning. I have received an intimation from a high University quarter (not intended, I believe, to reach me) that I should reply to Faussett. I have written to Oxford to know what the feeling is there. I suspect I shall not mend the matter much with the High Church party; for if I speak, I will speak calmly, but speak out. If I am at a discount with the Bishops, I am not with the booksellers. I have received a proposal from Dr. Lardner; and, really, he offers such good company that it is tempting. I suppose by the names in both that there is no rivalry between the two concerns.*

At his own University, Oxford, the attack had been led by the Margaret Professor of Divinity, Dr. Faussett,† a weak antagonist for whom my father had no intention of breaking the dignified rule of silence which, secure in the rectitude of his intentions and the general accuracy of his views, he had adopted.

You will perhaps [he writes to Mr. Murray] be anxious to know my opinion upon the pamphlet you have sent me from Godfrey Faussett. Probably you have sent the accompanying sheets of the first volume in case I should wish to make any alteration.

* See *post*, p. 99.

† Mr. Christopher Earle used often to relate how, occupying the box seat on the Oxford and Evesham coach on a Monday morning after one of Dr. Faussett's sermons on the Sunday, the coachman turned to him and said, "I hope, sir, you were at the University sermon yesterday"; and how, when he had pleaded his inability to get there, Jehu said, "Oh, sir, what a pity! Dr. Faussett was great, sir. He did give it that Mr. Milman. He said, sir—and *I am sure it is true*—that 'since the days of Julian the Apostate there has not risen a greater enemy to Christianity than Mr. Milman.'"

The sermon is feeble—for a man in his situation miserably so. I always expressed myself as having a very mean estimate of his abilities, and am only confirmed in my judgment. He has barely noticed the more vulnerable points of the work, and huddled them up with others where he is so palpably ignorant, that I should think he will hardly make any impression even among the undergraduates at Oxford. To these undergraduates I shall leave him, and not take the slightest notice of his lucubrations. I should not wonder if some of that wicked tribe should amuse themselves by a reply, to which many of them would be fully equal. I am only anxious that the first volume should reappear as speedily as possible. I have altered every point on which men of sense could fix an objection. For such objections as the greater part of this worthy's, the quiet reference to the Family Bible will be rather a damper. It is really deplorable that a man in his situation should be so miserably ignorant as to the state of Biblical criticism. Half the points on which he attacks me have been settled by most men of learning for a century.

As to the virulence of Dr. Faussett's language, the editor of Gibbon may have felt as did Gibbon himself, who fifty years earlier, alluding to a sermon by Dr. White, Professor of Hebrew, preached in the pulpit of St. Mary's, says :—

If he assaults me with some degree of illiberal acrimony in such a place and before such an audience, "*he was obliged to speak the language of the country.*"

A pertinent saying of Professor Agassiz is quoted by Sir Charles Lyell, which, though uttered in

relation to the discovery of new facts in science, is not the less applicable where methods of dealing with the origin and growth of religions are employed more scientific than those to which ordinary readers have been accustomed. First they say "it is not true"; then, that it is "contrary to religion"; and at last, that "every one knew it before." We are slowly approaching the final stage, and many views of religious history which fifty years ago would have roused a bitter controversy are now accepted without question. My father shared the common fate of almost all pioneers in a new country—of all whose writings are in advance of the average thought of their age; but time does justice, and under the circumstances I may perhaps be permitted to cite the judgment of a recent American historian, Mr. Andrew Dickson White, who in a very remarkable work, "History of the Warfare of Science and Theology," thus refers to the subject. After explaining how the place of myth in history became more and more understood, and how historical foundations, so far at least as secular history was concerned, were henceforth dealt with in a scientific spirit, he continues :—

The extension of this new treatment to *all* ancient literature and history was now simply a work of time.

And he adds :—

Such an extension had already begun, for in 1829 had appeared Milman's "History of the Jews."

In this work came a further evolution of the truths and methods suggested by Bentley, Wolf, and Niebuhr, and their application to sacred history was made strikingly evident. Milman, though a clergyman, treated the history of the chosen people in the light of modern knowledge of Oriental and especially of Semitic peoples. He exhibited sundry great Biblical personages of the wandering days of Israel as sheikhs or emirs or Bedouin chieftains, and the tribes of Israel as obedient then to the same general laws, customs, and ideas governing wandering tribes in the same region now. He dealt with conflicting sources somewhat in the spirit of Bentley, and with the mythical, legendary, and miraculous somewhat in the spirit of Niebuhr. This treatment of the history of the Jews, simply as the development of an Oriental tribe, raised great opposition. Such champions of orthodoxy as Bishop Mant and Dr. Faussett straightway took the field, and with such effect that the Family Library, a very valuable series in which Milman's history appeared, was put under the ban and its further publication stopped. For years Milman, though a man of exquisite literary and lofty historical gifts, as well as of most honourable character, was debarred from preferment and outstripped by ecclesiastics vastly inferior to him in everything save worldly wisdom; for years he was passed in the race for honours by divines who were content either to hold briefs for all the contemporary unreason which happened to be popular or to keep their mouths shut altogether. This opposition to him extended to his works; for many years they were sneered at, decried, and kept from the public as far as possible. Fortunately the progress of events lifted him before the closing years of his life above all this opposition. As Dean of St. Paul's he really outranked the contemporary Arch-

bishops ; he lived to see his main ideas accepted, and his "History of Latin Christianity" received as certainly one of the most valuable and no less certainly the most attractive of all Church histories ever written.

After an interval of more than thirty years, Dean Milman was requested and urged to publish a new edition of the "History of the Jews." It was nearly ready, but not yet published, when the following letter was written :—

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S, *December 29th, 1862.*

MY DEAR ARTHUR STANLEY,—

I have galloped through your book.* Accept my best thanks for it. I must amble through it more leisurely hereafter, and delight myself with its pleasant, if winding and wandering, paths. Let me first say with what deep and sincere sympathy I dwelt on the first pages. Nothing can be more simple, true, or touching.

Than what you write of me nothing can be more gratifying. It is a singular coincidence, but some one, I think *old* Parker the bookseller, said of the "History of the Jews": "It has appeared thirty years too soon." It was published in 1829 or 1830. Oxford professors then preached in St. Mary's against it, and now one Oxford professor at least speaks in a very different tone. I think I may say that, except perhaps on one point, our opinions are as nearly coincident as may be. Mine are in the block, rarely wrought out ; for my book pretends to be a history. Your form of lectures gives you the full privilege of discursiveness (do not abuse your privilege!). You have also the advantage of being able to elude discussions of peculiar difficulty

* "Lectures on the Jewish Church."

and requiring that delicacy of handling which hardly escapes timidity. In the notes to the book, rarely in the text, I have boldly faced many of these difficulties, and in the Preface, as it is now written, shall speak out my mind. I think, if it is taken in a right spirit, what I say may do good. At all events, it is, if not positive, anti-negative. But the book itself, as far as the early history is concerned, is hardly increased in bulk. The field is entirely open to you. The large additions (and I have been obliged to limit them) are to the modern history. In your own realm, the geographical or topographical, which will not be the least popular, you rule alone. I have done nothing, I think, beyond references to Robinson and you. I wonder whether the general reader will be more delighted or bewildered (some will delight in being bewildered; the stiff old school will be more impatient) by your extraordinary affluence and prodigality of illustration? The one point on which I disagree and rather regret is the manner in which you treat the subject on which you quote Carlyle. Generally speaking, I like my own better. As for Carlyle, nothing seems now to remain of the old Presbyterian youth but some of the Balfour of Burley. His worship is exclusively that of the old Æschylean *κράτος καὶ βία*. Even excellent Arnold had too much of the stern Puritan for me. Is it not enough that the Jews were barbarians, and God made them no more premature Christians than premature astronomers?

The principal additions to the new edition were, as has been indicated, to the modern history; but the substance of the original work was little affected by these additions and the general revision to which it was submitted. The views adopted by the author in early days—that the only documents on which

the earlier history of the Jews rests, the Scriptures of the Old Testament, must, like other historical documents, be submitted to calm but searching criticism as to their age, their authenticity, their authorship, above all their historical sense and historical interpretation—he still maintained.

These views [he writes in the admirable Preface]—more free, it was then thought, and bolder than common, he dares to say not irreverent—have been his safeguard during a long and not unreflective life against the difficulties arising out of the philosophical and historical researches of our times; and from such views many, very many, of the best and wisest men whom it has been his blessing to know with greater or less intimacy have felt relief from pressing doubts, and found that peace which is attainable only through perfect freedom of mind. Others may have the happiness (a happiness he envies not) to close their eyes against, to evade, or to elude these difficulties. Such is not the temper of his mind. With these views he has been able to follow out all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all those hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity, to the truth of the Old Testament, as far as its distinct and perpetual authority and its indubitable meaning.

It is curious and instructive to observe the progress that had been made during the interval that elapsed between the two editions. When the revised and extended edition appeared, no hostile criticism had to be encountered, no attempt was made to revive the worn-out indignation of former

days. On the contrary, he who had once been so harshly, so bitterly, denounced from the pulpit of his own University was now requested, even pressed, to occupy that very pulpit and to preach from it in 1865 the annual sermon on "Hebrew Prophecy," the very subject which had once brought down upon him the "thunders of academic theologians." No thought of bitterness found a place in his mind. He was, as Dean Stanley has written, and as the writer of these lines can confirm, absorbed by far other thoughts: by the kindness of the feeling which prompted the request, and by the gravity of the occasion on which he spoke; conscious, too, that it was his last message to the University that he had loved, his last charge to the coming generation on the trials and difficulties that were before them. The profound impression created by the sermon is thus described by Dean Stanley in a letter written to Lady Augusta Stanley immediately afterwards:—

The Dean's sermon is over. It was well worth coming to hear and see. The old sage put forth all his powers; and although it was *la voix qui touche*, it was just audible, and the intense stillness of the hearers gave it every advantage. It was on the characteristic of prophecy, by neglect of which the Jews rejected our Lord, and by which we might reject Him also—full of learning, pathos, and eloquence. It lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and he was quite exhausted by the effort, but is recovered now, and very much relieved to have delivered his parting testimony. There was something quite sublime in the curious way in which from time to time his fine old face was lit up or darkened with

the eagerness of hope or the solemnity of rebuke.. Every topic of modern interest was touched, and touched in the most convincing and masterly manner. It will be printed immediately.

I listened [wrote Mr. Max Müller] to your sermon on Jewish Prophecy with great delight, but I shall read it again with even deeper interest. If one thinks, how that pulpit of St. Mary's might shine like a beacon in the world, and how little it fulfils that purpose! However, I shall count it as one of my historical recollections of England to have seen and heard you in that place.

And the impression made by this sermon, as upon a veteran of literature, so upon the ingenuous mind of a student, young indeed, but of good scholarship and unusual literary taste, is thus expressed :—

The sermon on Hebrew Prophecy seems to be the utterance of a true prophet-poet, who sees deep into the soul of things and faces intellectual difficulties with a strong heart, earnestly believing in the good that lives and works through all things, and which ever reveals itself to the sincere and pure-minded of men. To see an old man of such ability so hopeful and confident that the world's knowledge of God and Christ will evermore expand and develop with the unfoldings of scientific truths and the upward growth of civilisation is encouraging in the highest degree to the young and feeble student of God's great mysteries, whose heart, by reason of ignorance and inexperience, is ever wavering between wild hope and blank, unutterable despair.

It had occurred to Mr. Lockhart that the most efficient method of answering those who objected

to the "History of the Jews" would be to write a "History of Christianity," and this had been my father's own conclusion, though for a moment he may have hesitated before braving another storm.

I have begun [he writes to Mr. Harness, February 10th, 1831] a "History of Christianity" for the Family Library, but whether I shall continue in defiance of episcopal fagotry and such incendiary proceedings I have scarcely determined. However, I suppose in these regenerating times Bishops will not last long. How many of them must put on their wigs the wrong way, in trembling anticipation of the approaching crisis!

And to Mr. Lockhart on August 12th:—

I have been seriously attempting a first volume of "Christianity," with a Life of Christ. My motto from Villemain's Lectures: "Il faut être ennuyeux puisque cela est plus orthodoxe."

The "History of Christianity" did not, however, appear in the Family Library, nor was it completed or published till 1840. If the discontinuance of the Family Library had been mainly, if not entirely, due to the suspicions with which the series came to be regarded after the appearance of the "History of the Jews" amongst its volumes, it is clear that Mr. Murray had no thought of throwing over its author, or of being frightened by popular clamour into losing the assistance of a writer whose services he so highly valued. Dr. Lardner had made some overtures to Mr. Milman to become a contributor to his "Cyclopædia," upon, so far as remuneration was

concerned, apparently very advantageous terms ; on which Mr. Lockhart, whom my father consulted, writes, 1830 :—

I have just read to Murray what you say about “Christianity” and Dr. Lardner. He is confined with something in his foot—he denies gout—and is in great pain ; but he asked me to say that he is most ready to engage for “Christianity,” no matter how many volumes ; that he will, moreover, pledge himself to accept as many books as you like to write for the Family Library as long as that work goes on, and to pay for them at the highest rate which any such work can offer ; in short, that he hopes you will not lend your aid to Dr. Lardner, as Scott and Southey have both done through sheer misapprehension, and as neither of them accordingly will do again.

It had been originally, no doubt, intended that the “History of Christianity” should be issued volume by volume in the series, and the first instalment of it containing the Life of Christ had been, it may be inferred, forwarded to the publisher as early as 1832 ; for my father, writing on August 24th of that year to Mr. Murray, says :—

My own opinion about the “History of Christianity” is that it is not liable to the only objection, the assigning *the secondary causes of the miracles*, which was put in anything like a tangible shape against the “History of the Jews.” I feel myself convinced that there is nothing which ought to offend either a man of sense or a reasonable and candid Christian. Still, there may be, in this age of ignorance and presumption on such subjects,

many who may be startled by any original thought or even expression, or by what may be new to them. And it may be worth my while to go over the whole once more and reconsider its bearings, as, though I will alter no one point of importance which I consider to be just and true, I do not want to give offence where no end is to be obtained. My own present feeling is that, by explaining the real point of view from which the history is written, it will with all sober persons not merely vindicate itself, but show the suspicions of the former work to have been utterly groundless. In fact, I will engage to assert that no proof of the authenticity and antiquity of the New Testament has been adduced more convincing than the accordance with the history of the times and the manners and characters of the people which everywhere appears in the present work.

It was perhaps as well that the "History of Christianity" was freed from the conditions of time and space which would have been imposed upon it as a portion of the Family Library. The "History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire" did not appear as an independent publication until eight years afterwards, and its value cannot but have been enhanced by the additional years of labour and research which were devoted to its completion. A few words as to its reception will find their place a little later on.

Concurrently with his other avocations my father had for some years been engaged in collecting material for an annotated edition of Gibbon, a work which originated in his habit of noting on

the margin of his copy of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" references to such authors as had discovered errors or thrown new light on the subjects treated by Gibbon. Mr. Harness had thought that such an edition as he believed to be contemplated might appear under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; but the answer to this suggestion was decisive:—

You may depend upon it that no edition of Gibbon, however neutralized by annotations, will be ventured on by the S.P.C.K. Nothing but the most merciless castration will bring him within their notions of safety and propriety; and if I go on with my edition, not one word of Gibbon is to be omitted,—besides that, I intend it for a scholarlike as well as a Christianized work, and shall be at some pains to bring it up to the present state of research in all points.

His deliberate judgment upon the magnificence and general accuracy of Gibbon's history could only be expressed in terms of the highest admiration, and he would have repudiated any proposal to tamper with the text.

Who [he asks] would obscure one hue of that gorgeous colouring in which Gibbon has invested the dying forms of Paganism, or darken one paragraph in his splendid view of the rise and progress of Mahometanism? But who would not have wished that the same equal justice had been done to Christianity; that its real character and deeply penetrating influence had been traced with the same philosophical sagacity, and represented with more

sober, as would become its quiet course, and perhaps less picturesque, but still with lively and attractive descriptiveness ?

The edition, which incorporated a large proportion M. Guizot's notes to the French translation, was, with a supplementary volume containing the " Life and Correspondence of Edward Gibbon," published in 1839 by Mr. Murray, and long held its place as the standard edition of the " Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

CHAPTER V.

Letters from Oxford—Dropmore—Bampton Lecturer—Commemoration, 1827—Catholic Relief Bill—The Oxford Election—Peel rejected—Dinner at Mr. John Murray's—Letters from Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Opie—Rector of St. Margaret's and Prebendary of Westminster.

AS time went on the demands upon my father's time occasioned by his Oxford engagements seem to have become somewhat wearisome, though he would have been reluctant to give up the opportunities afforded by these engagements of keeping in touch with old friends.

My Oxford avocations [he says, writing in 1831] rather interfere with my plans, but still I shall hope to continue them so as to reconcile both. I cannot say but that I am rather tired of my journeys to that place several times a year, except that I see a few friends for whom I have a great regard, and consult books in the Bodleian which I cannot obtain elsewhere. The former part I shall much regret when my professorship ceases, as cease it must next year. For it is one of the few drawbacks upon a settled life that we lose sight so much of old and valued friends: people must be near to be very intimate, and perhaps very intimate friendships must begin in youth.

A few extracts from letters written to my mother

during these occasional absences from home may be given. But my father's letters then and always were so familiar, so easy, so exclusively intended for those to whom they were addressed, that they can only be used with much reserve, and where the allusions to events and persons which may still be of some general interest can be separated from those of more private concern. For in the words of one of the greatest of letter-writers, "Quam multa joca solent esse in epistolis quæ, prolata si sint, inepta videantur : quam multa seria neque tamen ullo modo divulganda." *

The interest which Lord Grenville had expressed in my father's career when he was carrying off prize after prize at Oxford has already been referred to, and the same friendly interest was maintained as the promise of the young man was justified by his later works. My father was, I believe, a not unfrequent visitor at Dropmore, and a reminiscence of the retired statesman is contained in the following letter :—

DROPMORE, *June 28th*, 1826.

Really the calm and beauty of this place, after the turmoil and disagreeable agitations of Reading, appear quite refreshing. . . . The house, as I thought before, is better arranged and the establishment in more perfect order than any I ever saw. We meet at breakfast, after which Lord Grenville retires to his private room, and I have the range of a most excellent library, where, of course, I find occupation enough. Lady Grenville

* Cicero, 2 Phil., c. 4.

betakes herself to her garden and improvements, which entirely occupy her. The garden and grounds are lovely—made entirely by themselves; indeed, the greater part of the land was a few years ago a heath and barren common, but is now covered with trees of all sorts, admirably scattered about. I should have been a little earlier, as the rhododendrons which abound in all parts are now out of bloom. I have seen, especially at White Knights, more rare shrubs and flowers, but the whole arrangement of the place displays the greatest taste. We meet a little before an early dinner. The first day Mr. Neville, his wife, Lady Charlotte, and Lady Glyn, his sister, were here from Billingbear. Yesterday we were alone, and his Lordship and I discussed literature and history in a manner to me peculiarly interesting and delightful. The first night we walked from dinner-time till late in the evening; but the damp of last night made him have recourse—as the gout has still left him weak in the ankles—to the garden-chair.

And after returning to Reading:—

I brought away a beautiful rare honeysuckle and a book of Latin poems privately printed by his Lordship as a present. I saw the storm from the brow of Dropmore Hill in great magnificence, more especially over Windsor. I discovered a great smoke, the cause of which we could not make out; but it turns out by to-day's papers to have been part of the Christopher Inn at Eton, which was set on fire by the lightning.

The next miscellaneous excerpts, some of which can only be approximately dated, may be introduced with little or no preface.

OXFORD, 1826.

The only occurrence, I think, has been my introduction to Blanco White, the Spanish Roman Catholic convert, whose memoirs you read. He is residing here, and intends, I believe, to end his days in Oxford. He is remarkably intelligent, and his conversation peculiarly prepossessing. He expresses himself with force and fluency, such as one rarely hears from a native Englishman, with the slightest tinge of foreign accent. In short, the dinner yesterday at Cardwell's* was one of the most agreeable I was ever present at in Oxford, or indeed in any place where the whole party consisted of he-men. I am very busy in the morning in the Bodleian, where I find almost all the books that I want, and am hard at work making my extracts. The general report in Oxford is that Chandler is to be the new Bishop of Calcutta; but Lloyd, the Regius Professor, with whom I have just been, does not think it has been offered to him. He is, I think, likely to be behind the curtains upon the subject. He asked me whether I would go if the offer was made. I did not give a favourable reply; for even though it would be no discredit to have the situation offered, even if declined, I did not care to fish for an offer.

The Bampton Lectures on "The Character and Conduct of the Apostles as an Evidence of Christianity" were now in the course of delivery.

B. N. C., OXFORD, *March*, 1827.

As far as I can judge, the lecture went off quite as well as I could wish, and better than I anticipated. The graver part of the University appear highly to approve, the younger to be strongly impressed. The church could not well be more full; and if

* Rev. Edward Cardwell, M.A., D.D., B. N. C.; Camden Professor of Ancient History, 1825-61; Principal of St. Alban's Hall, 1831-61.

undivided attention to the end is a sure sign of the effect which the preacher desires being produced, I think the sermon must have been highly effective. As this was the case with the first, I look forward with anxiety, but still with better confidence, to those which are to come.

The lectures have to be printed within two months after the course is completed, and it had been suggested to my father that the volume might properly be dedicated to the King.

B. N. C., *May*, 1827.

I found a very kind letter from Charles Sumner, my Lord of Llandaff, highly approving of my plan, and expressing his opinion that such a compliment would be considered *well timed*. At this part of the letter Cardwell and I laughed most heartily, but it will be rather amusing if it is taken in such a light. I wrote the formal letter to Dr. Gooch, the present librarian, but have not yet received an answer. The printing advances, but not so rapidly as I had hoped. However, we have entered on the sixth lecture. No. 7 went off uncommonly well. The ladies were rather drawn away to have their tender hearts melted by Blanco White's Charity Sermon; but the University attendance was quite as full as ever.

The volumes of Bampton Lectures must now considerably exceed one hundred, and it is very unlikely that any one will pierce through an overlying stratum, the accumulation of seventy years, to a volume that was published in 1827. But as I have seen want of imagination imputed as a defect in my father's histories—the very last quality in which I venture to believe that they

are deficient—it may be permitted to refer to the high authority of Archbishop Whately, who, alluding, in his “Elements of Rhetoric,” to the importance, among the intellectual qualifications for the study of history, of a vivid imagination, gives, as an illustration of what he has been enforcing, a long extract from Milman’s Bampton Lectures (vi. 267), in which a picture is drawn of an Apostle of Jesus Christ, tentmaker or fisherman, entering as a stranger into one of the splendid cities of Syria, Asia Minor, or Greece.

Commemoration in June of the same year, 1827, at which my father, as Professor and Public Orator, had to be present, seems to have been of more than usual interest.

I do not know whether I ought not to represent the affair at Oxford in rather sombre colours, that I may not excite your regret. I would have given anything for you. The Theatre in the morning was splendid, and everything went off to admiration. Peel was the one great and engrossing object of attraction. The applause was stunning. And at last the youths began to call out Canning’s name, followed with violent hissing, and then Peel’s, with as extravagant plaudits. Peel kept his countenance extremely well. I was introduced to him before the morning ceremony. My speech went off very well. I contrived to substitute a different conclusion, and to bring in poor Reginald [Heber]. His more intimate friends, Sir Thomas Acland and Sir R. Inglis, were uncommonly pleased with it. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors were all tolerably popular; in short, good humour was the order of the day. The oratorio of *Palestine* went off well, though its

greatest admirers must allow that it is rather heavy. But in the Wednesday concert, the fullest I think I ever saw at Oxford, nothing could be finer than some of the music. Pasta was splendid ; Caradori, though evidently very unwell, charming ; Mrs. William Knyvett (Miss Travis) excellent. But poor Miss Stephens!—her voice is almost gone ; and it was rather amusing to see Pasta's face when she was quavering away and failing every other note. The expression was partly that of commiseration, partly of wonder at the applause which she received from her partizans. Eliot was here. How he bore his idol, being manifestly in the fourth place, I know not. To be sure, the face of Madame Pasta, itself rich in the more than usual share of ugliness which nature has bestowed upon her, was set off with a dress which made it infinitely more striking. So that if Miss Stephens had been in good looks—which, alas ! she was not—she might have retorted upon the Calmuck visage of her rival. — said rather well, that all birds with beautiful voices are, like Pasta, condemned to be without any other kind of beauty.

The enthusiasm for Mr. Peel among his constituents did not, unfortunately, survive his adhesion to the cause of Catholic Emancipation, for which purpose a measure was announced by the Duke of Wellington's Ministry early in the year 1829.

A letter from Mr. Peel to the Vice-Chancellor resigning his seat as representative of the University was received on February 4th, and Oxford was soon in the excitement of a Parliamentary election ; for Mr. Peel's re-election was to be contested, and Sir Robert Harry Inglis was chosen to fight the battle of the Anti-Catholics.

I believe [my father writes to his sister-in-law, Miss Cockell] that Nina [my mother] did not tell you the *Reading version* of my last journey to London. Peel had come over to Reading from Strathfield-saye, left two servants at the Bear (I love to be minute) had a long interview with me at my house, upon which I set off to be chairman of his London committee. I suspect our *ultras* are not a little perplexed, with Dukinfield and myself voting for him.

Then some days later he writes to my mother from London :—

UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB,
February 18th, 1829.

Here I am in the thick of the bustle. I scarcely know how affairs proceed as to the election, but I have just heard that the chairman of Inglis's London committee is no less than the redoubtable Sir John Sewell, who once called upon me as pretendant to the representation of Reading, having, as he stated, some spare eloquence which he wished to bestow upon the National Councils—he having duly exercised himself before those numerous and respectable assemblies the East India House and the Mary-le-bone Vestry! I have received a handsome letter from George Dawson, who had shown my communication to Peel. The Bill will certainly pass in the Lords. The report last night was that the Duke of Cumberland had recanted,—that would make the whole complete. The great Anti-Catholics, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Winchilsea, are christened the Goose and Gridiron. I met Lord Sidmouth as I was coming out of Peel's committee. I asked him to guess where I came from. "Peel's committee, I suppose." We walked together from Charing Cross to Grafton Street. He let out a few hints which threw light on the whole situation.

Mr. Dawson's letter above referred to was as follows :—

TREASURY CHAMBERS,
February 14th.

MY DEAR MILMAN,—

Many thanks for your kind letter, which I have shown to Mr. Peel, and he desires me to express his warmest thanks for your very flattering opinion. A committee has been formed at Oxford to propose him for re-election, which will be supported by one in London which was formed to-day ; and I have no doubt that their endeavours will be successful. He declines expressing any wish upon the subject, but his friends seem determined to act without consulting him, considering his re-election a matter in which the interests of the University are more involved than his private feelings ; in which opinion a great majority of the Oxford men in London concur.

U. U. C., *Saturday, February 21st, 1829.*

The first election (for the Public Oratorship) is already decided by the retirement of Cramer's competitor ; but Peel's will certainly come to a crisis on Thursday. I have just been at the committee. An intimate friend of mine speaks in great confidence. I myself am not so sanguine. I wished for you most extremely last night. I went to *Rienzi*, which goes off, with the exception of the last scene, extremely well. Young acts very finely ; Miss Phillips extremely well. I could not help thinking of my own meditated *coup de théâtre*, though all would have been in some degree to no purpose if the scenery had been no better. The Capitol at Rome is represented by an old Gothic castle. It is really quite disgraceful to the house. As for London, it rings with nothing but the Catholic question and Peel's election. I

passed two watchmen as I walked from the play alone to my brother's house in Park Street. Dogberry and Verges were gravely discussing the Marquis of Anglesey. Considering, however, the nature of the contest, I could not be involved in one which would perplex me less. All my friends are to be found in Peel's committee-room. It is not known what the Bishops will do. The report says "Omne quod exit in chester"; that is, all that end in chester—Chester, Winchester, Chichester, Rochester—will go with the King. The Archbishop of York is supposed to be Liberal; Copleston an avowed Liberal. Nothing can equal the fury of the Anti-Catholic papers. They talk of looking to the title by which the House of Brunswick holds the throne, and throw out hints about the House of Sardinia. Dr. Phillpotts, finding the Bishops had not ratted, is said to have left town with his tail between his legs, pondering on the possibility of re-ratting. The worst of all is, the parties seem sad, serious, and savage. There ought to be a premium on a good joke.

The scene is now transferred to Oxford.

Wednesday, February 25th.

I shall, if I am able, get back to Reading on Friday; but the business does not open till twelve on Thursday; and as there will be considerable speechification, little voting will take place till Friday morning. At all events, I shall not be able to await the final result, as our adversaries accuse us of having stolen a march and secured all the coaches, so that the indignant Anti-Catholics must stand in patience, or rather venting their spleen, by the wayside. . . . Now, to go back back to the election, the result, as I have always said, is doubtful. Both parties are in high spirits, but the multitude of

neuters makes it impossible to calculate accurately. The most comical part is my poor friend —. He has got on the wrong side by mistake, and is assailed by letters from all quarters. I have not yet had my fling at him, but shall not spare him. What business has he out of the leading-strings? It is curious and rather striking, certainly a fact highly creditable to Peel, that out of forty members of the House of Commons thirty-eight vote for him. Did I tell you the rumour about Mapledurham—that the living and canonry of Windsor are reserved for young FitzClarence, now in deacon's orders? Gerard Wellesley certainly said, with his usual elegance of phrase, "The King has grabbed Mapledurham." It is very agreeable to meet many old friends, and rather amusing to see the rusty old parsons who have been disturbing my studies by stamping their ponderous shoes about the Bodleian. "To this complexion we must come at last." Is this so? Must one, without being delicately arrayed in episcopal purple, or even a dean's apron to cover one's tottering knees, assume the farmer-consorting and uncivilized look and manner of so many of my clerical brethren?

ST. MARY'S, *February 28th.*

I suppose you know we have been beat—miserably beat. Oh the long visages that appeared! We could tell every vote as the voter came up to the poll. Some marched up as if they were thinking of the faggot they were to bear in a few months; some pondering on the text in the Revelation which relates to the Scarlet Lady, whom Dr. Lingard, in the new volume of his history, with commendable delicacy, does not denominate at full length, but calls the W—— of Babylon (don't be shocked); some with voices as long and dull as their visages, drawling out Sir Rob—ert Har—ry In—glis. Not

that I know the final result, but the majority last night was 126 against Peel—irretrievable, even if we had a reserve, which I doubt.

At the close of the poll the majority against Peel was 146, and those of his supporters who had looked for a more favourable result must indeed have been of sanguine temperament, considering that but a short time previously, at an unusually full gathering of Convocation, a petition against any concession to the Catholic claims had been adopted by a majority of more than three to one.

Some of his parishioners would seem to have been rather scandalized at the support given by their vicar to Mr. Peel at Oxford. Writing from the Athenæum, some little time after the election was over, my father says:—

I discovered just now immediately opposite to me Dr. Gabell. He told me that he had been recently advocating my cause. I stared, but it was rather a comical story. During the recent high wind he was in Reading. Certain gaping folk were gazing at St. Giles's steeple, supposing that it rocked. "Is it gone?" I interrupted him, in eager hope. No such good news; but he observed to a stander-by that the church was in no danger of falling in Reading. "I don't know that, sir," said his strange friend; "two of our vicars went to vote for Mr. Peel."

The state of agitation into which Oxford had been plunged by the Catholic Relief Bill and Mr. Peel's contested election had scarcely subsided when party feeling in the University was once

more violently excited on the question of Parliamentary Reform. But the conclusion of my father's second term of office as Professor of Poetry was at hand, and its termination would release him from the necessity of periodical attendances at Oxford, which, however much he might for many reasons value them, had in fact become a rather severe tax upon his time, especially as among the duties attached to the professorship was that of assisting in the adjudication of various prizes, a duty after some years' experience apt to become slightly monotonous.

Oriel College, *May 18th*, 1831.

I find my coadjutors have made such little way with the prizes that I shall probably return after I have read them and leave my opinion, as far as it is yet made up, with Cramer. We have eighteen long essays on the "Use and Abuse of Theory," and sixty-four copies of verses on a subject which might be good if not connected with so much religious and political excitement, the "Suttees; or, Burning Widows in India." I have not yet looked at them, having been working my weary eyes through the essays. I suppose the successful one will be inscribed, as most appropriately, to Mrs. Heber. I have now got into the midst of such an Anti-Reform current—Oxford flows all one way—that it is difficult to keep one's legs, and proceed slowly down the stream as I am inclined. My moderation finds few—now Cardwell is absent, who, I suspect, thinks much with me—to whom it does not seem most marvellous. I long to be with you, with my children. My dear boy, I am neither inclined to quarrel with his tender-heartedness nor anything else which his character has yet displayed.

I do not think what you mention any mark of feebleness of mind. Whether he has moral strength or courage it is impossible yet to judge; but he may cry over Robert Bruce for hours without making me uneasy on that head. The more I think, the less am I inclined to be as gloomy as my friends. However, this we will talk over when we meet. I have work enough on my hands of other kind.

And as a last glimpse of Oxford in the thirties (1832):—

To-morrow a degree is given to old Dalton, a Quaker, and a great chemist. Fortunately there are no oaths on taking an honorary degree; the only difficulty was the putting on a scarlet gown. But it so happens that the old man has an optical defect in his vision, from which he cannot distinguish red colours; so he may mistake it for drab. Is not this very lucky and convenient?

In addition to my father's engagements at Oxford visits to London in answer to calls of literary and other business were not unfrequent, and he was in the habit of writing to my mother full accounts of all the persons he had seen and the news that he had heard during these absences. The letters are full of allusions to the actors in, and the events of, a very interesting time—full also of amusing anecdote; but they are written in the easy style of familiar correspondence, and so much of merely domestic detail is intermingled, that, as has already been observed, it is almost impossible to give extracts from them. One is warned,

indeed, from attempting to do so by many recent examples showing how words and expressions unexceptionable in familiar intercourse and the give and take of private conversation, when severed from their context and taken *au grand sérieux*, may be misinterpreted obtusely or ill-naturedly. Nevertheless, the following account of a dinner in Albemarle Street may not be unacceptable or inadmissible.

I found [this is from Reading] on my table a letter from Lockhart, urging me to come to town to meet Southey, who is to be in London, and a squad of Quarterly Reviewers; this was backed by another from John Murray, begging me to meet the said squad (or gang, I suppose, the wicked Whigs would call them) at dinner on Wednesday. Now, this I have some inclination to do, but not if I leave you here alone, nor unless you have a wish to stay at Sandleford. In short, I am in a complete "dilummey," as the lady says in the farce; for Dukinfield* has been here, and tells me the Bishop is to be with him house-hunting next week, and I do not wish to miss him; but the day is uncertain. What shall I do? I cannot but think that my presence might be of some use in keeping certain of the said Reviewers to a more moderate course than they may be inclined to adopt, and

* Dukinfield, (*Sir*) Rev. Henry Robert, Bart., student of Christ Church, Oxford; vicar of St. Giles', Reading, 1816; prebendary of Salisbury, 1833; vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Westminster, 1834, till his death 1858. Dukinfield was, as has been mentioned, an early Eton friend of my father's, and they were much thrown together in after-life, each holding for some years a living at Reading, and each obtaining preferment in London about the same time—their parishes, both in Reading and in Westminster, being actually contiguous.

I should rather like to know what line they intend to take.

He went, and this is his report of the dinner :—

UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB,

November 11th, 1830.

Never was such a dinner! In the first place, the *dramatis personæ* were not, as I expected, Quarterly Reviewers, but much more of a mixed party. However, it could not be more amusing; and as for moderation, one might as well pour oil into a furnace. In the first place—do not be alarmed—sate old Mr. Hammond, next to him Southey, then a Miss Murray, then Basil Hall, Palgrave, and a clergyman named Holland, a relation of Murray's. On the other side, an old Scotch M.P. named Monteith, a shrewd old man of great wealth and few words, Michael Thomas Sadler, your humble servant, Lockhart, a Mr. Miller, a Quarterly Reviewer, and young Murray, etc. We got on rather tamely at first. I made acquaintance with Mr. Sadler. After dinner, even before the cloth was removed, Mr. Sadler began to harangue, very much, I suppose, as he does when lecturing at the Philosophical School at Leeds. He talked at Southey; but Southey was cautious, and I now and then slipped in a word. Mr. Miller put a pertinent question—*how* some scheme of Mr. Sadler's was to be effected? Sadler, without answering, went off at score on another subject. Basil Hall could bear it no longer; but whether in earnest or not, with most earnest vehemence set off declaring that "everybody was as rich and as happy as he ought to be." It fell like a bombshell among us. Never was there such an explosion! Off went Sadler, Hall in vain trying to explain. Then I gave a little bit about the agricultural labourers; then Southey; then Sadler again, more fluent and figurative than ever.

“ Ah,” says the old Scotchman, “ these are all figures of speech”; and gave a few good pithy words of sense. “ I have seen more countries than you,” says Hall. “ I am twice as old and have seen twice as many years,” retorted Sadler—who, by the way, though evidently a man entirely unused to good society, in this case was the more gentlemanlike. At last there was a sort of discussion about the Catholic question affair of last year—the treason of Peel & Co. I did not choose to take up the cudgels in their behalf. However, I did not quite desert them. But I see the whole tone of the ultras to be still as vehement at heart as ever, though they are somewhat startled by the immediate prospect of being ousted and a Whig Ministry triumphant. This it is believed is inevitable. On Tuesday they will probably be beat on the Reform question, and on Wednesday resign. . . . I should not wonder if I were to stay till Saturday. The crisis is singularly interesting. We went this morning to see Alderson take his seat as a judge, but were disappointed, only seeing a preliminary ceremony. He does not take his seat till to-morrow. . . .

Talking of plots, the general impression is that there is something much deeper than was supposed: that the remains of the old Thistlewood gang of desperadoes are the bottom of the fires as well as of the riots—that it is an organized system, to which it is hoped that a clue has been obtained. Southey is in a state of exultation, talks of ultra Polignac measures. Between ourselves, he seems to me a fearful instance, and a warning, of the manner in which the noblest, most amiable, most gentle disposition may be embittered and exasperated by party writing. Lockhart has persuaded me to stay and dine with him to-morrow. This is very idle; but as it does not detain me from you, and as I wrote a sermon last Saturday which I did

not preach, I may indulge myself. I have been at Murray's : very little stirring there. I saw Sotheby, who admires my Heber article very much. There is a certain D.D. in Lancashire, by a comical chance an acquaintance of mine, who is a desperately stupid personage, but the most ultra of men. He has written an indignant letter to the editor, denouncing the article as an insidious attack upon the Church, because I say that the great body of the clergy "move slowly in the wake of general improvement." I want an answer to be written recanting the sentence, on the unquestionable authority of a learned gentleman who shows that he is so far beyond the age.

My father's acquaintance, which had ripened to friendship, with the Kemble family, his reputation as a Quarterly Reviewer, combined with his known good nature, caused, it would seem, by no means unfrequent applications, especially from authoresses, for his advice and friendly intervention. Miss Mitford, as has been seen, was anxious that he should review one or other of her plays ; and there are several letters from Mrs. Hemans, submitting her MSS. to his criticism, and expressing her obligation for the trouble that he had taken in furthering her wishes. Mrs. Hemans writes :—

BRONWYLFA, *October 12th, 1821.*

MY DEAR SIR,—

I really can scarcely regret the little contre-temps which have occurred with respect to my play, since they have been the means of disclosing to me so many instances of kindness, for which I now beg you to accept my warmest acknowledgments, as my

name is now become known to Mr. C. Kemble. May I request you would express to him the sense I entertain of his very honourable conduct on this occasion, as well as my gratitude for his liberal offer of service? For your own zealous and disinterested exertions I feel that the only return I can make is by assuring you of my unlimited confidence, and my conviction that, whatever may be the fate of the piece, its interests could not have been more carefully protected had they been in the hands even of a brother. A late domestic affliction has prevented my paying, as yet, much attention to the alterations which I intend to make; and as I cannot help looking forward to the day of trial with much more of dread than of sanguine expectation, I most willingly acquiesce in your recommendation of delay, and shall rejoice in having the respite as much prolonged as possible. I begin almost to shudder at my own presumption; and if it were not for the kind encouragement I have received from you and Mr. Reginald Heber, should be much more anxiously occupied in searching for any outlet of escape, than in attempting to overcome the difficulties which seem to obstruct my onward path. With regard to the translation from the French *Sicilian Vespers*, as I have determined upon changing the name of the piece (which is to be simply *Procida*), I trust they will not materially interfere with each other. It would be a source of serious regret to me should my play be ultimately performed without Mr. C. Kemble, and I am particularly happy that you have expressed this feeling in my name to the proprietors of Covent Garden. You have inspired me with a most devout horror of the whole race of managers. I begin to look upon them in the light of so many ogres, and to feel that it will be almost a sufficient cause of self-gratulation if I put my head into the wolf's jaws and escape

unhurt. My own inexperience in transactions of this nature is just what might be expected from one whose life has hitherto been passed amongst the Welsh mountains. It is indeed my only apology for the trouble to which I have been the cause of subjecting you.

And again, after an interval of some months, Mrs. Hemans, still writing from Bronwylfa, continues :—

March 7th, 1822.

I am so far from considering the intelligence with which your last letter has favoured me as of an unpleasant nature that I cannot but congratulate myself upon the gratifying prospect which it holds out. I entirely acquiesce in your opinion as to the necessity of delaying the piece until the next season, and look upon the advantages it is likely to derive from being brought forward under Mr. Charles Kemble's auspices as reasons sufficiently powerful to prevent a moment's hesitation in forming my decision. So many circumstances, indeed, concur at the present time to render this delay advisable, that I can only feel how much I am indebted to the kindness which has pointed them out, and thus enabled me without difficulty to make a determination. Under this conviction, may I request you will inform Mr. C. Kemble that I place the piece in his hands with perfect confidence in his judgment and attention to my interests, and that I leave it to him to be brought out at his own discretion in the course of the next Covent Garden season? I shall be much obliged if you will have the goodness at the same time to convey to him my thanks for the consideration and liberal feeling which his conduct on this occasion has already manifested.

I cannot conclude without expressing, however inadequately, the delight with which I have just

risen from the perusal of the *Martyr of Antioch*. It has added another noble proof to those you had already given the world of the power and dignity which genius derives from its consecration to high and sacred purposes. Never were the "gay religions full of pomp and gold" so beautifully contrasted with the deep and internal sublimity of Christianity. I could dwell upon many parts which have made a lasting impression upon my mind, did I not fear that it would appear almost presumptuous to offer a tribute of praise so insignificant as mine to that which must have already received the suffrage of all who are entitled to judge of excellence. With every feeling of esteem and a deep sense of the kindness I have received from you, believe me, dear sir,

Most truly your obliged

F. HEMANS.

The "piece," *Procida; or, the Sicilian Vespers*, was produced in due course at Covent Garden; but, alas! not even the auspices of Mr. C. Kemble could save it, and it had to be at once withdrawn, though it was afterwards performed with some success at Edinburgh.

Yet another friend of my father's, Mrs. Opie, was anxious to have a review of her poems in the *Quarterly*, and made overtures to him on the subject. Her letters, in which it may perhaps be considered that the simplicity of the Quaker lady is slightly dashed by a touch of more worldly beguilement, are at least characteristic:—

5th Month, 19th, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I am grateful for thy kindness in calling on me a second time in the midst of thy London

engagements, and am truly sorry that I did not see thee. I was gone to see Lady Alderson dressed for Court ; but I had rather have seen thee—for I need not tell thee that a valued friend is to me a more pleasing sight than a Court dress. Since we met I have been cupped and what not, but without success. However, as Brodie has convinced himself that no vital parts are affected, I am comforted, and hope to be well in time, consoling myself also with the eleventh verse of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

Now, dear friend, bear with me while I presume in a *new* way on thy indulgence. My company and I have had some important and to me *nervous* communications since I came to London respecting reviews and reviewers. I have told them that I wish to be reviewed in the *Quarterly*, and had rather be even criticised (gently) there than not have the honour of being noticed by them at all. They replied that *there* they could not help me, but asked if I could not help myself. I told them that I knew no one in that quarter but my friend H. H. Milman. "Then by all means write to him!" was the eager answer, "and we will send him a copy of the *unpublished* work." I hope thou wilt believe me when I say that I shrank back appalled from doing this, being unwilling to put thee in so awkward a predicament, since to refuse or comply might be equally disagreeable to thee, and also from the fear of appearing to thee presuming and indelicate. But after a week's deliberation I have resolved to ask thy aid in this *momentous crisis*. It is so long since I have ventured before the public in this line, that I feel all the alarm of my earliest authorizing days ; and as I believe it will be the last time of my so venturing forth, I am desirous that the public should bid me a kind farewell. (Will these feelings plead my excuse for thus troubling thee?) The *Edinburgh Review* reviewed my first

volume of poems copiously in their first number, and have since reviewed some of my tales; but the *Quarterly* have always passed me by. Since I began to write this, I have been encouraged by recollecting that thou wast so kind as to praise my lines on dear Isabella—lines which are, I am sure, very inferior to some others in my little work. Thou wilt receive it to-morrow, but without preface, table of contents, or a list of errors. It will be out, I think, next week. How glad I should have been to have had an opportunity of profiting by thy criticisms when it was in MS.! I did think of sending it to thee, but it passed through the hands of eight critics, and of one terribly severe one, and I thought I would not venture so to intrude upon thy leisure. Farewell, with the best wishes for thee and for those dearest to thee.

I am ever most faithfully thine,

AMELIA OPIE.

How my father *se tirait de cette affaire* must be inferred from the next letter.

5th Month, 28th, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I lose no time in thanking thee for thy kind, candid, and considerate answer to my bold application. I feared it would embarrass thee, *mais tu t'es bien tiré d'affaire*. I made a sort of similar resolve to thine when I commenced my own literary career. I resolved never to look over, in order to criticise, any work of fiction in MS., especially any one written by a woman, in order to avoid having improper motives attributed to me when I did not or could not praise; and I have kept my resolution. But the task of criticising for the public eye is a far more difficult and delicate one, and I wonder not at thy having avoided it. But in the case in question I felt there could be no competition;

therefore I knew thy delicacy could not be alarmed by the possibility of my imputing improper motives to thee, had I been a person likely so to judge thee. Allow me to say, in self-justification for my having given tributes "so sacred" to the public eye, that some of them were written at the request of others, and that *most* were published at the request of *many*, and the publishing approved by all who are most concerned in the tributes paid. To one dear friend whose repeated bereavements have made her sorrows and her deep sense of them so sacred in our eyes that neither her kindred nor her friends ever dare to name them to her, and whose losses are the theme of two of my lays, I thought it right to apply for leave to print those lines which concerned her, and her answer surprised both me and her relations also. "Tell Amelia," she said, "that I am grateful for her kind and considerate message, but I must own I should have been *mortified* if I had not seen the lines in her book"! And this lady (a Friend) has mourned oftener and longer than any one of my acquaintance. I assure thee that the circumstance entirely removed my yet remaining reluctance to print my mournful and monotonous lays.

But I have not yet said what I most wish to say. No one, I believe, admires thy friend Lockhart's great and delightful talents more than I do, and I also admire him as a very agreeable, handsome man; but I feel him to be so *aweful* as the editor of the *Quarterly*, and as its sublime Jupiter Tonans, that I shrink from being mentioned to him as a humble suppliant for his favour, or I should say his mercy, and I felt my heart beat when I read of thy intentions. I had rather not so appear before him. . . .

Believe me very gratefully thine,
AMELIA OPIE.

During his brief sojourns in London my father seems to have been overwhelmed with invitations and engagements, and to have had some difficulty in compressing all that he wished to do into the limited time at his disposal. A few further gleanings from his letters home may be gathered, but they will be few ; and the time of his permanent removal from Reading to London was now approaching. A breakfast at Mr. Rogers's is thus referred to :—

ATHENÆUM, *May 10th*, 1834.

Well, my day ought to be a very literary one. I am just come from a breakfast at Rogers's ; present, Sharpe, Luttrell, Hallam, Labouchere, a clever Whig member, Jeffrey, and a Mr. Siddall, an American, who wrote an amusing tour in Spain, and is just returned from a second visit to that country, where all parties rob without distinction of political creed, and only make the difference of murdering, if there is some trifling collision on that interesting subject. I dine with Hallam, and go to the Duke of Sussex's. I went last night with Phil Duncan to hear old Dalton. It was very hot, and he was very dry ; and I think, if he had taken any one of his audience, he might have found an apt illustration of his theory of evaporation. Phil Duncan told me Jekyll's last—wicked man, to jest on such a subject :—

Darby and Joan for twenty years
Lived on in fond attachment ;
But Joan declared she never knew
What happiness a match meant
Until as sole executrix
She put up Darby's hatchment.

The breakfast was very amusing, as usual—one or two of Luttrell's finely pointed sentences contrasting with Sharpe's more got-up and elaborate talk.

Rogers is getting, I think, rather deaf; but some things he said quite in his purest tone of sarcasm. . . . The latter part of the talk at Rogers' was about Bulwer. It is singular how universally that man has contrived by the most offensive coxcombrity to neutralize all the effects of his talents and situation. . . . They have a report that Billy Holmes, the Tory whipper-in, is to be a Commissioner of Customs. The said Billy was dining at the Duke of Cumberland's, and sate up till four o'clock, and then expressed a wish, a natural one, to go to bed, which his H.R.H. took rather in dudgeon. "By G——," says Billy, "I am not like Quinten, who is paid £300 a year for listening. I cannot sit up any longer without salary." . . .

Do you recollect Sydney Smith's name for Macaulay—"the Book in breeches"? It is curious to see the same idea expressed by different persons. Pozzo di Borgo said of him, "*C'est un gros livre ; un peu de l'usage du monde en feroit un grand homme.*" The magnanimous journeymen tailors continue their strike. Every one has the privilege of wearing an old coat. They have tried women; but says the great Mr. Willis, "Poor things! they can make trousers—they can make a waistcoat; but women make a coat! Sir, they are such d——d fools." Insolent Mr. Willis! he ought to be pricked with needles till he repents.

May 13th, 1834.

You will probably have a short letter to-day. Coleridge dines most unfashionably early; he has asked me, indeed, to come very soon after five, as he is obliged to go to his chambers at nine. Our party at Lansdowne House was as follows: Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Rogers, Bobus Smith (Canning's friend and Sydney's brother), the Fazakerleys, Mr. Liddell, and a fat lord, whose name I did not catch. I sate by the Duchess, near Lord Lans-

downe, a round table, at which I always find I can talk—a privilege which I asserted, and I hope did not abuse. I got two or three Talleyrandiana to increase my store. When he landed one time in England, somebody complimented him on his good looks: “Vous avez un air de bonhomie. C’est le mal de la mer qui me l’a donné.” He was calling on the young Lady Salisbury, who had been reading Madame de Genlis. He asked what she thought of her. She admired her much, but thought there was too much *amour propre*. “Amour, oui, madame ; mais propre, pas trop.” Bobus Smith said that after all one of the best was a *compliment* paid to himself. Bobus was talking of the beauty of his mother, and saying she was a very handsome woman: “C’était donc apparemment monsieur votre père qui n’était pas bien.” So much for Talleyrandiana. Now for Whig Phillpottiana. The worthy Bishop and his family were at Sir John Hamlyn Williams’s at Clovelly. The young girls were superintended in their apartment by the governess, who saw them with great propriety kneel down and say their prayers. She thought she heard the name of Lord Grey. Astonished at this, she asked if their father taught them to pray for Lord Grey. “Yes ; papa says we ought always to pray for our enemies.” I fear that I was malicious enough to quote my friend Bertrand: “Hate nobody ; your worst enemy of to-day may be your best friend to-morrow.” A stall at Worcester is vacant. Lord A. FitzClarence, having so adequately filled the place of Sumner, is thought worthy to fill that of Davidson also. Davidson is the Oriel man who wrote the book on Prophecy. I hear nothing of a curate. Vaux was talking to me of one he had just had, but who sometimes mistook his words, and defined charity “reproving our neighbours.” What he meant to say no one knows. He disclaimed the word, but the rest of the sermon was

a comment on the definition. It rains ; and the clear and sunny London, how miry it looks ! I have just taken my first ride in one of the new state carriages called "omnibus." It cost me a whole sixpence to go from Cumberland Gate, at the end of Oxford Street, to the Bank. I forgot that all this would be a mystery to your narrow geographical notions of London.

[*Undated.*]

No frank was to be procured yesterday—at least at the late hour when I commenced my petitions. By the way, of all blunders I asked Cam Hobhouse for one. Now, considering that being Hobhoused is proverbial for being turned out, it was rather an unfortunate request. However, he took it very good-humouredly. . . . Yesterday I set off on another pilgrimage of visits. It rained dinners for the day. Mrs. Lefevre asked me, as did Mansfield. I visited Chantrey. Saw his splendid, most splendid statue of Canning. He was at work on his great horse, which is to bear the portly form of George IV.

Then, after mentioning two or three other visits, my father continues :—

Think of my not remembering before the other day that my friend Lady Maria Stanley was Gibbon's favourite Maria Holroyd. I fortunately found her at home. When I began to talk on the subject, and mentioned Guizot, she broke out on the admirable article in the *Quarterly*, with which she had been so much delighted, and said that the author must have known Gibbon to have appreciated him so justly. Of course I told her immediately the real author, and confess that I felt not a little flattered by the compliment, for she had not the remotest suspicion that it was mine. . . .

I have just seen Copleston [Bishop of Llandaff, and my father's immediate predecessor in the Deanery, St. Paul's], who has asked me to breakfast to-morrow. Poor man! he took a house in Whitehall Place to give dinners in the habitable part of the world instead of in the purlieus of St. Paul's. But he has been labouring (well he might!) with such dreadful indigestions that he has not been able to feast a single one of his friends.

In 1835, during the short administration of Sir Robert Peel, my father was appointed to the rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to which, by a new arrangement which then came into operation for the first time, was attached a prebendal stall in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster. The nature of this arrangement is explained in Sir Robert Peel's letter offering to recommend my father for the preferment:—

WHITEHALL, *April 2nd*, 1835.

SIR,—

You probably are aware of the proposal of the Church Commission in respect to the ministry of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and a certain portion of the revenues of the vacant prebend.

I am most anxious to recommend to the King for this important spiritual trust a clergyman of the highest character and attainments, and in order that I may best be enabled to fulfil this purpose I make the offer of it to you. The value of the ministry of St. Margaret's is, I believe, about £400 per annum, and the proposal of the Commissioners, of which the King has approved, is to add $\frac{7}{12}$ th of the revenues of the stall to St. Margaret's,

reserving the remainder for another church in the parish.

I have the honour to be, with sincere respect,
Your faithful servant,

ROBERT PEEL.

It will be necessary, if you accept my offer, to relinquish other preferment in the Church.

REV. H. H. MILMAN.

We have lost [writes Miss Mitford in June to a friend] our neighbour Mr. Milman, who has got a London living. It is quite right that he should be promoted; but I would rather have lost a hundred stupid acquaintances than one friend so entirely after my own fashion—although we are fortunate in our neighbours, having many kind ones.

And she gave but voice to the common feeling when she adds in another place :—

One thing is certain: go where he may, he will find respect and admiration, and leave behind him admiration and regret.

CHAPTER VI.

Leaves Reading—Ashburnham House—Parish of St. Margaret's—
 "History of Christianity"—Edition of Horace—Westminster
 School.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S letter was, as may be seen, written on April 2nd, and on the following day my father went up to London in order to obtain fuller particulars of the offered preferment. Not much time could indeed be given to consideration, for the Ministry were on the verge of resignation, and there could be no delay in completing the appointments which it was their duty to make while still in office. Writing from the Athenæum on the same evening, my father says :—

I considered the subject in all its bearings on my way to town, and I have written at once to accept. The income must be larger, I think considerably larger, than St. Mary's; the situation, as far as opportunity of distinction, is all I could wish; the church handsome, not immoderately large; and, from a prudential point of view, there is one most paramount consideration—we can give our boys (even if I can afford dear Eton for William Henry), we can give the others a capital Westminster education for a very small sum. There is only one serious

drawback : I fear the house will be very bad, at least at first. The greater number of the houses we have been reconnoitring are only accessible through a long, in part very heavy cloister ; and I fear Mr. Sutton's, if that is to be the rectory, is very indifferent indeed. They will indeed be perfectly quiet, and the access is covered all the way ; but of this I shall know more to-morrow. There is, however, one consideration on the other hand : if I am a prebendary, I conceive that I shall have option of houses according to my seniority, so that I may perhaps improve very much. I have hardly yet had time to become nervous. I have not seen Peel, and I have made one attempt in vain to see the Bishop of Gloucester, who, as a Church Commissioner and prebendary, will be able to give me most information about both income and house.

In another letter, April 4th, reporting progress, my father says among other things :—

I went home, and received a letter from the Chief Clerk in the Home Office, that he had orders to make out the presentation to the stall. Then came a very handsome letter from Peel, saying that his Majesty most cordially approved of the nomination, and expressing a wish to make my acquaintance. I am to call on Monday at half-past ten. I expect the papers to be ready about Thursday ; but I suspect I am safe whatever happens, as I believe the sign-manual will be affixed to-day. It will, I think, be important that I should take possession of the living as soon as possible. The parishioners are in great wrath, as well they may be, at having been so much neglected, and I have reason to think that a resident rector will be hailed with great satisfaction.

An account of the interview with Sir Robert Peel is given in the next letter :—

ATHENÆUM, *Monday, April 6th, 1835.*

Thank you for your very affectionate letter. I hope to thank you in person to-morrow. I shall return to dinner: must be in London again on Friday morning, be installed on Saturday, and “read in” in the Abbey on Monday. But I am too long in coming to my interview with Peel. It lasted two or three minutes, but nothing could be more kind, more gentlemanly, or more flattering. He actually almost apologized for having named — before me, and said that I was the *first* person to whom he had wished to show a mark of respect for talents and my professional career. I saw that he was busy, and did not wish to enter much into conversation, so got up and said that his time was too valuable to the country for me to trespass further upon it. I am receiving full showers of congratulations. The Bishop of Gloucester assures me that the appointment has given general satisfaction.

The Whigs, indeed, seem to have been in quite as high good-humour with the appointment as the Tories :—

Spring Rice tells me that all his friends most highly approve of my promotion; and Rogers said, “It is their [the Tories] best deed, and they have done many.”

With St. Margaret’s and its splendid painted window at the east end my father was evidently much pleased, describing it as “perfection for a large church”; and after “reading in” at the Abbey, he says :—

What a splendid, almost appalling sight is the Abbey crowded with a most attentive congregation, as seen from the communion-table !

The difficulty which has been alluded to in the previous letters about finding a suitable residence was happily solved, mainly through the thoughtful consideration of the Sub-Dean, Lord John Thynne (between whom and my father a warm friendship grew up), and my father became the occupier, first as Lord John's tenant, afterwards by succession in his own right, of Ashburnham House. So much of historical interest is attached to this house, that I do not scruple to quote a passage from Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," in which it is mentioned :—

It was at this time (1731) that an alarming fire took place in the Precincts. On the site of the old Refectory was a stately house, built by Inigo Jones, and illustrated by Sir J. Soane. A beautiful staircase of this period still remains. It has gone through various changes. In 1708 it was occupied by Lord Ashburnham, and from him took the name of Ashburnham House. In 1739 it reverted to the Chapter, and was divided into two prebendal houses, of which the larger was in later years connected with the literature of England, when occupied first as a tenant by Fynes Clinton, the laborious author of the "Fasti Hellenici," and then by Henry Milman, poet, historian, and divine, as Canon of Westminster. In the intervening period it had become the property of the Crown, and in 1712 received what was called the King's Library, and in 1730 the library of Sir Robert Cotton. Dr. Bentley happened to be in town at the moment

when the house took fire. Dr. Freind, the headmaster, who came to the rescue, has recorded how he saw a figure issuing from the burning house into Little Dean's Yard, in his dressing-gown, with a flowing wig on his head, and a huge volume under his arm. It was the great scholar carrying off the Alexandrian MS. of the New Testament. The books were first placed in the Little Cloisters, in the Chamber of the Captain, and in the boarding-house in Little Dean's Yard, and then on the following Monday removed to the old Dormitory, just vacated, till, in 1757, they reached their present abode in the British Museum.*

It may be added that, on the death of Lord John Thynne, who, on my father's removal to St. Paul's, had again come into occupation of Ashburnham House, that house, with the one adjoining, which had formerly formed part of it, was transferred to the governing body of Westminster School, under the provisions of the Public Schools Act of 1868, subject to an arrangement with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. It is curious to note that, of the two houses officially occupied by my father in London, the one, Ashburnham House, was built by Inigo Jones; the other, the Deanery of St. Paul's, by Christopher Wren.

The fifteen years during which my father remained at Westminster were the most laborious of his life. To all his literary and other avocations was added, with the first claim upon his attention, the care of a vast parish, of which the western boundary-stone must be sought in the centre of

* Pages 554-5.

Kensington Gardens,* and which comprised within its limits some of the worst and most notoriously infamous streets and alleys that had clustered about the ancient sanctuary. Of these a large portion, including picturesque old Tothill Street, with its gabled roofs, made way for Victoria Street, or were swept away in carrying out the plans of the first Westminster Improvement Commissioners, in whose schemes, both as rector of St. Margaret's and as a member of the Chapter of Westminster, my father was deeply interested, and did all in his power to assist. To those who can remember what the purlieus of the Abbey then were, and can compare them with what they now are, the following letter to Sir Edwin Pearson, who had taken an active part in promoting these great improvements, and had been chairman of the Commission when Victoria Street was opened in August, 1851, may still be of interest :—

LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER,
October, 1856.

DEAR SIR EDWIN,—

Though your letter was forwarded to me while I was on the Continent, in the hurry and distraction of sight-seeing, I could not reply to it in a manner satisfactory either to you or myself.

* The parochial authorities, on the annual “beating of the bounds,” used, I believe, to proceed in a boat up the Serpentine, with official maces and wands, and so find their way to the boundary in the Gardens; whipping, perhaps, according to ancient custom, a small boy at the stone marking the division of the parishes, that he might have occasion to remember the circumstance in future years, should he be called upon as “oldest inhabitant” to testify on a disputed boundary.

I take the earliest opportunity, now that I am safe and quiet on this side of the water, of writing on the subject, and can only express my earnest hope that my answer may not be too late for your purpose.

Nothing could be more deplorable than the state of Westminster before the Westminster Improvement Commissioners commenced their labours. From the first period of my ministry as rector of St. Margaret's, I made up my mind that nothing could be done for the moral change (to speak of the spiritual condition would be a mockery) of the dense and swarming population without a most extensive demolition of the wretched buildings which they inhabited. There was a considerable area covered with houses in which to have lived was to forfeit all character and to be set down as thief or prostitute. These houses were old, worn out, not worth repair. Those at least which belonged to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, which were held on the short leases which alone the Chapter could grant, and hundreds of others which had fallen into the same state of decay and wretchedness, could only be underlet to persons who gave high rents and remunerated themselves by reletting them for the worst purposes. One whole row remained for several years untenanted because the Dean and Chapter would not renew the leases. No moral or religious influences could approach these places with any possibility of success. Some years before I came to Westminster they were hardly safe, not indeed till the establishment of the new police. In general it was a shifting population, of which of course no hold could be taken; and though neither myself nor my curates ever met with any insult, it was generally said that no one but the parson and doctor could enter them without danger. I speak

of the moral state rather than as regards sanitary questions. For bad as was the condition as to the latter point (so extraordinary are the anomalies of Westminster, and so imperfectly I am persuaded is the subject understood), the two seasons of cholera and the more fatal influenza (of 1837) affected these districts much less than others which were better drained, better ventilated, and better supplied with water. Still, even on this account it was absolutely necessary for the public good to sweep away an immense number of these miserable hovels, recognized irreclaimable haunts of rogues of every description and women of the lowest profligacy.

I therefore hailed with the utmost satisfaction every scheme for Westminster improvement which involved the destruction of the greatest number of these doomed dwellings. When the scheme in which you took so large a part was proposed, I thought it my duty to devote all the time and energy at my command to further its objects, in which, if some engaged, I fear, from lamentably miscalculated views of profit, you, I am fully persuaded, were actuated by motives of Christian benevolence and the desire of moral amelioration. As a member of the Chapter of Westminster, as chairman of the united vestry of St. Margaret's and St. John's, as intermediary between the parties interested and the Office of Woods and Forests (under successive Governments), I necessarily and willingly took a very active and prominent share in the discussions. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster saw, with myself, that the scheme might involve some immediate loss of property; yet they did not hesitate to make the sacrifice of these discreditable possessions, of which they could not rid themselves but by Act of Parliament, for the moral improvement of the neighbourhood, even

if they had not had ground to hope that the improvement in their other Westminster property would compensate for the loss. From them, therefore, I met with the most cordial co-operation. The vestries behaved with remarkable good sense and liberality; for they saw that the parishes must eventually, even if remotely, be much benefited by the change. The Government (Lord Carlisle was then in office) lent its aid—I presume not only on the general principle of encouraging public improvement, but for the special reason that, of all places, this foul mass of irredeemable vice, misery, possibly pestilence, ought not to remain in the close neighbourhood of, or rather intervening between, the Courts of Law, the Houses of Parliament, and the Royal Palace.

The demolition took place, and most assuredly the alteration in the condition of Westminster, even before I left it (though such changes must be slow), was very greatly indeed for the better. The only thing to regret was that the failure of the Commissioners' funds prevented the scheme from being fully carried out, and left much which ought to have followed the fate of the rest.

To you, Sir Edwin, to your sacrifice of time, to your years of anxiety, which must have been most severe, and of labour, which I know to have been very heavy, I fear to your great pecuniary loss, I must attribute the chief merit in this beneficial change; and as I have said (though no doubt you did not originally contemplate such serious involvement), I feel confident that among your leading motives was the public good, the religious and moral improvement of Westminster. I think it but justice to say that, throughout the long and complicated transactions which spread over several years, my constant intercourse with you led me to form a very high estimate of your fairness,

honour, and liberality. Whether the affairs of the Commissioners in which others were chiefly concerned, and in which you had only a voice, were conducted with prudence, foresight, and in perfect good faith to all concerned, it is neither my duty nor my vocation to express an opinion. But if any great public improvement has been achieved, if some part of the disgraceful vice and wretchedness which was accumulated in that district has been removed—and I have no doubt that by being scattered over a wider surface and dissipated from one reeking and irreclaimable centre of filth and misery it has been much diminished—it is chiefly to you that the public is indebted for the salutary change. This must be your consolation for years of unrewarded solicitude, I fear for large pecuniary losses. I only wish that the Government had the power and the will to carry out the plans contemplated for the whole district; it would then appear how great a public benefactor he was who originated and so far conducted with success the most difficult part of the great design.*

Believe me, my dear Sir Edwin,

With much respect and esteem,

Faithfully yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

I have ventured to introduce this letter in spite of its length, as giving a vivid, if painful, impression

* It would be out of place here to enter upon the subject of Sir Edwin Pearson's subsequent relations with the Government and of the facts connected with the chairmanship of the Westminster Improvement Commission in 1862. My father's recognition of his great services upon the first Commission, and of the impartiality and uprightness by which all his proceedings were guided, is amply confirmed by the contemporary evidence of the Government, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, Lord Coleridge, the Attorney-General, Lord Hatherley, and many others who had occasion to go carefully into the matter.

of the character of a large section of the parish in which my father's labours were for some years cast, and of the anxieties and responsibilities with which these years were overshadowed.

It was to many a cause of surprise that my father should have been able, in the midst of such other absorbing occupations, to find leisure to continue his literary work; and this was indeed only made possible by unwearied assiduity and his habit of utilizing every moment of the day. One hour at least for writing he always secured before breakfast, and this one uninterrupted hour he used often to say was worth more to him than all the rest of the day put together. His principal works during this period were the completion of his edition of Gibbon, published, as has been already said, in 1839, and of which a new edition was called for in 1845; his "History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire"; and—a labour of love—an edition and Life of Horace, beautifully illustrated with drawings, chiefly from the remains of ancient art, by Mr. George Scharf, jun. The object of the edition of Gibbon has been perhaps sufficiently explained in a previous chapter; and the design of the history, which, as we have seen, grew out of the "History of the Jews," may be best stated in the author's own words:—

It is the author's object, the difficulty of which he himself fully appreciates, to portray the genius of

Christianity of each successive age in connection with that of the age itself; entirely to discard all polemic views; to mark the origin and progress of all the subordinate diversities of belief; their origin in the circumstances of the place or time in which they appeared; their progress from their adaptation to the prevailing state of opinion or sentiment; rather than directly to confute error or to establish truth: in short, to exhibit the reciprocal influence of civilization on Christianity, of Christianity on civilization.

Speaking of this book, Dean Stanley (I still prefer to invoke other judgments than my own) says :—

No other ecclesiastical history, at least in England, had ever ventured so boldly, and yet so calmly and gently, to handle the points of contact which unite the first beginnings of Christianity to the course of secular and human events. It touched some of the tenderest points of the theological mind of Englishmen. Its author might well have expected a renewal of the tempest which had greeted his earlier work on the history of the Jewish dispensation. But, by one of those singular caprices which characterize the turns of public opinion, instead of a whirlwind there followed a profound calm. Lord Melbourne used to say that there must have been a general assembly of all the clergy in the kingdom, in which they had bound themselves by a solemn compact never to mention the book to any human being.

Dean Stanley is not, however, quite accurate when he goes on to say that the silence with which the book was received was broken only by a solitary review, more favourable than might have been

expected, by Dr. Newman in the *British Critic*. There was certainly one other—I believe more—a furious attack, written by I know not whom, in *Fraser's Magazine* of the day, a quarter from which, under later editorships, it would have least been looked for. Undeterred by open attack or significant silence, my father still held on in the course which he had marked out for himself, and the completion of the “History of Early Christianity” did but set him free to lay the foundations of his greatest work, the “History of Latin Christianity,” which has been described as being in fact “a complete epic and philosophy of mediæval Christendom.”

Pressed by inexorable parochial cares, deep, but not lost, in historical investigations, my father was still keenly alive to all the current interests of the time, and, as well through the *Quarterly Review* as by constant intercourse with his friends, kept in touch with them. His mind dwelt much upon the subject of Education; and an article of his upon the “Education of the People,” especially as appearing in so conservative an organ as the *Quarterly Review*, seems to have attracted particular attention, and to have had a considerable influence. Under date of November, 1846, Mr. Leonard Horner writes :—

The article in the *Quarterly* on Education is by Milman. I talked with him about it, and he admitted his being the author. I told him that he had rendered a great service to the cause, and had greatly smoothed the way for Lord John. Much

as that great step of the Government is wanted, I wish that it could be postponed until after the next election, for anything that will satisfy the Dissenters will be objected to by the Church, and *vice versâ*.

But the measures which were carried for the advancement of elementary instruction were for nearly a quarter of a century little more than tentative, and a general system of State education, such as was adumbrated in this article, had to wait for the Act of 1870.

During the years of his residence in the Cloisters, my father always took a great interest in Westminster School, of which the Dean and Chapter were then the responsible governors, and to which he had sent his own sons. The school was not in a very flourishing condition, and I remember that, when the question of reviving the annual boat race with Eton was under discussion, he strongly advised the headmaster to give his consent, arguing that, if Westminster could beat her rival in nothing else, it should do so at least on the river—a result which, I may add so long afterwards, his sons on more than one occasion helped to bring about. Partly for the same reason, to keep the school before the world, but more from the familiarity which it gave the boys with colloquial Latinity, he was also a strenuous supporter of the old custom which provided for the annual performance at Christmas-time of a play of Terence by the Queen scholars on a stage erected in the dormitory. These performances he not only himself attended, but

used generally to invite a select party of his friends to accompany him. There, with Macaulay, Miss Berry (Horace Walpole's Miss Berry), and many others, his old friend Dr. Hawtrey, headmaster and afterwards provost of Eton, might regularly be seen, on the watch, it was always averred, as a malicious Etonian, for a false quantity in the somewhat canine Latinity of the Epilogue, and giving vent to his feelings in a low, but to the actors appalling, whistle, if he caught, or thought he caught, a halting number. A few lines by the late Dean of Christchurch, Dr. Liddell, who became headmaster of the school two or three years before my father was moved to St. Paul's, inserted in the Prologue to the *Andria*, represented in 1850, may be given as a reminiscence of my father's connection with the school, and as an appreciation of the help which his support had been to the play :—

Nunc autem binis gratulandum erit viris,
 Quorum unus nupèr his discessit sedibus,
 Alter* in illius meritò successit locum.
 Illi qui nunc germanam huic nostræ Ecclesiam
 Regit Præfectus, gratulamur unicè :
His ille ludis semper adfuit favens,
 Puerilibusque indulsit his conatibus,
 Judex præclarus, quippe qui cantu suo
 Musam Sophocleum suscitare noverit.
 Necdum consenuit studium ; namque (ut cætera
 Omittam, historica, critica) jam in nostras manus
 Venusinum sic, uti vixit, vatem tradidit,
 Et tanquam in speculo mores exhibuit viri,
 Poëta poëtam dignus qui illustraverit.

* Dr. Cureton, my father's successor at St. Margaret's.

CHAPTER VII.

Correspondence with Mrs. Austin—Letter from Mr. Everett—Overworked—Domestic Sorrow—Nominated to the Deanery of St. Paul's—Congratulations.

AFTER his removal to London my father's life was cast so much among his friends, literary correspondence was so completely superseded by personal intercourse, that it is impossible to construct any consecutive narrative out of such few of his letters as may have survived. Some of these, however, even if abruptly introduced, and with no rigid adherence to chronological arrangement, may still, I think, be read with interest, and none more so than those to his old and attached friend Mrs. Austin, wife of the distinguished jurist Mr. John Austin, and perhaps best generally known as the accomplished translator of Ranke's "History of the Popes"—a lady who, not only by her own writings, but by her intimate personal acquaintance with the leading literary characters in Germany and in France, so largely contributed to the knowledge and appreciation of foreign, especially of German, literature in this country.

On returning from his usual summer or autumn holiday, my father had found a long letter from

Mrs. Austin, written from Dresden, where she was then residing, full of entertaining particulars of persons and places that she had seen, and consulting my father on the choice of a German work for translation. This, as a specimen, is her account of an Hungarian archbishop and poet :—

My beloved Archbishop has most earnestly invited us to visit him at Erlau; and if this banishment from England is to continue, it is not impossible we may go. I shall not write a "City of the Magyar," but I will tell you something of what I see. For my soul's sake I almost hope to go. I never before saw a human being in whom the whole spirit of Christ's teaching and example appeared to me so manifested, so unmixed with the thousand counter-precepts and exigencies of the world. He seems to live and move in an atmosphere of sanctity and benevolence and humility which even the grossest and rudest natures feel and do homage to. In Germany he is better known as the poet Pyrker.* I have met with no foreigner who had such a keen enjoyment and such a nice discrimination of English poetry. How you would like each other! I talked to him of you. He is firmly persuaded, good man, that England is fast returning to the bosom of the Mother Church, and takes a great interest in Puseyism. This illusion is extremely common, I might say universal, among the Catholics of the Continent—the Poles especially, who are generally very zealous, of course as being a persecuted people. We had a specimen of a Puseyite at Carlsbad fitted to undeceive them—Mr. ——. At his request I introduced him to the Archbishop. In five minutes I turned round and

* Joh. Ladislaw Pyrker, 1772-1847. A collected edition of his poetical works was published in three volumes at Stuttgart, 1832.

found him demonstrating to the mild and venerable man that the English Church was the true and only Catholic Church. "Der ist ein beharrliche Pfaffe," said a man to Lady William.

My father's answer follows :—

CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
November 15th, 1841.

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—

Most sincerely do I thank you for your interesting letter,—interesting, as expressive of your kindly feelings towards me and mine ; interesting, as giving me intelligence of yourself and Mr. Austin ; and interesting for its notices of your German friends and acquaintance. . . . What temptations you hold out in Dresden ! If I had no ties of duty or of domestic love at home, nothing would delight me more than weeks with the Raffaelles and Correggios of the gallery for my morning orisons, and yourself with some of your agreeable and accomplished friends in the evening. But of course we are settled for the winter, and I have much misgiving as to our future movements in summer, at least at present, allowing us to take a long flight. My poor little girl, now my only girl, is still an invalid. I fear she may be some time almost helplessly so, though I hope for the best. We passed the summer at a very pretty watering-place in South Wales—Tenby—where she seemed rapidly improving ; but the mistimed accident of a bilious attack threw her back completely. We had gone to Tenby, in evil hour, by sea. Happily, I took my carriage, and was thus enabled to make my way back through a most lovely country by land, and to visit some few friends. Tenby we liked much. We wandered about the rocks with our boys, whom we begin to think the best society, and literally neither knew nor hardly made acquaintance with a soul.

Our first resting-place on our return was Abergwili, the delightful house of *our* friend the Bishop of St. David's. Are you so far gone that you will not admit a Protestant Bishop to rival at least the Catholic Bishop, if not the Archbishop, of your affections? It is a very remarkable thing to find Thirlwall, with the habits of mind which you well know, bending himself, and gracefully bending himself, into a very useful and popular Welsh Bishop. His fluency in Welsh, and the rapidity with which he has learned it, is surprising; and the golden opinions which it has won him may be supposed. Happily, too, he has followed a cold, shy, aristocratical prelate, who had a morbid dislike to his rude clergy. Thirlwall has seen at once that the worst way to make men gentlemen is to show that you think them otherwise. Even ordinary acts of courtesy make a most favourable impression. But though he has a most charming residence in the vale of the Towy, with the blue river at the end of his lawn, and romantic hills all around, and he has a very keen enjoyment of natural scenery, it is impossible not to see that he is oppressed by uncongenial business, pining after congenial society, and looking with a longing eye at books which are surprised to find themselves so long undisturbed on his shelves. He was most hospitable, and we were tempted to stay two or three days longer than we had contemplated. From him we went for two days to a splendid house, in point of situation and comfort, of Lord Cawdor's—Golden Grove. It is built in another part of the grounds, but on the same estate to which Jeremy Taylor retired during the troubles under the wing of his patron, Lord Carbery. We then made our way slowly through the lovely scenery of Carmarthenshire and Monmouthshire to Gloucester, and so to Bowood. Both Lord and Lady Lansdowne were well. He is unquestionably

aged, and I think his friends must rejoice at his release from the toil of office. Lady Lansdowne was, as ever, the very embodied spirit of kindness ; her affectionate warmth to my wife (I can use no other word), and her exceeding interest in my poor girl, I can never forget.

We have been in town about three weeks, but have found our own fireside so pleasant, and Mrs. Milman is so little inclined to leave her patient, that we have seen few of our friends. Sydney is in town, and, as usual, the air is resonant with his witticisms ; but we have not been fortunate about meeting him. We invited him to dinner this very day ; his excuse was that he was engaged to two giddy young girls named Berry. This implies, what I hear from other quarters, that these good friends, whom with your daughter and Sir Alexander we just missed at Bowood, are in high health and enjoyment of their ever-renewed youth.

As to our public affairs, in which Mr. Austin may feel interest, there is little to communicate. The Ministry and their friends feel strong and confident. Matters have turned out well for them. Of course, as their predecessors would, they take all the credit of giving an heir-apparent to the country. The peaceful turn of affairs in America is of great importance, and to those who are like myself inclined to Quaker opinions about war is matter of rejoicing. As for the smaller misfortunes, the Exchequer affair is all thrown on the shoulders of our friend Lord Monteaule, who, thinking that he had subsided into a quiet well-paid sinecure, finds himself involved in this embarrassing business. "Rob me the Exchequer, Hal," seems to have come to pass. The fire in the Tower has settled a question which was beginning to make some stir, and it is now agreed that nothing could be worse than our muskets, now they are all burned.

Enough of our affairs. Now for Germany and literature, and yourself. I wish that I could make up my mind how to advise you in the work of translation. The difficulty is to find a book which is intrinsically good and likely to be popular—I do not mean in the vulgar sense, but which will be acceptable to the better order of English readers. I agree with you about Schlösser, but he will not suit our atmosphere. He is a sour fellow at bottom, though very shrewd and clever—contemptuous, often, of men better than himself. Ranke's "Fürsten" will not cost you much trouble, and his name, I think, must now stand so well with us, that the volume will, I doubt not, succeed, as far as any book will at present which has no bearing on our modern controversies. I have just got Ammon's book. The title had entirely misled me, or I misconstrued the title. I supposed that it was an historical disquisition on the change of Christianity into the religion of the world—that it related to the past. I find that it is speculative and prospective—a view of Christianity so modified as to be a religion *der Vernunft*. Though I am rather disappointed at not finding what I expected, I am very anxious to read the book. I see that, though you are so far gone with your Catholic Prelates or aspirants to Prelacy, you have some room for a worthy and pious Materialist such as Ammon * would be thought. But do you bring them together? Will they meet in friendly intercourse under your harmonizing influence? I do not think that we are all quite prepared for the change anticipated by your Roman Catholic friends. My worthy diocesan, Charles James, does not seem inclined to take refuge from the onslaught of Sydney in the bosom of our ancient

* Christopher Friedrich Ammon, Protestant theologian, 1766-1850. The title of the book referred to is "Fortbildung des Christenthums zur Weltreligion."

Mother. He protests against Oxford. On one of his refractory Puseyite and more than Puseyite clergy quoting the authority of St. Ambrose, he replied, "Sir, St. Ambrose was not Bishop of London, and I am. Yours, etc." A certain Mr. Sibthorp, brother of the Tory Colonel, has, however, taken the perilous step—to the great alarm of Oxford, whence Sewell writes word that "they are in an awful state." Sibthorp has gone round the compass, having been a violent Evangelical, and, as I hear, Radical at Ryde. He is not a man of much talent; but all converts to all forms of faith become at once the most learned and the most pious among those whom they join, while they sink to idiots or dolts among those they leave. What a curious and most instructive book might be made, if it could be done by any single hand, of the state of religious and irreligious belief, if the expression be allowed, throughout Europe! I would begin with Germany. I mean a simple dispassionate survey of the countless schools and modifications of religious thought and feeling. It would be instructive, I think, as at least allaying mutual hostility, and showing that unity of creed by no means arises out of or leads to unity of heart—that, if they would come together, we should often find men of directly opposite speculative opinions more really accordant and congenial than those who would not scruple to sign the same articles. It is for this reason, as well as many others, that I feel myself so much obliged to you for all the glimpses you give me of the character of religious men and religious opinion in Germany. Bolzano's works I have never seen, and they do not appear to be known among our foreign booksellers. I have sent for the autobiography. You have no doubt heard that they have now two girls in the Tyrol with the stigmata, which *always bleed on the Friday*. Lord Shrewsbury has visited them, and

sent out an account of them. The general description is consistent with a complete case of animal magnetism. The symptoms, movements, the whole behaviour—excepting that they are apparently simple girls on whom strong religious impressions have been made—are exactly the same as those of Dr. Elliotson's damsels at London University. The stigmata are not so easily accounted for ; but if anything could astonish one in this changeable world, it would be to find such stories seriously, nay earnestly, brought forward by a British peer in our day as impregnable arguments for Transubstantiation.

I shall hope that you will keep up the kind practice of writing to me ; for I assure you, my dear Mrs. Austin, that both Mrs. Milman and myself feel most truly interested in all that relates to you. It is not merely the selfish gratification of the amusement which your letters afford us, but from sincere regard for you and Mr. Austin, that I express this wish.

And five years later, my father still writing from the Cloisters, the following letters were interchanged :—

[No date.]

DEAR MR. MILMAN,—

I need not tell you what pleasure it gives me to execute the commission of my excellent friend the Count de Circourt. He is a great admirer of yours, and worthy to be so—a gentleman and a Christian, full of knowledge and noble sentiments. As to poor Augustin Thierry, you know his state—blind and utterly *perclus* in all his limbs ; there remains nothing active or vigorous about him but his head and his heart. I have not yet seen him, but I shall establish on my mediation with you a claim to visit him. Let me just add that M. de Circourt's brother, Count

Albert de C., has lately published a book on the Moors in Spain, which I hear highly spoken of. He (Count Adolphe) has never even mentioned it to me ; but if that matter comes under your pen, and if you should chance to have read and approved the book, you would certainly give him an *inoui* pleasure in naming it. Your little note about Dunoyer came most opportunely to console him in the midst of a very disagreeable affair with the Académie, where he is involved in a feud with Cousin, Thiers, & Co. They accuse him of being a *matérialiste* per Bacco. The impudence of men ! I showed M. Guizot your judgment of that admirable (not faultless) book, and we couldn't help laughing at the pious horror of the metaphysician. These academies are real *foyers* of intrigues and cabals and heartburnings. Witness poor de Vigny—immolated to M. de Molé's desire to make up to M. Thiers and the Imperialists. While I live I shall never forget that scene. The great lady of the High Catholic party has called on me (Duchesse de —), the pink of fashion and piety ; so I would have you prepared for the worst. At the other ear sits Auguste Comte, talking of the dangers to morality from any and all religion. He at least is honest, poor fellow, and not angry at seeing how little I am convinced. We want you here sometimes ; there are many prepared to welcome you with affectionate respect. If strangers feel this, what should I, who know something more of you than your books, full of charity, wisdom, and light ? If you do not come, I have little hope of seeing you. I shall hardly come to England, if I can get my children to cross the water. I have my eye on Brittany, where, as well as in Normandy, we have friends and *serviteurs*, i.e. people kind enough to take trouble to find us what we want ; and there I hope to see all my darlings. M. Guizot is well. I was there last night—

went to present a Legitimist (Vicomte de la Ville-marqué, author of the "Chants Brètons"), together with an English naval officer. These seem like the combinations of a kaleidoscope. My health is good for nothing, and makes Ranke very oppressive. *Pazienza*. Suppose you write to poor Thierry. You know my husband's sentiments towards you. He is tolerably well.

Yours, S. AUSTIN.

CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
June 6th, 1846.

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—

I have delayed the acknowledgment of your very friendly and acceptable letter till I could read carefully and deliberately M. Thierry's paper, which you were so kind as to send me with M. de Circourt's letter. According to your suggestion, I enclose a letter to M. Thierry on the subject, which I send open in case you have any curiosity to read it, and will beg you afterwards to seal and forward either directly or through M. de Circourt. To the latter I must beg you to express my gratitude for the high and honourable manner in which he has expressed himself on the subject of my book. I will immediately make enquiries about Count Adolphe de Circourt's book, but hardly know how I am likely to wander upon Moorish ground, so as to be enabled to notice it. You are aware that I owe to your good husband my first introduction to M. Dunoyer's book. I read it on his strong recommendation, and I think came to about the same conclusion as to its great merit and some of its defects. I must say that your Frenchmen of letters—many of them at least—seem disposed to keep up the proverbial jealousies of the fraternity. I suppose M. Cousin's spiritualistic orthodoxy is delighted to find a sacrifice or scapegoat for the ultra-ecclesiastical party, upon the same principle that questionable ladies are always

the most rigidly proper as to more questionable. I have read only the *immolé*, not the Molé. I do not think that our friend Alfred de Vigny does himself justice; the discourse is rather feeble and lengthy. Lord Lansdowne has the Molé, which I shall beg him to lend me, as I fear that, although I think I could abstain from going to an actual execution by the rope or the guillotine, I have not quite suppressed some morbid curiosity as to literary public executions. Talking of questionable ladies (I mean no offence or malice), we have here no less a person than the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has brought letters, as I hear, to Lady Lansdowne, Lady Mahon, etc., and some of our best society. I met her, and was specially desired by Hayward and Milnes to do the civilities of the Abbey; and Mrs. Milman and I and Lady Chatterton, etc., showed all proper attention to her Countess-ship (who is simple, intelligent, and pleasing in manner) and to her friend or cousin, Count Bystram. All this nothing doubting. But wishing to enlighten my ignorance about her writings, I got "Faustine," when we were a little startled by the dedication, "an Bystram." M. Villemarqué's "Chants Bretons" were noticed two or three years ago in the *Quarterly Review*. I had the book by the seaside, and amused my children by doing some of the French (of the Breton I am innocent) into doggrel ballads, which pleased them so much that I launched my versions fearlessly in the *Quarterly Review*.

Our own plans for the summer, I fear, are little likely to bring us into that proximity which I should so much wish. My eldest Christ Church youth (I have now a second there) is to be reading hard for his degree. We must therefore settle quietly in some remote, if possible picturesque, neighbourhood. We look Lakeward, where my boys may indulge their passion for rowing and perform their duty in reading.

You will be pleased to hear that your friend Mr. Grote's book has made a very favourable impression both on scholars and general readers, Madame is in high raptures. I think it a book of a very high order, though of course we have some points of amicable difference. Pray give my kindest regards to Mr. Austin. Mrs. Milman begs her love to you. My homage to M. Guizot, who, I rejoice to see, still maintains his own. We are in a strange and doubtful political state, but me it moves not.

My dear Mrs. Austin,

Ever your very sincere friend,

H. H. MILMAN.

On looking at M. de Circourt's letter, I find, as I suspected, that this is Amédée, not Augustin, Thierry.

During the years of my father's residence in the Cloisters (1835-50), as afterwards at St Paul's, his society was much sought by the most eminent among the numerous American authors and statesmen by whom this country was from time to time visited. With many of these a cordial friendship was contracted, and was afterwards maintained by an affectionate and life-long, though from the nature of the case somewhat intermittent, correspondence. Among the more intimate and regular of these friends and correspondents, the names of Mr. Everett, Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Motley may be mentioned, whose letters, besides being full of interesting news from their own side of the Atlantic, often contain pleasant reminiscences of morning or evening meetings at Westminster

and St. Paul's. The quiet home in the Cloisters, with all its beautiful surroundings and historical associations, seems to have been ever a great attraction, and to have been long remembered. Again, too, at St. Paul's, after a breakfast at the Deanery and visit to the Cathedral, a party would be made up to explore the less well-known City churches, and sights, which ended with the Tower. A few of my father's letters have been already printed in Mr. Ticknor's "Life of Prescott" and other publications: place for a few more, with extracts from those to which they were an answer, may be found a little later on. In the meantime this letter from Mr. Everett may be inserted, as it contains an interesting account of the extraordinary popularity with which the first volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" were received in the United States:—

CAMBRIDGE, U.S., *May 21st*, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MILMAN,—

I employ an early portion of the comparative leisure which I have acquired in resigning my office here in writing to you, to say how much I regret that I allowed the pressure of its duties to prevent my answering your kind letter of February 2nd, 1846, which, in common with many other letters from kind and valued friends received at that period, still remains, I am ashamed to say, on my unanswered file. I hope you will allow me, even after so long an interval, to make up for the omission, which I am the rather desirous of doing that I may offer to you and Mrs. Milman the assurance of the sincere sympathy with which we have all heard of your late heavy loss, a sorrow of

which we well know by experience the weight and bitterness.*

You have been of late particularly recalled to my recollection by a copy of your most beautiful Horace which my wife and daughter gave me a few weeks since as a birthday present. I have not had time to do more than glance at the contents, and can therefore at present speak only of the tasteful and fascinating exterior. I mean that it should furnish me the occasion this summer of a reperusal of this most exquisite of lyrists, satirists, and critics. We sent a copy yesterday to a young friend who sails this morning to Calcutta. So that if Horace knows what is going on, he has the satisfaction of perceiving a copy of his works, in the delightful dress in which you have clothed them, sent from the Western to the Eastern Antipodes—to a region of which he knew little, from a hemisphere of which he knew nothing.

Macaulay's history continues the *rage* with us, for no milder term expresses the intense popularity which it enjoys. There are not wanting those who echo the strain in which it has been criticised in the *Quarterly* (which, however, I know as yet only by report), but it is like blowing against a West India hurricane. I will mention two little anecdotes, that fell within my personal observation and knowledge last week, to illustrate the kind of popularity which the work has attained here. My daughter went to her dressmaker the other day; and while waiting for her to come into the room, took up the volume which lay open on the table, and found it to be Macaulay. I went to a coachmaker's a day or two after, on some matter of business in his line. While there an old schoolmate of mine at one of the free schools in Boston came in. He was bred a tinplate-worker, and is now the acting agent of a gas

* The death of their youngest son, Charles Louis Hart.

company, to superintend the introduction of gas fixtures into dwelling-houses. He told me he had just taken up Macaulay, and asked me how I liked it. When I mention these little incidents, as showing the kind of popularity of Macaulay's book, I do not of course mean that it is confined to *this class* of readers, but to show you how completely it has taken hold of the entire public mind. I might add that at the semi-annual visitation of the collegiate branch of the University here, about three weeks since, one of the young men delivered a dissertation of which M.'s history was the subject, and another made it his principal topic. These are but specimens of what has taken place throughout the continent.

I went last evening to hear Macready read from "Paradise Lost" in a small private circle. He has conducted himself through the whole of the frightful scenes in New York like a gentleman. The public voice is very strongly and generally in his favour. No one indeed blames *him* for anything. A few, disposed to ingratiate themselves with the execrable faction who assaulted him, cavil at the course pursued by the police and the military, which, however, was upon the whole praiseworthy. He returns in the vessel which brings you this letter.

I send you a late publication of my neighbour Longfellow. I have not read it, but I am told it is pretty.

And now, my dear Mr. Milman, should you have the kindness to write me again, I will not let your letter remain three years unanswered. I pray you remember us all most kindly to Mrs. M., and believe me, with sincere regard,

Most truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

In 1836, on February 23rd, my father had been elected a member of the Club.

I am rather proud [he writes] of having been elected a member of *the Club*—old Johnson's famous club: I suspect in the place of old Lord Stowell. Hallam and Lord Mahon proposed and seconded me. It must be an unanimous election: one black ball excludes.

At the dinners of the Club, of which he was afterwards for some years treasurer,* my father was a very regular attendant, and there were few social gatherings from which he derived greater pleasure, meeting as he did there on terms of easy familiarity all those of the day most eminent for social qualities, most distinguished in politics, literature, science, and art. His own circle of friends was ever widening, and a list of them would embrace many of whom the mere names would awaken a crowd of interesting memories. The old walnut staircase, the most beautiful and characteristic feature in Ashburnham House, has already been mentioned. Lighted from above by a circular dome, round which ran an open gallery, with its ornamented balustrade, and low, broad, polished steps, it was always much admired, and we used often as boys to watch my father's guests as they cautiously mounted the slippery flight to the reception-rooms which were on the first floor. Not unfrequent among these, in the years from 1835 to 1850, might be seen Lord and Lady Lansdowne, ever kind and constant

* He was elected treasurer June, 1841, and continued to fill the office until his resignation in June, 1864. He presided at the centenary dinner of the Club, June 7th, 1864.

friends of my father and mother ; Lord Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth ; old Mr. Rogers, with his quiet, pale face * ; Hallam, Macaulay, Dr. Holland, Sydney Smith, the Lyells, the Murchisons, the Eastlakes, and others. And when Sydney Smith was of the party, I well remember how we used to listen for the unextinguishable shouts of laughter which were heard proceeding from the dining-room, whenever the exigencies of service required an open door. The forms of these and of many more appear like shadows out of the dim past, as they pass up the old staircase and vanish through the pillared archway.

Looking back, the years at Westminster may seem to have been to my father, on the whole, happy years—years full, even too full, of intellectual life and of labour, by which a severe strain was put upon his health and strength. And “happy years” is an expression that perhaps should not be used without qualification, marked as they were by a succession of domestic losses, which touched his sensitive and affectionate heart to the quick, and were the cause of life-long sorrow. He had brought with him from Reading a family of five children, three sons and two daughters : another child, a boy much younger than the rest, had been born in the Cloisters in 1845. Of these, three, the

* “They have got a Panorama of Jerusalem. Lockhart met Sydney Smith there. ‘Quite perfect,’ said Sydney ; ‘it only wants one thing—Rogers to be seen bathing in the Dead Sea.’ I should have said the Dead Sea is seen in the distance.”—*Extract from letter.*

two daughters, not released without long suffering, and the little boy, lie buried in the north aisle of the nave of the Abbey. Describing in "Samor" an assembly on the site of modern Westminster, my father had written :—

Still that deep dwelling underneath the earth
Its high and ancient privilege maintains,
Dark palace of our island's parted kings,
Earth-ceil'd pavilion of our brave and wise.
Disus'd for two long ages, it became
The pavement of our sumptuous minster fair,
That ever and anon yet gathers in
King, conqueror, poet, orator, or sage
To her stone chambers, there to sleep the sleep
That wakens only at the archangel's trump.

And he adds in a note to a later edition :—

Little did I foresee, when I wrote this as a youth, that, long years after, at a time that I should be correcting it for republication, I should lay to rest in this hallowed place (Westminster Abbey) a lovely little girl, whose early intelligence gave me the fond hope that she would hereafter take an interest in my pursuits, and love my poetry, at least because it was her father's :—

My child! my child! among the great and wise
Thou'st had thy peaceful solemn obsequies.
Seem'st thou misplac'd in that fam'd company?
Heaven's kingdom is made up of such as thee.

February 2nd, 1839.

This was the little girl of whom Miss Mitford observed "that her hand was always in her father's." Twice the grave was reopened; twice with accumulating force the grief was renewed.

His eldest daughter died in 1841, the little boy in 1849.*

In the affection of those who remained to him, and in untiring work alone, he, humanly speaking, found surcease of sorrow. But the strain upon his strength and courage was too great. His friends used sometimes to tell him that he lived three

* The grave was for many years covered by a simple uninscribed stone, distinguished only by a little cross of white marble; but after my father's death Dean Stanley thought that the names of its tenants should be recorded, if but to mark my father's former connection with the Abbey, and caused this inscription to be engraved :—

LOUIS HART, DIED 19 FEBRUARY,

CHARLES



LOUISA HARRIET, DIED 17 JUNE, 1842, AGED 15.

THIS STONE
WAS PLACED OVER THE GRAVE
OF THREE BELOVED CHILDREN
OF HENRY HART MILMAN,
SOMETIME CANON
OF THIS COLLEGIATE CHURCH,
THEN DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,
AND OF MARY ANNE HIS WIFE,
WHO AFTER A BLESSED UNION
OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS
REST TOGETHER
IN THE CRYPT OF HIS CATHEDRAL.

1849, AGED 3. AUGUSTA FRANCES, DIED 29 JANUARY, 1839, AGED 8

When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

July 1, 1871.

lives, any one of which was more than sufficient for average endurance: the life of a hard-worked clergyman, the life of a man of letters, the life of one who was almost enforcedly overwhelmed by social engagements. So tried, there could be no doubt that my father had reached a period of life in which some complete change, some diminution of work, was on all accounts desirable; but in what manner such change would be brought about, if brought about at all, it was impossible to foresee. Preferment after preferment indeed, as it fell vacant, was assigned to him by popular rumour; but if man in the form of popular rumour proposes, the Minister disposes, and for a long time nothing came of those reports. There is, I believe, no doubt that Lord Melbourne, in comparatively early days, had wished to recommend him for a bishopric, but in his easy-going way had been deterred from doing so, when it was represented to him by the Bishop of London (Blomfield) that such an appointment would cause trouble and give umbrage to the Church. How far this prognostic would have been justified, or how far it would have fulfilled itself, it is needless now to speculate; but there was certainly scarcely a murmur of displeasure when at last, in 1849, my father was nominated by Lord John Russell to the Deanery of St. Paul's, which had become vacant by the death of Dr. Copleston, who had held the Deanery for many years in conjunction with the Bishopric of Llandaff. There was, I think, a general feeling that the

right man had been put in the right place. To my father himself I believe that, reluctant though he might be to leave his home in the Cloisters, and the Abbey to which he was bound by so many dear memories, preferment could scarcely have come in a more acceptable form, securing to him as it did a well-earned, honourable repose, and enabling him thenceforward to devote himself more uninterruptedly to the completion of the great work upon which he was engaged, the "History of Latin Christianity." On receiving the offer, a sigh of relief escaped from his lips as he looked up in my mother's face and said, "Thank goodness! No more vestries!"—a slight expression, but to those who knew him a sign of how much the harassing and, in spite of the support which he almost invariably obtained from his parishioners, the somewhat ungrateful business transacted at their meetings had, with other innumerable duties, weighed upon him, though he never betrayed his weariness. Congratulations, after the appointment was announced, came pouring in from all quarters—from persons representing all classes and all parties. In those from his colleagues and friends in the Chapter of Westminster and at St. Margaret's were mingled expressions of sincere regret at his loss. For instance, Mr. Page Wood, afterwards Lord Chancellor Hatherley, a valued friend, a constant member of his congregation at St. Margaret's, a devoted furtherer of all good works in the parish, thus wrote:—

12, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
October 24th, 1849.

A day or two after we had the pleasure of meeting you at Oxford, we heard from good authority that you were to be the Dean of St. Paul's. It is now publicly announced; and though I may not yet address you as "Mr. Dean," I will not let a post pass without expressing the unfeigned satisfaction with which Mrs. Wood and myself heard the intelligence.

We have received your kind sympathy in sorrow, and have, I hope, sincerely mourned with you in your trials. It is a more cheerful duty to "rejoice with those who do rejoice," and I trust that for many years Mrs. Milman and yourself may enjoy the comparative leisure which will now be permitted to you.

We have indeed on our part to regret your removal to a more distant part of London, but I trust that we may still be permitted to retain a friendship which we shall ever value, and believe me

Yours most sincerely,

W. P. WOOD.

Mrs. Sydney Smith, the widow of his old friend the witty Canon, spoke of the—

unfeigned delight with which it [the appointment] would have been received by my beloved husband, of whose real regard both for you and Mrs. Milman I am sure you must both of you be well aware. Himself for many years past wholly unambitious (though very sensible of the results of that situation he did hold in the increased enjoyments it afforded to his old age), was exactly in a position to rejoice at what might befall his friends, without the remotest wish to become their rival. The Garden of Eden without its serpent for his summer's enjoyment, and

the abundant means afforded him for intellectual society in winter, left him (what I believe very few human beings are) without a wish ungratified, and nothing that this world had to offer would have tempted him to have foregone so much positive good, entailing only just so much of business as made it agreeable.

But one more quotation, a tribute from one who knew my father well, his old friend Dr. Hawtreys, may be introduced :—

ETON COLLEGE,
October 21st, 1849.

MY DEAR MILMAN,—

I heard yesterday with great delight of the choice which Government has made for the Deanery of St. Paul's. To my mind the highest claim to the dignities of a Christian Church is the possession of Christian charity. It adorns every other merit ; it covers every error to which human judgment is liable. I do not speak of charity in its vulgar sense, but in that which was given to it by one of the holiest and wisest of reasoners ; and I can truly say that in the course of an intimacy drawing nearly on fifty years I never knew a man possessed of more of that virtue than yourself. Would that it were not so rare a virtue ! Believe me that I have sympathized no less in your sorrow than I have in pleasure at an appointment which I hope and believe is just what you would have most desired. With kind regards from my sister to Mrs. Milman, to which I beg to join my own,

I am, my dear Milman,
Sincerely yours,
E. HAWTREY.

Macaulay's gratification expressed itself more concisely.

I have been delighted [he writes] to hear of Milman's appointment to St. Paul's—honestly delighted, as much as if a good legacy had been left me.

And Sir Roderick Murchison, "as a *geologist*, congratulated him on having obtained a good substantial residence and garden on the *healthiest* hill in London." But perhaps the less said about the garden the better. The Deanery was, in fact, a roomy, comfortable house, standing well back in a quiet court behind heavy *portes-cochères*, and approached from the churchyard through a narrow archway, which in my father's time was closed to carriage traffic by a massive post, which was only lowered into a box prepared for it in order to admit carriages to the Deanery. The noise of the City traffic, deadened by intervening houses, was heard only as a continuous murmur, making the quiet of the old house the more impressive. At that time, too, between the Deanery and river, the sleepy courts of Doctors' Commons, so well described in "David Copperfield," but most of which have since disappeared, were still standing, and gave an old-world aspect to the surroundings, which the march of modern improvements has since effaced. In his "Annals of St. Paul's" my father thus refers to the house :—

Radulf de Diceto (*temp.* Richard I.) built the Deanery of St. Paul's, inhabited after him by many men of letters : before the Reformation by the admirable Colet, who may compensate for many names ;

after the Reformation by Alexander Nowell, Donne, Sancroft (who rebuilt the mansion after the fire), Stillingfleet, Tillotson, W. Sherlock, Butler, Secker, Newton, Van Mildert, Copleston. As a lover of letters, I might perhaps, without presumption, add another name.

The removal to St. Paul's was completed in the early weeks of 1850, when my father took up his residence in the house which was to be his home for the remaining years of his life. Before, however, proceeding to a very slight sketch of the incidents of these years, it may be convenient at this point to give a few more examples of his correspondence, selecting such letters as can be introduced without comment or further explanation.

CHAPTER VIII.

Letters to Mr. George Ticknor and Mr. Prescott—Death of Mr. Prescott—Further Correspondence with Mrs. Austin—Letters to Archbishop Sumner on Froude's Candidature for Chicheley Professorship of Modern History—Lord Derby's Homer—The Keble Memorial—Letter to Archbishop Longley.

TO GEORGE TICKNOR, ESQ.

CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
January 29th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have to thank you for a very agreeable letter, and for the valuable present of Professor Norton's book. I was not altogether unacquainted with the merits of Mr. Norton's work,* as, since the publication of my own book, a gentleman of this country, thinking that it would interest me, had sent it to me to read. My perusal of it would lead me to value the possession of it very highly. It is, I do not hesitate to give my opinion, the most complete and conscientious investigation of that most important subject in our language. I wish it were possible to make it better known in this country; but in the present state of darkening prejudice here, and the total absorption of the religious mind in all quarters with other controversies, these most important and primary questions of our common Christianity excite no interest.

While on this subject, I must express my satisfaction at the favourable opinion entertained of my late work by the distinguished writers whom you

* "The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels," 3 vols., 8vo, London, 1837.

name, especially by Dr. Channing. The praise of such men is a high reward for literary labour, if indeed any reward were wanting for that which is its own, to any one who feels the interest which I do in the work itself. I am glad to find any quarter so undisturbed by polemic passion as to be pleased with a book of which it is the chief study to be dispassionate. Here I am content to wait my time till the hurricane which now blows so wildly is lulled to sleep.

From all these questions I turn with pleasure to our friends the Lyells. If America likes them, I will only say that the attachment is reciprocal. They express themselves in the highest terms as to their reception—Mr. Lyell in public, and both in private; and among their enjoyments not the least has been your kind hospitality. They are both as amiable and estimable as they are intelligent and cultivated. Lyell himself is surprised and delighted with the numbers and demeanour of his audience. Your account of the state of education in Boston fully accounts for his success. I acknowledge that it surprised me. I did not suppose that the means of good education were provided in so large a proportion to the population in any country in the world—certainly this is not the case in Europe, with all the efforts made by governments and by individual exertion. I presume that Boston in this respect is superior not merely to the average but to any other city in the United States.

TO W. H. PRESCOTT, ESQ.*

CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

April 12th, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I reproach myself for having delayed so long to acknowledge the note in which you expressed

* This letter has been already printed in Ticknor's "Life of Prescott."

your gratification at the notice of your Mexican work in the *Quarterly Review*. I assure you that nothing could give me greater pleasure than finding an opportunity of thus publicly, though anonymously, declaring my high opinion of your writings. Our many common friends have taught me to feel as much respect for your private character as your writings have commanded as an author. I was much amused, after I had commenced the article, with a letter from our friend Lord Morpeth, expressing an anxious hope that justice would be done to the work in the *Quarterly Review*. Without betraying my secret, I was able to set his mind at rest.

Can we not persuade you to extend your personal acquaintance with our men of letters and others whose society you would appreciate by a visit to England? Perhaps you might not find much to assist you in your researches (if report speaks true that you are engaged on the "Conquest of Peru") which you cannot command in America, yet even in that respect our libraries might be of service. But of this I am sure, that no one would be received with greater cordiality or more universal esteem.

If this be impossible or impracticable, allow me to assure you that I shall be delighted if this opening of our correspondence should lead to further acquaintance even by letter. I shall always feel the greatest interest in the labours of one who does so much honour to our common literature. In letters we must be brethren, and God grant that we may be in political relations and in reciprocal feelings of respect and regard.

Believe me, my dear sir,
Ever faithfully yours,
H. H. MILMAN.

TO W. H. PRESCOTT, ESQ.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,

November 14th, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

Your welcome letter did not bring the first tidings of your safe arrival in your native land. A dispatch of Dr. Holland's which I saw in Kent boasted of the pleasant dinner which you had given him at Boston. It gave us unmingled pleasure, as adding, I trust, further encouragement to another visit to England. Then we should, I hope, be in a better condition to fulfil all the duties of hospitality. I often think that if I were some twenty years younger I should work up my courage to cross the Atlantic. The only regret I feel at having formed such delightful friendships as I have among your countrymen, and most especially with yourself, is that the wide Atlantic is rolling and will still roll between us. Regret is the wrong word, for friendship which grows weak and languishes for want of renewed opportunities of intercourse is hardly worthy of the name; and if Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, he has still hopes that the mountain is not as immovable as himself. At all events, the recollection of your visit to London will be to us among those cherished remembrances on which we shall dwell while memory holds her seat. I am very glad that you had an opportunity of seeing English country life, and to such advantage. It is one of the great characteristics of our land, and I think especially favourable to the revelation of what our aristocracy, of which so much is said in disparagement and even scorn, really is in that most important and English sphere, the home. You probably saw it not only in its high-dress reception state, but in its familiar every-day life. In the country we see what men are. To secure this in London peculiar intimacy is required, such as can hardly fall to the lot of a

stranger. There they are as they would appear to be. Your inability to visit Bowood was a source of great regret there and to us. We are just come from that house, which in some respects, by its inmates as well as by its unrivalled social ease, by the beauty of the works of art, the elegance and grace of the whole, with the perfect *liveability* (there is a new word in return for some of yours), is a model of country residences.

Our tour turned out charmingly. We went down the Rhone, saw the noble Roman antiquities in the South of France, and crossed Provence. From the Cornice road we looked down on the deep-blue Mediterranean, along a succession of Stanfield pictures of the most exquisite beauty at every rise and fall of the coast; so on to palatial Genoa and Milan. Then we whiled away a delicious month among the Italian lakes, crossed the Splügen, and returned by Strasbourg and Paris home. There was nothing, except a few days of excessive heat, but pure enjoyment—nothing on our return to break our dream of delight. Alas! how different with our excellent, our dearest friend Hallam! A second time he sets out for a tour of pleasure with a son, his *last* son—if not of the brilliant and peculiar promise of the elder, yet the best, gentlest, kindest, most considerate of youths, with very remarkable yet more quiet talents, and with acquirements such as a son of Hallam's ought to possess. At Siena he is suddenly seized, in a few days all is over, and the father is returning with the Remains to rest with his wife and, I believe, six other children. We have felt this, as you may suppose, more deeply than we could feel anything, excepting where the blow has been, as it has been, on ourselves. One daughter alone remains. I tremble for my friend; but his is a mind of which few know the strength and depth.

But I must turn to other subjects, as you will

expect to hear something of the topic which is now "raging among us." You would almost suppose that Lord George Gordon was alive again. Our walls are rubric with "No Popery," as in days of old. As I went out this morning, I found a label on my own door, illustrated by a school scrawl of the Cardinal. It is a grievous thing that the long years during which so many wise and good persons have been endeavouring to allay religious animosities, to soften religious asperities, and to enable us to live, if not in mutual respect, yet without violent collision, should be blown into the air by the insatiable vanity and ambition of one man, Wiseman, to whom I ascribe much, if he is not led and inspirited by Newman and the folly of the old Pope. All sensible English Roman Catholics strongly deplore the measure, and even I find myself suddenly compelled to protest against a wanton and silly insult. The stir in the City is almost amusing. Lord John is nearly as much an idol as Lord George of old. They talked of taking the horses off his carriage, and drawing him to the dinner at Guildhall.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
January 10th, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—

Dare I begin with wishing you many happy returns of the season? If I dare, I do so from my heart both to you and your husband. Among the impulses which induce me now to write to you (I say nothing, or rather would say much, on the cause of my long silence) is my earnest desire to hear something of you on the only unerring authority—yourself. I catch dim and uncertain and variable accounts of you occasionally from Gordon and Reeve, but long for something more satisfactory, I earnestly hope more cheering. On our return from Scotland, our summer tour, I had hoped immediately to retrieve my remissness in the spring. I found

that you were setting off for the Isle of Wight. Since that time came on me all the affairs of the Funeral [of the Duke of Wellington], and very weighty, distracting, absorbing cares they were. I told Lord Clarendon that I would back my last three days against any three of the busiest and most perplexing of his Irish Lord Lieutenancy. The difficulty was enormous—responsibility without despotic power. I had to settle and balance affairs with the Woods and Forests, the Lord Chamberlain, Garter King-at-Arms, the Lord Mayor, and City Police. However, *finis coronat opus*—the success more than repaid me. Even I had no notion that our Church Service could be made so solemn, so imposing, so surpassing (Bunsen declares) all ceremonials he ever beheld. Since that time I have been endeavouring to make up my leeway after near four months' holiday out of London and this month and a half of busy work.

And now, having pleaded my cause, and I hope made out a good case for mercy, let me beg to hear from you on any or all subjects (a modest request) which may at present occupy and interest you. What is the state of the Sydney Papers? Have you still strength and determination to go on? Or has the loss of our dear friend the widow made any difference? This is not the only common loss we have sustained. In the midst of my turmoils, or rather before the turmoil was closed, I had the melancholy duty (as I had done for poor Agnes) of officiating at the last rites of our dear Miss Berry. I did not, I grieve to say, see her. I made frequent efforts, but failed from various causes. I only heard, just at the close, that it was approaching, and hurried to the house, but she had sunk into that quiet, almost unconscious repose in which her peaceful spirit glided away almost imperceptibly. It was striking to see so many of her friends gathered

round her grave. Her loss socially is so irreparable that I am constantly accusing myself of selfishness in my sorrow for her departure, but I really feel that (somewhat more removed as we are from the central life, the social life of London) the blank left by her house cuts me off from many other valued friends whom I was sure to encounter there. However, we must not mourn at the singularly painless close of a life so blameless, and at the same time, if we may judge, so happy.

I ought to give you some intelligence of living friends. I cannot but rejoice at Lord Lansdowne's determination to give his support without office to the Government. Nothing but his influence, the confidence in his known judgment, sagacity, and perfect amenity of manner, could have brought together and harmonized the conflicting elements. I have good hopes that, if some apple of discord be not unexpectedly hurled among them, he may still hold them together. What think you of our friend William* in the Cabinet? I have been vainly endeavouring to beguile a worthy arch-deacon to vote, as of old, for Gladstone at Oxford. "What! he who sits in the same Cabinet with the editor of Hobbes?" I did not proceed to cross-examine the worthy divine as to the opinions of the same wicked Hobbes. In Southwark I understand there is some doubt whether the said Hobbes is a Popish bishop or a friend and contemporary of Tom Paine. We were in October at Bowood. It is really charming and in some degree consoling to see how that young and beautiful Lady Shelburne endeavours to fill the place, which no one can quite fill, of her whom we have lost. She seems to think, and she must be self-inspired with the thought, that she has inherited the duties and friends of the departed.

* Sir William Molesworth.

I think you will expect me to say something of ourselves. I am, thank God, remarkably well: the highlands of St. Paul's seem to agree with me extremely well. . . . We enjoyed our Highland excursion very much. We took a wider circle than I have ever taken before in Scotland—Arran, Skye (our friends the Fergusons had a house on a sea loch, whence we made the latter island), Deeside, the Stirlings' at Keir, Edinburgh, the Richardsons' on the Border. I am now subsiding into my usual quiet work, which I am sorry to say seems endless. I have attempted far too wide a range, and no sooner have I made up my mind on one point than another crosses me and leads me on a wild chase,—not through bush and brier, but through folio and quarto; not through flood and mire, but through Greek and German. However, the work itself, if it never comes to anything, is full of unfailing interest. If no one else is wiser or better for it, I hope that I shall be; at least it keeps me occupied—I will not say out of mischief, though in these days of polemic mischief, who might not find himself in some unprofitable fray?

My dear Mrs. Austin, I must beg you to express to your husband how much I regret that I have latterly had so few, and fear that I can hardly reckon for the future on many, opportunities of enjoying his friendly and enlightening conversation. From Mrs. Milman, as well as from me, let me beg you to accept our most earnest good wishes for better health—if not better health, Christian patience to endure and Christian hope to comfort.

Your affectionate friend,
H. H. MILMAN.

VENTNOR, *January 12th*, 1853.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

First let me say that, in whatsoever condition of body or mind I may be, such a letter from you

as that I received yesterday must always be most precious,—if well, a great pleasure ; if sick, a great consolation. And I don't know whether first to thank the good Christian or the ever-agreeable companion to whom I owe it. Since you begin by asking me to tell you how I am, I will dispose of that subject at once. . . .

You may suppose that this daily and hourly familiarity with death keeps ever before me the great subject—the Hereafter to which it is the gate. It would be an infinite comfort to me to talk with you on this matter ; for though I feel an indescribable serenity and cheerfulness about it, I can give no satisfactory reason for my state of mind. The sort of distinct view and full confidence which I have perceived in others is not granted to me. I can form no coherent notion of the re-existence or the continued existence which we are promised ; and when I examine myself, I find all vague and uncertain. What can I do ? I bring my doubts and lay them at the foot of the altar, and, where I cannot see, I trust. The most absolute resignation and surrender of will, hope, and desire are not difficult to me. But is this enough ? I know not, and sometimes I think I have no right to feel the repose I do. But, to say truth, my conception of God's mercy, and my view of the character, teaching, and example of Christ, are stronger than the terrors which may certainly be extracted from Scripture. Still, I wish my faith had a more definite form. So few of your brethren, best of Deans, can help a poor aspirant on this road. It is not my fault if, after listening to reason all my life, I can get no good of unreason. And what nonsense they talk ! Forgive me. We are here in a true battlefield of High and Low Church, and they shout damnation into either ear of the dying. Remember to ask me for a scene—it is too long to write.

The *Low* gentleman called to offer to read and pray with me. He had just been denouncing my hospitable, charitable, worthy friend James White, a brother clergyman, from the pulpit as an Atheist, warning the people not to send their children to his school, etc. This is the mad string of England. Every nation has one. The Oxford exhibition is much to be deplored. The Universities have no public respect to throw away; and the manner of Lord Derby's election, and now this affair, are calculated to damage Oxford seriously. I have not yet heard whether our excellent Hawtrey is, or is to be, Provost. How I wish it, you know.

January 21st.

The above was written immediately after the receipt of your letter. You know how long ago. Since then my heart and mind and time have been so completely preoccupied, that day after day found me either too busy, too tired, too anxious, or too depressed to venture on a conversation with you. As to the business, it was chiefly for the poor, dear Duchess of Orleans, whose friends wrote to me to try to move the English press to notice the sale of her pictures. I suppose the affairs of princes are always worse managed than anybody's, so that I had endless trouble—needlessly, as far as money goes, for, as you see, the prices given in France were enormous, "such as to make me shiver," writes Lord Ellesmere. But, poor thing! she is pleased and touched at some expressions of respectful interest in her, and that is enough for me. English people in general know little and care less about her, and are inclined to believe all the misrepresentations they read or hear, which is not to their credit. But as one who knows her well said to me, "*La grandeur d'âme est la qualité dont on se soucie le moins.*" Nothing was ever

more true ; and, indeed, how should it be otherwise ? How few have, within, the standard by which to measure it ! . . .

Think of that incomparable Lord Lansdowne finding time and recollection to send me one of the first published copies of Moore the very day of Lord Derby's resignation ! I cannot tell you how I felt and feel such an attention. It is a very interesting book on the whole. The introduction is very prettily done. But what does Lady John say to the apology for Mr. Little ? Well, since Mr. Ingersoll tells us that Washington enjoyed questionable songs after dinner, and Lord John excuses the youthful muse of Moore, where are we, excellent Dean, to look for a clean corner in the world ? I think the book would have gained much by omissions ; and indeed that is still more true of Lord Jeffrey's Life, and of every one that the zeal of friends and publishers puts forth. To me, if I could hope ever to have strength, spirits, and capacity to finish what I suffered myself to be persuaded to undertake, these lives would be a warning rather than a model in this respect. Yet, if any man could bear being viewed microscopically, it is surely Moore—so good, so true, so tender, so high-spirited, so honest. It is one of the most engaging characters ever portrayed, and profoundly respectable withal.

A third sheet ! But six would not exhaust or contain the accumulated gossip of months and years. Yes, I understand your loss in Miss Berry, and I do not suppose you are likely to find any woman capable of taking her place. "*Si je voulais la caractériser dans un mot,*" said Comte de Circourt to me of another lady, "*ce mot serait centre.*" It has been my fate to know intimately one such in each nation,—Madame Récamier ; Miss Berry ; and the third (unknown

to you and fame), Madame de Bardeleben, of Dresden, the most admirable of the three, as having none of the extrinsic advantages the other two possessed. "Yes," says her and my distinguished friend Madame de Lüttichau, "it appears to me as if a whole circle of friends *had died with her*." How true! The circle seems to resolve itself into its elements and disappear when its centre is gone, and something of this you must find. I should like to write a comparative view of these three centres. In France the qualities that fit a woman for this office are not rare. In Germany and England they seem to me equally rare. I have a long and incomparable letter from M. Guizot.* He lives with the *grande et forte compagnie* of our great Rebellion. I resist having it called a Revolution, which it was not—thank God devoutly for the same! The old name, "The Great Rebellion," is the word. I hear as often and as much from Paris as the police will allow, and expect MM. de Circourt and St. Hilaire here. The Court news is not always very fit to be told, still less written, as you may infer from the expression of a learned friend, who calls it *un Lupanar armé*, which you may quote, *but not from me*.

V. Cousin has just sent me over his Madame de

* Some years later, 1859, in the course of an autumn tour, my father paid a visit to M. Guizot at Val Richer. Writing me an account of this visit, he says: "Nothing can have answered better than our tour up to this time. Guizot was most kind and hospitable, the house and place charming. We had much conversation on all sorts of subjects—much that I ought to recollect, and that I trust I shall recollect. It is impossible to conceive a more happy family or a more dignified position for a man who has held such high places, subsiding contentedly and cheerfully into a diligent and ever-occupied man of letters. The son was all that could be desired—courteous, obliging, full of his own literary plans: one of the sons-in-law (M. de Witt) a very superior person, who has written, and written extremely well, on the two American Presidents, Washington and Jefferson.

Longueville—"one of five copies printed on large papier vélin." But even this signal honour will not conquer my objections to Madame de L., or to my dear old friend's researches among the *charmantes pécheresses* of that time. As he is going on with Plato, I had rather he had left these fair penitents alone. The account of the Carmelites is, however, extremely interesting. Husband is reading *Hippolytus*, and is good enough to read to me what he thinks most interesting. I revere Bunsen's courage on some points, but there are passages marked with truly German bad taste and confusion. Who reviews it in the *Edinburgh Review*? Is it our best of Deans? My husband, sitting still as a mouse, now ejaculates to himself, "D——d stuff!" which comes in rather abruptly as a commentary. It is, I fear, rather too strong and too laconic for you. We are quite alone here, with the exception of my dear old friend Mrs. Bellenden Kerr, who is come to be near me, and Mr. and Mrs. White, who received me with the greatest hospitality. Perhaps you know him, at least by fame, as a clergyman convicted of writing a play or plays. They are well off, and he does not officiate—lectures instead to the mechanics. He is anathematized from the pulpit by a furious bigot here, but is, I assure you, an excellent man. Tennyson, Thackeray, and others whom you know are his friends.

Now, dear Dean, I must go out, for the only part of the day during which I live is spent in my pony-chaise. You may rejoice in this necessity which puts an end to my interminable *bavardage*. Remember me most affectionately to my dear Mrs. Milman, whose sweet face I would fain see once more. All good wishes attend her and your sons. When you write again, tell me a little

more about them. What are they all doing? Your sons are objects of public interest, or rather interest to the public. Believe me always, dear Dean, with the sincerest respect and affection,

Yours,

SARAH AUSTIN.

My husband begs me to say how much he feels your kind regrets, and how warmly he reciprocates them. Alas! this is one of my greatest sorrows. I who used to fight against his tendency to seclude himself am now an additional bar between him and society.

TO W. H. PRESCOTT, ESQ.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,

December 29th, 1855.

MY DEAR AND EXCELLENT FRIEND,—

How can I wind up the year better than by paying my debts of gratitude and friendship? "Philip the Second" has duly arrived; but you have rather embarrassed me by a most kind and unexpected note towards the end, which may make any admiration I express a little like grateful barter of praise for praise. What you have said of me and my work is exactly what I should wish enlightened and good men like you to say and think of me. For Philip himself I must, however, in spite of all such suspicions, speak as I should have spoken under any circumstances. Your narrative is, as ever, lucid, flowing, picturesque; your judgment upright, fine, and charitable—I almost doubt whether, even for me, not too charitable for that darkest of human beings. Perhaps, however, you will be better pleased and satisfied if I repeat the general opinion in England among men whose opinion I know you especially value, and that is highly favourable. You are generally read, and by all, I think, with the same

earnest desire that you may finish the whole as well as you have begun. Can we say more? You were fortunately well launched before the full and overwhelming tide of Macaulay set in. No one reads, no one can read, anything else; and indeed, in my judgment, he has surpassed himself. He makes one believe in the Pythagorean transmission of souls. He must have been somebody in the days of William III., as well as the Macaulay of his own time. And then his affluence, his exuberance, of language and illustration! In the meantime my three last volumes, the close of my labours, have stolen into the world; they will, I hope, soon reach you. At present my only reader, the only one who commands leisure, is Macaulay; and I hear that his verdict is all that I could desire. For others I am perfectly content to wait my time. I can only feel confident that the three last volumes will not have intentionally departed from the spirit which you have been so good as to express your sympathy with in the three first. In one respect they must be of more general interest, as embracing a long period of which we have no continuous history.

I am happy to say that my hopes of seeing you again among us refuse to be dissipated by all the objections you raise. I cannot but think that you will break even the tender bonds which hold you to your home. If so, let it be boldly and speedily done. If not, I beseech you to interfere with some power that may take twenty years off my life, and then I will cross the Atlantic to you. But this is wild talking. But, for you, remember that the sooner you come the more of your old friends you will find to greet you, and those perhaps in better health and spirits. We passed a very agreeable summer among the châteaux about the Loire, in the Pyrenees, and in Paris. Excepting some days of indisposition, the whole was most enjoyable. We are now again

in our quiet home—quiet, though in the midst of the whirling city. Except an excursion to Bowood next week, I hope that we shall rest during the winter. I intend, having now achieved my labours, to indulge and luxuriate in reading the labours of others. I have begun to enjoy (having so long read so much bad Latin and Greek) my old friends the great classical writers. In the enjoyment of them I seem to grow young again. Mrs. Milman desires me to give her kindest love to you, and to assure you that there are none who would more cordially welcome your return among us than I and herself. I cannot help saying that you have sent us a very charming reminiscence of your kindred in Mrs. Twisleton. She is herself a very pleasing person, besides having the merit of being connected with you and talking of you.

Believe me, my dear friend,
Ever most sincerely yours,
H. H. MILMAN.

In the note to which allusion is made in the foregoing letter, Mr. Prescott refers to the “History of Latin Christianity”—

“as one of the most remarkable works of the present age, in which the author reviews with curious erudition and in a profoundly philosophical spirit the various changes that have taken place in the Roman hierarchy; and while he fully exposes the manifold errors and corruptions of the system, he shows throughout that enlightened charity which is the most precious of Christian graces, as unhappily it is the rarest.*

* “History of the Reign of Philip II.,” ii. 525.

TO W. H. PRESCOTT, ESQ.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
December 1st, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

The date of your last letter looks reproachfully at me, but I am sure that you will ascribe my long silence to anything rather than want of the most sincere and cordial friendship. I received it during our summer wanderings in Germany, where we passed many weeks in great enjoyment, and I rejoice and am thankful to be able to say in an interrupted, perhaps improved, health. We paid a visit to our friend Bunsen at Heidelberg, whom we found (I know not whether you made his acquaintance in England) in the dignity and happiness of literary quiet and labour, after having so honourably lost his high diplomatic position. He has a beautifully situated house, looking over the bright Neckar, on the noble ruins of the castle. Thence we took the course of the five Bavarian cities, Aschaffenburg, Würzburg, Bamberg, Nuremberg, Ulm. At Donauwörth we launched on the rapid Danube, and followed its stream to Vienna and to Pesth. To us the Danube is a noble stream, especially after its junction with the Inn, amid the magnificent scenery about Passau, though I know that you Americans give yourselves great airs, and would think but lightly of the power and volume of such a river. From Vienna to Prague and Dresden. At Dresden we had the great pleasure of falling in with the Ticknors, whom I had frequently seen during their short stay in London; and also with their most charming relative, our friend Mrs. Twisleton, and her lord. Then to Berlin; and after a peep into Holland, we found our way home. We indeed have been hardly settled at home (having paid some visits in the autumn) till within two or three weeks. Among the parcels which awaited me on my arrival

was your graceful and just tribute to the memory of our excellent friend, poor Mr. Lawrence. I should have read it with great interest for his sake, if from another hand ; with how much more when it came from you, executed with your accustomed skill and your pleasant style, heightened by your regret and affection !

I have not yet seen your concluding chapter (announced in this week's *Athenæum*) to the new edition of Robertson's "Charles V." I doubt not that you have found much to say, and much that we shall be glad to read, even after Stirling's agreeable book. It is rather hard that the same trespasser on your field is busy with John of Austria. By the way, at the Goldenes Kreuz Hotel at Regensburg [Ratisbon], which was once a fine palace, they show the room in which John of Austria was born. But his life is comparatively of trivial moment in the darkening tragedy (for you must allow it to gather all its darkness) of Philip II.'s later years. Though I would on no account urge you to haste incompatible with the full investigation of all the accumulating materials of those fearful times, yet you must not allow any one else to step in before you, and usurp the property which you have so good a right to claim, in that awful impersonation of all that is anti-Christian—in him who went to his grave with the conviction that he above all men had discharged the duties of a Christian monarch.

I am now, as you may suppose, enjoying my repose, with all my interest (an interest that I trust will last as long as my life) in literary subjects, especially in history and in poetry, full and unexhausted ; but I am not engaging in any severe or continuous labour. *Solve senescentem* is one of the wisest adages of wise antiquity, though the aged horse, if he finds a pleasant meadow, may allow himself a light and easy canter. I am

taking most kindly to my early friends, the classic writers. Having read, in the course of my later life, so much bad Greek and Latin, I have a right to refresh myself; and very refreshing it is, with the fine, clear writings of Greece and Rome. I was tempted a few months ago, by my reviving passion, and by regard for Guizot, to make an article in the *Quarterly Review* on his son's very pleasing and agreeable book on Menander, or rather on Menander himself, the purest of the pure old Greeks. To the last number but one, too, I was tempted to contribute an article by the Life of that mysterious and, as well to a lover of Italian as to one who feels a deep interest in remarkable developments of Christian character, profoundly interesting Savonarola. I venture to inform you of these articles, as you perhaps may read them out of friendly interest in me.

So far had I written, when, behold! your second letter made its appearance, announcing your promised present of "Charles V." I at first thought of throwing what I had written behind the fire, but soon determined rather to inflict upon you another sheet, with my best thanks and assurances that I shall not leave my neighbour Mr. Routledge long at peace.

The event of your Presidential Election was so fully expected with us that it excited no surprise; we were rather inclined to wonder at the large minority, considering the drag of the Fillmore party, for Fremont. What I least like in the affair is, that one of so calm a temperament as yours, not accustomed to mingle in fiercer politics, should take so gloomy a view of Mr. Buchanan's success. May I say, in the *strictest confidence*, that of all your representatives in this country whom I have known, and some I have known for whom I have felt great admiration and most sincere friendship, I was least

prepossessed in favour of your future President ; yet I cannot but think that the strong opposition that he has encountered from your sober and steady North will act as a restraint upon a man, if of great ambition, it struck me of no common prudence. Will he provoke any unnecessary hostility among those who may become much stronger for a cause which he must know to be in the long-run contrary to the higher and nobler feelings of mankind ? He strikes me as a man more likely to adopt an accommodating than a desperate policy. With you I cannot but fear, but at the same time I cannot but hope, at least till the fourth year comes round again in its fatal cycle.

You are very kind in the interest you take in the reprint of my book in America. I am rejoiced to find that it has not yet been undertaken. Murray gives me hope that a new edition will be called for. This will give me an opportunity of correcting some few errors, mere defects of style, and still more mistakes in the printing. I should be very sorry to be launched, as it were for ever, before your vast and increasing reading public until I have given a last and more perfect finish to the whole. If I should not have the opportunity of doing this soon in England, and should any publisher determine on the hazard of reprinting in America, I should much wish to furnish a list of corrections. For this reason any notice of such intention would be most welcome and valuable.

And now, to close, my dear friend, I must add Mrs. Milman's kind love. She begs me to say that you have read her a lesson of charity towards Philip the Second, which she almost doubts whether your eloquence can fully enforce upon her.

H. H. MILMAN.

Do come and see us again, or make me twenty years younger, that I may cross to you.

There was a singular attractiveness in Mr. Prescott's character, of which distance had no power to lessen the force, and the letters which have been given show how much he had endeared himself to his English friends. Kindred pursuits and kindred tastes were an additional bond of sympathy between him and my father, and hence the warmth of affectionate friendship which their letters disclose. The correspondence was unbroken until Mr. Prescott's death early in 1859. A conversation with Mr. Prescott the evening before the day of his death, as reported by Mr. Milburn,* is another proof of the strength of his regard for his friends in England.

He then [says Mr. Milburn] led the conversation to his English friends, to some of whom he had given me letters on my recent visit to that country. He first spoke of Lady Lyell, the wife of the celebrated geologist. . . . "And," he continued, "you saw my friend Dean Milman. What an admirable person he is! I had a letter from him only a day or two since, in which he gave an interesting account of the opening of his Cathedral, St. Paul's, to the popular Sunday-evening preachings—a matter which has enlisted all the sympathies of the Bishop of London and of himself. He has been a prodigiously hard worker, and so has acquired a prematurely old look. Accomplished as historian, divine, poet, and man of letters, he is at the same time among the most agreeable and finished men of society I saw in England."

* The conversation is printed in Ticknor's "Life of Prescott," Appendix F., p. 472.

The next letter speaks for itself:—

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
February 19th, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. TICKNOR,—

I must unburthen myself to some one of the profound sorrow which I (I should have written *we*) feel for our irreparable loss. I have had the happiness to form and retain the friendship of many excellent men. No one has ever, considering the short personal intercourse which I enjoyed with him, and our but occasional correspondence, awakened such strong and lasting attachment. He found his way at once to my heart, and has there remained, and ever will remain, during the brief period to which I can now look forward, as an object of the warmest esteem and affection. I think I should have loved the man if I had only known him as an author; his personal society only showed his cordial, liberal, gentle character in a more distinct and intimate form. That which was admiration became love. There is here but one feeling among those who had not the good fortune to know him, as among those who knew him best—deep regret for a man who did honour to the literature of our common language, and whose writings, from their intrinsic charm and excellence, were most popular, without any art or attempt to win popularity. The suddenness of the blow aggravates its heaviness. I had written to him but a few weeks ago (I doubt not that he received my letter), expressing the common admiration with which his last volume was received here by all whose opinion he and his most discerning friends would think of the highest value. In one respect he has ended well, for he never surpassed passages in the last volume; but it is sad to think that he has ended, and left his work incomplete. I can hardly hope that much can be left finished by his hand; if anything is left, I trust it will pass into the hand of

him best qualified to shape and mould it into form—*yourself*. As I feel that I can express our sorrows to no one so fitly as to you, so there is no one to whom the sacred memory of our friend can be entrusted with equal confidence. From all that I have heard, his end (premature as our affection cannot but think it) was painless and peaceful. And if, as surely we may believe, the possession and the devotion of such admirable gifts to their best uses, the promotion of knowledge, humanity, charity in its widest sense; if a life, I fully believe, perfectly blameless; if the discharge of all domestic duties, so as to secure the tenderest attachment of all around; if a calm, quiet, gentle, tolerant faith, will justify, as no doubt they may, our earnest hopes, he is in that better peace which has no end.

Both Mrs. Milman and I trust that you will undertake the friendly office of communicating our common sorrow to those whose sorrow must be more poignant than ours, though, I venture to say, not more sincere. We shall always think with warm interest of all who bear the honoured name of Prescott, or are connected by ties of kindred and affection with him. And permit me to add, to yourself, our kindest condolences, our best wishes, and our hopes that we may see you again, and soon, in Europe.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Ticknor,

Ever your sincere friend,

H. H. MILMAN.

This year (1859), which in its earliest month was saddened by the death of Mr. Prescott, might indeed be marked throughout as one fatal to literature; and how much my father felt the repeated losses may be gathered from the two following letters. To Mrs. Austin at its close, and soon after the death of her husband, Mr. John Austin, he writes:—

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,

December 24th, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—

Under such circumstances friendship, sincere old friendship, cannot be silent; but what can it suggest which has not suggested itself to a mind and heart like yours? You have lost not only one of whom you might be so justly proud, but the object of your care and anxiety during many years; and nothing is so endearing to a true woman as to be to her an object of tender solicitude and watchfulness. We may perhaps regret that a mind and intellect like your husband's did not command, as it might have done, more wide and general admiration; that he denied himself that fame which he might have acquired if he had put forth before the public his full strength. But those who knew him knew what there was in him, and few could more highly appreciate his calm wisdom, vast knowledge, and reasoning powers than myself. I have much regretted that of late years, from the seclusion which wisely perhaps for his own happiness he chose, I had so few opportunities of enjoying and profiting by his society; but his memory will remain with me as that of one of the most clear and vigorous intellects and agreeable associates whom I have encountered in life. Let me assure you (you need not, I trust, the assurance) of my profound sympathy and most sincere regard. When you admit any of your friends to your widowed solitude, Mrs. Milman and I earnestly hope that we shall not be the last to be allowed that privilege.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Austin

(and in this my wife cordially joins),

Most sincerely and affectionately,

H. H. MILMAN.

Shortly after Mr. Prescott's death, in answer to an application from Mr. Ticknor, who had under-

taken to write his Life, my father sent over to Mr. Ticknor so much of Mr. Prescott's correspondence as he could find.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
June 22nd, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. TICKNOR,—

I enclose in this parcel all the letters which I and Mrs. Milman can find from our dear friend, and entrust them to your care, in full confidence that they will cross the Atlantic in safety, and return to us as precious treasures, memorials of one whom we loved. I think that I must have received more; if more come to light, I will forward them. Perhaps there is not much in these which will interest either the biographer or the public; but a successful and pleasant Life is made up of so many fine and delicate touches that it is impossible to determine what may or may not be of use, may be suggestive, or give a gleam of light upon a noble and gentle character.

The return of these letters is acknowledged in the next letter, which emphasizes the successive losses which literature had in the preceding year sustained, one following upon another with startling rapidity.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
January 10th, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. TICKNOR,—

The letters have arrived in perfect safety. I fear, however, that they will have helped you little in your sad but grateful task. I thank you for your most interesting though gloomy vaticinations about your country. I cannot, however, persuade myself to think that liberty and civilization are to suffer so terrible a blow as the disruption of your Union, with all its terrible consequences. It will be an awful lesson. The violation of any one of the great eternal principles of humanity will bring

its own chastisement. Yet I cannot but hope that in some inscrutable way the dark question may work itself out, however slowly, without that fatal catastrophe. But *our* mind, *my* mind, is now so fully occupied with nearer sorrows that I can hardly speculate on the more remote. Yesterday we committed to the earth, in the walls of our venerable Abbey, one [Lord Macaulay] whom the world, the American world as ourselves, will deplore, as holding the highest place in English letters; I, with some others, as a dearest friend, whose kindness of disposition and affection for his friends rivalled his transcendent powers. It was a melancholy but an imposing sight, from its calm and dignified simplicity. My dear wife was struck with seeing around the grave so many of those whom she had so constantly seen with him at his own hospitable board and elsewhere: he now in the silence of the bier; they in the silence of sorrow—they to whom he used to pour forth so freely the inexhaustible stores of his memory and knowledge, they listening and bearing their part in the general flow of such conversation as has been rarely heard, will be more rarely heard again. You, I know, have been present more than once at these meetings—meetings which can never occur again, and will leave a void in my life which can never be filled. You will no doubt have seen, probably in the *Times*, a full and true account of the ceremony. It devolved on me to take a leading part in the arrangements, the interment in the Abbey, the choice of the spot, close to the feet of Addison's statue, within a rod or three yards of Johnson. They were two of the great objects of his generous admiration. Alas! what a fatal year for letters! It began with Hallam, though that was but a man, full of years and honours, gathered in his time to his rest; our dear Prescott, suddenly, like our dear Macaulay; John Austin, whom I suspect

you can hardly have seen, but a man who shrank from the fame which he might have commanded; Mountstuart Elphinstone, another of our greatest men, who refused greatness, who could have been at any time Governor-General of India, had his ambition been equal to his capacities, the gentlest as well as one of the wisest of men, and certainly the writer of the best, if not the most popular, history of India; your Washington Irving; de Tocqueville, whom I knew but little, but the French writer with more of English sound sense (you see I write to you as an Englishman) than any of his countrymen; and now Macaulay! Who is to rise and fill their place? But I cannot write more. I could not refrain from writing as much on a loss which you will feel, if not so deeply, as sincerely as we do.

Nothing as yet is known as to what is left behind. I fear there can be little more than materials, wanting the life, wanting the fulness, wanting the finish of his mind and hand. I am, however, inclined to trespass on your friendship by a commission. I suspect that you in America have reprinted certain works of his which have not been reprinted in England. The "Essays," I believe, contain some things not in our editions. Have you reprinted all the "Ballads"? Above all, have you reprinted the lives from the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—those of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, William Pitt? Would it give you much trouble to send me anything of his which has issued from your press, but not in a collected form from ours? You will, I am assured, enter into the feelings which prompt this request.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Ticknor,

With great regard, ever most sincerely yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

Mrs. Milman unites with me in kindest remembrances and good wishes to you and yours.

With reference to the part which my father took in the arrangements for Lord Macaulay's funeral, referred to in the foregoing letter, his sister, Lady Trevelyan, wrote :—

Whatever you do or say must be pleasing to us. Who should act but so kind a friend?

And on the evening after the funeral was over, January 9th, 1860, she writes to my mother :—

I cannot go to bed to-night without begging you to convey to dear Dean Milman our most warm and grateful thanks for all he has done. I know well he did it in a great measure to satisfy his own affectionate desire to do honour to his friend, but I still should like him to know how much and deeply we have felt his great personal trouble and the perfection and beauty of all his arrangements.

At the request of the President and Council my father wrote a brief obituary memoir of Macaulay for the *Journal of the Royal Society*, which was afterwards reprinted as an introduction to the "*History of England*." It was not intended to do more than supply an immediate demand, pending the more full and copious biography which he anticipated, and which was in due time published with brilliant success by Sir George Trevelyan.

A few more letters to and from Mrs. Austin, the first of them referring to the death of my father's old and much-valued friend, Dr. Hawtrey, may here be inserted.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
January 18th, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—

Let me first express my sincere admiration of the inscription over the remains of your excellent husband. It is a most successful attempt in the most difficult style of composition,—simple, yet full, expressing in a few emphatic, well-chosen words (and this is the somewhat unaccountable privilege of Latin over modern languages) all that ought to be expressed; suggestive, but not vague; strong, but neither forced nor laboured. It becomes the man whose character will live upon his gravestone as it lives in the memories of those who had the happiness of knowing him intimately.

And now for the other sad subject of our common sorrow. With me it is a friendship of boyhood, kept up with more or less kindly intercourse since our Eton days, with very many common subjects of interest. Little did I think, when I accepted the offer of his Mapledurham house in the summer, and had the enjoyment of his society every other Sunday, and sometimes the Saturday also, that we were not to meet again in this world.* I begin sadly to feel the inevitable lot of prolonged life. My dearest friends are dropping round me with frightful frequency. I cannot say that I do not make new and younger friends, but they are not the old. I really think the Provost was almost the last of those whom I knew well (there may be others, and I doubt not are, but I know not where to find them), to the end of whose tether in reading—especially in reading works of imagination, scholarship, and what are called *les*

* The Vicarage, Mapledurham, which Dr. Hawtreys had lent to my father for the summer months, coming over himself each Saturday for the Sunday duty. It was delightful to hear the conversation of these two old Eton friends on their school, scholarship, literature, and other subjects in which they had common memories and sympathetic tastes.

belles-lettres in all languages—I did not come,—men of the Hallam and Macaulay type. And this dreary close, worse than removal. Of all pathetic lines none move me more to tears than old Johnson's:

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

And it is a case in which friendship must fold its hands and be content to do nothing. Our friend Senior was as a lawyer of infinite use, and must have found melancholy satisfaction in being of use; but it would be a great question whether the sight of old friends whom he might recognize, and with whom he could not communicate, would not be distressing rather than consoling.

My dear Mrs. Austin, now that our ranks are so sadly thinned, we should draw closer to each other; we must love each other more as we feel we must soon part. All Mrs. Milman's affectionate remembrances.

Your most sincere friend,

H. H. MILMAN.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S.

January 4th, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—

I have been a prisoner since Christmas Day—one of my severe colds, with latent gout, which will not gratify my malicious doctors by showing itself in an honest and open form. I am, however, much better. Many thanks for Mr. Martineau. I have only his *Review* writings, but they have impressed me with a very high opinion of his intellect and (tell it not in Oxford) of his religion. When you speak of the old Unitarianism, I presume you mean the low and dry Belshamism,* about as

* Thomas Belsham, 1750-1829, was the son of a Dissenting minister. He became an Independent 1768, and afterwards a Unitarian. He was Professor of Divinity at the Hackney College, and succeeded Priestley as minister of the Gravel Pit Unitarian Chapel. He was a voluminous controversial writer, apparently of rather the high and dry school, in all his shifting phases.

religious as much of the high and dry in other quarters. The tract you have sent me would be more useful perhaps in other quarters where it is more needed than in Manchester. The danger there, I apprehend, is absolute repudiation of all old belief and the adoption of new theories without grave examination. I accept all the results of philosophy, of natural science, freely and without the least fear, but I am disposed to submit critical enquiry to severe criticism. Let it have its full liberty, but let me have the liberty of rejecting it, if I think it arbitrary and paradoxical. So much in general. For Mr. Martineau I have the utmost respect ; and if we come across each other, I suspect that there would be much sympathy. I have not renewed the expression of my deep feeling for the sad account which you give me of your separation from your daughter, as not considering it as the most important part of your communication. Still, I trust that it is only banishment to a warmer climate which is required, and that you may still keep up your correspondence, though at a distance—a correspondence in which others as well as you have felt a very lively interest. The only doubt that I could entertain as to the success of your admirable husband's book was whether there were as many as there ought to be who could appreciate it. I do not think more highly of him or of you for its success, but of what I suppose one can call by no other than the ordinary name, of the public. I hail any sign of advancement in that quarter with much satisfaction.

April 18th, 1866.

DEAR DEAN,—

Comforting rumours reached me while I was so ill of the kind interest you took in me, for which first let me thank you with all my heart. I really don't know why I or those who care for me

should desire the prolongation of a life so denuded of all that makes life valuable, yet I cannot help being pleased at the thought that there are still some kind friends who would not like to part with me for ever. I am better, as it seems, and very likely to be for a while much as I was before this singular and violent attack, which is not saying much; but it may enable me to do something more towards the completion of my work. Meantime we are coming out, as you will see, with a new edition of Ranke which has been called for. Murray asked me to write a few words of preface—"by way," as he said, "of giving a little *éclat* to the edition." Nothing can be more incongruous than *éclat* and my poor self, and I have literally nothing to say. I said what I thought of the *book* before. I cannot well bepraise my translation. What remains? It occurred to me, most dear and venerable Dean, that perhaps out of friendship to Murray (who so well deserves it) you would prefix a page or two to this edition. The times are suggestive, and it is to be desired that among the many who call out for the downfall of the Papacy some few would endeavour to know what it really is and what the dangers that threaten it. The temptation to beg you to grant me the honour and favour—nay, something more than either—of once before I depart seeing your revered name lend its authority to anything I have done is so great that I am not in a condition to know whether what I ask is absurd or impertinent or exacting. You will forgive me even an indiscreet request.

I forget whether I ever sent you a copy * of the inscription on my husband's tomb. All of it except a few words is mine; those and some few corrections I owe to my dear, valued friend Hawtrey. My last visit to him was about this. I have put down on

* This had been previously sent. See p. 202.

paper a few words which (or something to the same effect) are to be added on the side left vacant till my time comes. Will you be so very kind as to tell me if you think it will do? It is all I would have said of me. My kindest regards to Mrs. Milman.

Believe me always, dear Dean,

Yours, with the most affectionate respect,

SARAH AUSTIN.

April 5th.

DEAR DEAN,—

I am struck with shame and remorse at the appearance of the enclosed. Your kind note in answer to my foolish and impertinent request awakened me instantly to its real character. I thought I saw through the veil of kindness and courtesy with which you know how to cover whatever may vex or disappoint, that you had rather not do what I, or rather Murray, asked. And, doing scant justice to your unbounded desire to serve and oblige, I thought the matter would drop of itself. If I had not thought so, I should have written immediately to say that I felt the *inconvenience* of my request, and begged you to think no more of it. I have no pecuniary interest in the book; and as for your commendations, dear Dean, however sweet and precious they may be, I should not have begged them. Now that I have read what you have done me the honour to say, I am shocked at feeling that *I have asked for a puff*. I cannot beg you to withdraw what you have so graciously written, but I must entreat you to consider yourself at perfect liberty to do so—as far as I am concerned. What your friendship for Murray may prompt I must not interfere in. I have ventured to make two or three slight alterations. Having had a much nearer view of Ranke's style than a mere reader could or needed to have, I cannot subscribe to

your praise of it as lucid and easy. Yet it certainly is, as you say, free from the character of unwieldiness, so common to Germans.

I had a letter yesterday from M. Guizot which I think it will interest you to read. You are one of the very few to whom I wish to show it. It has all the solemnity of a farewell. As such I receive and shall reply to it. I wish I could share his confidence. He said to me while I was engaged on my husband's book, "*Je suis sûr que M. Austin voit ce que vous faites.*" My dear neighbour — had the strongest conviction not only of a *future* life, but that it was even now only hidden from us by a veil. I feel as if I was dull and gross and stupid, that I cannot arrive at this. God forgive me! Lady E. died in a sort of rapture. Her loss is a very grievous one to me.

With kind regards to Mrs. Milman,

I am, dear and revered sir and friend,

Yours, S. AUSTIN.

Although my father had himself triumphed over the difficulties by which his early life had been beset on account of the suspicion and alarm which had been aroused in some quarters by his first historical work, he never, it has been remarked, lost thought of others still struggling as he had struggled, but was always ready to lend a helping hand to rising merit, to foster any new light, to speak a word in good season for the protection of any who might be suffering from a similar injustice, or to do away with a prejudice lingering after the cause of it had been removed. A feeling of this kind, enhanced by old family friendship which afterwards became a sincere personal regard, gave

occasion to the following letter, which, now that he in whose behalf it was written, the person to whom it was addressed, and the writer are long since dead, there may be no harm, there may be perhaps benefit, in reproducing. The Archbishop was Sumner; the new professorship, the Chicheley Professorship of Modern History, to which Mr. Montague Burrows was eventually appointed, and for which Mr. J. A. Froude was a candidate.

MAPLEDURHAM, *July 6th*, 1861.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—

You are no doubt aware that it is proposed to establish a new Professorship of English History at Oxford, of which your Grace is one of the electors. Mr. Froude, the historian, is a candidate for that office. Of his ability, his indefatigable industry; of his admirable style; indeed—notwithstanding some of his historical paradoxes, which I fully admit and constantly oppose—of his qualifications in every respect, there can be no doubt.

But objections may naturally arise, especially in your Grace's mind, on account of opinions which he unfortunately entertained and professed in his youthful days. It happens that on this point I can most conscientiously furnish testimony in his favour which it is but justice to him, justice to the electors, justice especially to you and to the University, that I should frankly communicate. The history of his mind is remarkable and instructive. You are no doubt aware of the fatal spell which Newman cast upon his poor brother, whose "Remains"—he died very early—were the first proclamation of what has been called the Oxford opinions. Of course young Froude, coming up to Oxford, fell into the hands of Newman, his tutor, and his brother's dear friend.

Newman, seeing the great ability of Froude, used all his powerful influence, his subtle arts, to enlist him in his train. But the spell worked in this case the other way. Newman set him to write lives of the Saints. "But I do not, I cannot, believe these absurd, lying miracles." "Write on, write boldly, and you will believe." The consequence was even more fatal. The recoil threw him back, as it naturally and pardonably might, into utter unbelief. He left Oxford, and wrote a clever but very melancholy book. Since this time meditation and a strong mind have righted him, and he has become what we should wish he would become, certainly to a great extent. A singular accident has enabled me to adduce a very unsuspicious proof of this. I visited a few years ago his father, Archdeacon Froude, a very old friend of my family. Anthony Froude, with whom I was then unacquainted, came over to meet me. It was Sunday. We went to church. To my great satisfaction I found that Anthony not only attended the service with perfect propriety and becoming devotion, but, it being Sacrament Sunday, received the Holy Communion with us. Now, the Archdeacon was one of the most pious, sincere, conscientious Christians I ever knew (of the old school). If he had had the slightest doubt of his son's sincerity, nothing would have induced him to receive him as a communicant. This your Grace will observe was an ordinary occurrence, with no such object in view as that for which in Cowper's words the Sacrament was made a sort of qualification for a place.

Since then I have continued in most friendly relations with Anthony Froude. I have now a letter before me in which he uses these words: "I wish to live and work as a conscientious member of the Church of England, and do some good where before I did harm."

There are two other circumstances which I am desirous to urge on your Grace and the electors. At a considerable sacrifice, which he could ill afford, he bought up the copyright of his obnoxious book, in order that it may not be reprinted. His college at Oxford (Exeter) is, I believe, unanimous in his favour, the Rector, a man of undoubted piety, taking great interest in his success.

I am quite sure that your Grace will think me fully justified in bringing these circumstances to your knowledge. It would be cruel, it would be unjust, it would be un-Christian, to fix a mark of proscription on a man of such high abilities and promise on account of youthful aberrations (the book was written fourteen years ago) of which he has repented—aberrations which, if ever they were pardonable, were pardonable under the very peculiar and remarkable conditions under which, with no fault of his own, he entered life.

Believe me, my dear Lord Archbishop, with sincere respect and regard, your Grace's faithfully,
H. H. MILMAN.

I write from this charming place which you know so well, almost under the shade of a cedar, now a magnificent tree, planted, I believe, by your hand.

The Archbishop's reply was in a very friendly spirit, and was much appreciated by Froude, who says :—

I return you the Archbishop's letter with many, very many thanks. It is more than kind; and whatever comes of the professorship, I shall always feel glad to have been spoken of with so much gentleness by him. To yourself I need not now assure you how grateful I am for your kindness.

This was an enduring sentiment, and I have many proofs of the admiration and affection entertained by Mr. Froude for my father.

Your father's place [he wrote] can never be filled. The world has lost in him one of its wisest thinkers, and I have lost the kindest friend I ever had.

Talking of Froude's paradoxes, an amusing account has been given me by Miss Elliot of a dinner at Froude's house at which she was present and sat between my father and Mr. Carlyle. Carlyle began to grumble, looking across at Froude: "There is a man who tries to whitewash and excuse a tyrant. You cannot improve them and you cannot alter them by telling soft lies about them. They are cruel, wicked men, and God lets them gang their ain gait." My father did not quite catch what Carlyle was saying, and made his neighbour repeat it. Being seized of the matter, he called out: "Listen, Froude—listen: here is Mr. Carlyle denouncing you for making Henry VIII. a hero and a great king. Won't you remind him of Frederick the Great?" Carlyle looked in great dudgeon for about half a minute, and then burst out into a guffaw of laughter.

The weight which was attached to my father's judgment, the reliance upon his truthful fairness, may be deduced from many incidental expressions in the letters of his occasional correspondents.

Accept [writes the Rev. John Cairns, who had sent to him a pamphlet or essay upon Strauss] my

warmest thanks for the cordiality and generosity of your praise, which, bestowed on the work of a Presbyterian Dissenter, proves that the differences of our common Christianity are after all external and incidental, and that when the citadel is to be defended all believers are brethren. As Tholuck once remarked to me some more than twenty years ago in Halle, "Die Gelehrsamkeit bleibt über alle Gegensätze erhaben." But higher still is faith, and highest of all is charity. No more valued suffrage to my little treatise could come from any quarter than from the historian of the Jews and of Latin Christianity, and I would with equal readiness have received admonition or correction, had that been deemed necessary.

And the letter concludes :—

Once again let me gratefully acknowledge your great kindness, which was not needed to enlarge my heart towards the Church of England (though probably I should be found, were I within the pale, which cannot be, under a different standard); and praying that our common work, greater and less, in the same ample field, may be accepted by the great Lord of the vineyard, and that you may yet add not a few to the rich fruits you have already gathered, I remain, etc., etc.

Passing to quite a different subject, I may just mention a pleasant interchange of letters between my father and the then Lord Derby, whose admirable translation of the "Iliad" of Homer had been recently published. Mr. Murray had sent to my father and had asked his opinion upon two or three books of this translation which were forwarded as a specimen, but without giving the slightest

indication as to their authorship. My father's verdict was altogether favourable, and I remember that he was especially taken by the clear and manly English of the version. In this sense he expressed himself to Mr. Murray. Lord Derby writes to him afterwards on December 16th, 1864 :—

I have every reason to be satisfied so far with the reception which my Homer has met with from the "light artillery" of the Press; but it is much more gratifying to me to receive the approval of a scholar and a poet like yourself. I assure you that it was the greatest possible encouragement to me when I learnt through Murray who was the (to me) unknown critic who had expressed so favourable an opinion of the two sample books which I sent him. I am afraid you will have thought me, though you agree with me, "saucy and overbold" in the somewhat trenchant style of my remarks on the English hexameter; but of the great names that you cite in its defence, I believe Hawtrey certainly recanted his heretical opinions—at least, so says a most amusing little pamphlet, entitled "A Letter to the Dean of Canterbury," by Mr. J. Wright, also a translator of the "Iliad" in blank verse, who vindicates himself and his metre against the strictures of Mr. Arnold, the present Professor of Poetry at Oxford; and it must be admitted that the Professor has the worst of it. If you should not have seen it, it is well worth the sixpence which, I think, it costs. I was in great doubt about the Greek or Latin nomenclature, and in my volume of translations I had written in the first book Zeus and Leto; but Lord Stanhope, who saw the MS., urged me to adhere throughout to the Latin names. I still waver in my opinion as to which was the best course to be pursued.

In several subsequent letters Lord Derby consults my father upon the true rendering of doubtful passages, or passages of which his interpretation had been criticised. After discussion of one or more of these, I remember that one of my father's replies ended with the hope that his Lordship, who had been suffering from gout, would soon be once more like his hero, *πόδας ὠκύς*.

In translation as an exercise of scholarship my father had a genuine belief, and his interest in his sons' more or less feeble essays as schoolboys in the art was incessant. He never could resist showing us how lines "might be turned" (help joyfully accepted); and many a tough passage of "Paradise Lost," over which I had been sadly pondering, has been transmuted by his rapid touch into rolling Latin hexameters. It will not, I hope, be considered too trivial if I add that, in supplying us with epigrams, whether Latin or English, for school consumption, he was inexhaustible. It was an old custom at Westminster for the boys to recite epigrams once a year in the school on a subject given out by the headmaster the day before, the reciter being rewarded by a gift of silver pence, one, two, or three, according to the judgment of the master as to the neatness of the verses. The epigrams might be of the boys' own composition, or they were at liberty to levy contributions upon any one willing to furnish them at a moment's notice. When my

father was, as usual, applied to, he generally began by uttering a protest, but a very short time afterwards we could always tell by an amused look in his face that one or more were ready. Once I remember, the subject being "*Aliusque et idem nascitur*," he gave me, with scarcely a minute's interval, the following version of the Irishman's puzzle: "I saw you, you saw I; I thought that I was you; you thought that you was I; and it was neither of us."

Vidi ego te, tu me, tu te me, credo ego me te;
Neuter erat, nos en idem aliusque sumus.

And on another occasion, at a time when the Queen's scholars wore *breeches*, on the theme "*Crescit et decrescit res*," my elder brother having just been admitted on to the foundation:—

I'm increasing in stature, in wisdom, and knowledge;
The third of my year I shall go into college.
But in one thing alone there's a fatal decrease:
My long pantaloons cut up to the knees.

In a review of Sir John Coleridge's Memoir of Keble by Dean Stanley, it is stated that there were few occasions on which my father's friends remembered him to have given way to a warmer feeling of indignation than when by a narrow prejudice he found himself excluded after Keble's death from joining in the general tribute of admiration to his memory. These feelings seem to have found expression in the following letter to Archbishop Longley.

WOODLANDS, WINDLESHAM,
July 9th, 1866.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—

I have received a printed letter, signed by your Grace, inviting me to contribute to the Keble Memorial.

Under ordinary circumstances such an appeal would have been most congenial to my feelings of respect, and I may say of old affection, for Keble. I must confess that I have long wondered, not without some shame, and expressed my wonder (though not publicly), that, while the dignities and honours of the Church were lavished on many certainly not very distinguished men, no dignity, not even a barren honour, as far as I know, was ever bestowed on the author of the "Christian Year" and the editor of Hooker. I cannot but think that this is not to the credit of those who for nearly fifty years have had the disposal of those dignities and honours. But Keble is not the first nor the only eminent man whose claims to honour have only been recognized when they have ceased to be conscious of such honours.

But to pass from this now, perhaps, rather irrelevant consideration, I am one, and must have been known to be one, of the few surviving contemporaries of Keble at Oxford. We were at one time on terms of great intimacy. I have letters of his expressing very friendly affection.* I remember well that he waived his claim to the Professorship of Poetry, though senior in standing, in my favour, and was content to be my successor in that office.† In a remarkable writing, which your Grace no doubt, like the rest of the world, has read, and read with great interest, my name was associated

* I have been unable to find these letters. Not much of my father's correspondence has survived.

† Cf. "Memoir of the Rev. John Keble," Coleridge, p. 206.

in a very singular manner with that of Keble.* I was among the few who read the "Christian Year" in MS., and I believe the first who in a popular journal passed my judgment, briefly indeed, on its extraordinary excellence. The circumstances of our lives, placed at some distance from each other, and no doubt divergence of opinion, severed us as regarded personal intercourse; but for my part I never ceased to look up to Keble with the greatest respect, and I may say reverence, for the purity, loftiness, and single-mindedness of his character.

I rejoiced to hear that some tribute to his memory was in contemplation; and no one was more eager to take part in the movement, no one would have more heartily or readily obeyed a summons for that purpose, than myself.

But on that occasion my name was not only overlooked, but, as I have been credibly informed, having been suggested, was deliberately and intentionally excluded. I will not affect any false modesty, but boldly say, that, as a man of letters not without distinction, as one who in former years obtained some fame for poetry (fame which no one recognized more fully than Keble), for religious poetry, I cannot but think that my name might have had more weight, at least with the public in general, than those of some whose title to take the lead in such a movement it would be difficult to explain,—my name as well as other names of men who in writings of very widespread popularity and influence have repeatedly, emphatically, and with the best qualifications for judgment borne their testimony to Keble's poetic power.

I do not pretend to disguise my personal feelings in this matter; but, believe me, my Lord Archbishop, what I chiefly regret, and most deeply regret, is that one of those rare occasions should have been

* Cf "Apologia pro Vita Sua," John Henry Newman, p. 76.

allowed to pass by when the whole Church of England with unwonted unison might have concurred in one outburst of respect and reverence for the author of the "Christian Year"—not the clergy only (and among them it would have included every shade of opinion), but all classes of religious men; and this not in England only, but in the United States, in the Colonies, wherever God is loyally worshipped in the language of England and in the spirit of the religion of Christ.

Even as to the form in which it might be thought fit that the memorial should appear I think there would have been no difficulty. I for one should certainly have acquiesced in any expression of general feeling on the subject. I cannot but honestly think that for the attainment of this object a less narrow mode of action would have been more likely to meet with success.

I trust that in what I have written there is no word inconsistent with the sincere respect which I entertain for your Grace as Primate, or, permit me to add, with the friendship which has subsisted between us for nearly fifty years.

I have the honour to be

Ever your Grace's faithful servant,

H. H. MILMAN.

The Archbishop's answer to this remonstrance, together with a concluding letter from my father, are too interesting to be omitted, and are a further proof of the sincere friendship which, dating from old Oxford days, still subsisted between them.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON,
July 20th, 1866.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I sincerely hope you will not imagine that my silence is owing to any offence that I have

taken at your letter of the 9th inst. My delay in answering it has, I assure you, resulted solely from the great pressure of business I had during the ten days before I left London. Let me also assure you that I never feel displeased by any remonstrance addressed to me, either as a public officer or as a private individual, provided it be addressed to me in the former character in respectful terms, and in the latter with frankness and courtesy. In neither of these respects have I anything to complain of in your recent communication.

Your strictures upon the conduct of those who had ecclesiastical patronage at their disposal, and yet never bestowed any on our excellent friend John Keble, happily do not affect myself. I was for twenty years Bishop of Ripon, and I never had but one living at my disposal above the value of £300 a year. During the short time that I held the Sees of Durham and York scarcely a vacancy occurred, while preferment fell abundantly to my two successors in those sees very recently after their appointment. It was not till I became Archbishop of Canterbury, after an episcopacy of a quarter of a century, that I was able to reward my own chaplains, who had the first claim upon me.

As to the Keble Memorial, in justice to myself I must explain to you that I am in no way responsible for those who were or were not invited to the meeting at Lambeth Palace. A committee had been formed at Oxford without my knowledge or co-operation, and I was simply asked to allow the meeting to be held under my roof, in order that those who had been asked by the committee to attend it might discuss the scheme prepared by them. As regards the exact form of memorial then agreed upon, I can only say that it was shown to be one so entirely in accordance with the views

of John Keble himself, that it would have been impossible to carry a proposal for any other.

You are probably aware that some time before his death there was a scheme discussed by many of the leading men in Oxford for founding a hall or college very similar to that which is now proposed in honour of John Keble; and this idea was adopted as being more likely than any other to carry out his well-known views in this direction. I am quite sure that you will have candour enough to look at the matter from another point of view than your own. Supposing such a form of memorial to have been adopted as would have embraced among its supporters all who admired John Keble as a poet, but not as a Christian poet, would it not have alienated many of those who knew him most intimately in his later years, because they regarded it as a tribute to his memory which they knew would have been very uncongenial to his feelings.

That your feelings should have been wounded by any incident that has occurred in these proceedings is indeed a source of very deep regret to me; but in truth, as you will perceive from what I have already said, I do not consider myself responsible for any act which may have caused you pain, and I heartily concur with you in the hope that this passage in our lives may in no way mar that friendly intercourse which has subsisted between us since our Oxford days.

Believe me, my dear Dean,

Yours very faithfully,

G. T. CANTUAR.

WOODLANDS, WINDLESHAM,
July 23rd, 1866.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—

I am truly grateful for the courteous and friendly reply of your Grace to my letter relating

to the Keble Memorial. That letter, purporting to be an answer to a letter which bore your signature, in strictness perhaps was not entitled to a reply. I am therefore better pleased to have received one so entirely in harmony with your invariable kindness and high feeling, and so worthy of your exalted position.

On one point I must revert to my letter. If I had thought that the extraordinary neglect of Keble as to the honours and dignities of the Church could by the most remote possibility apply to your Grace, be assured that I should not have written a word on the subject. Such a misapprehension seemed to me so inconceivable, that I had no hesitation in expressing what it was natural to feel, when, looking back on our Oxford contemporaries, and their titles to distinction compared with their advancement and honours (I would include myself among these), I saw Keble alone for above fifty years no more than a country clergyman, in a living, I believe, conferred on him by private friendship and esteem—not even a barren honour attached to his name. But for this no one could be less answerable than your Grace. I would only add that I trust you may live many years, and have the disposal of much Church preferment, in full and sincere confidence that such preferment will be awarded most conscientiously and to the utmost of your judgment, to the advantage and honour of the Church.

As to the transaction itself, nothing can be more entirely satisfactory than the explanation which you have had the kindness to make as regards your personal share in it. But I cannot disguise my regret that the persons actively concerned, not only have let pass the golden opportunity of bringing all parties in the Church (I hate the word “parties”) into a rare and most desirable unison on one

great subject of our common sympathies, but have allowed that which might have been a bond of wide and general union to degenerate into what is thought by many a narrow and exclusive and party movement.

Your Grace has no doubt heard that a memorial has been prepared, exclusively signed by laymen, requesting permission to erect some monumental tribute in Westminster Abbey to the author of the "Christian Year." It has obtained many signatures of men in the highest rank and position. There can be no doubt that the Dean will accede to this request; and although it was thought right to confine the signatures to the memorial to the laity, the subscriptions of the clergy will not be declined. Those, therefore, who like myself are anxious to show their veneration and affection for the memory of Keble will have an opportunity of doing so, and of gratifying their feelings towards the Church's poet.

Believe me, with the warmest respect and regard,

Ever your Grace's faithful servant and friend,

H. H. MILMAN.

My father and Keble can but rarely have met in later years; but I remember once to have seen them in company, I think in 1854. We were at the time staying with Archdeacon Froude at Dartington, when Keble, who was also in the neighbourhood, drove over to meet the Dean. No one could fail to be struck by the friendly, even affectionate, greetings which were interchanged between them, manifest proofs of an old and reciprocal regard and esteem which neither absence nor divergence of opinion had had power to obliterate.



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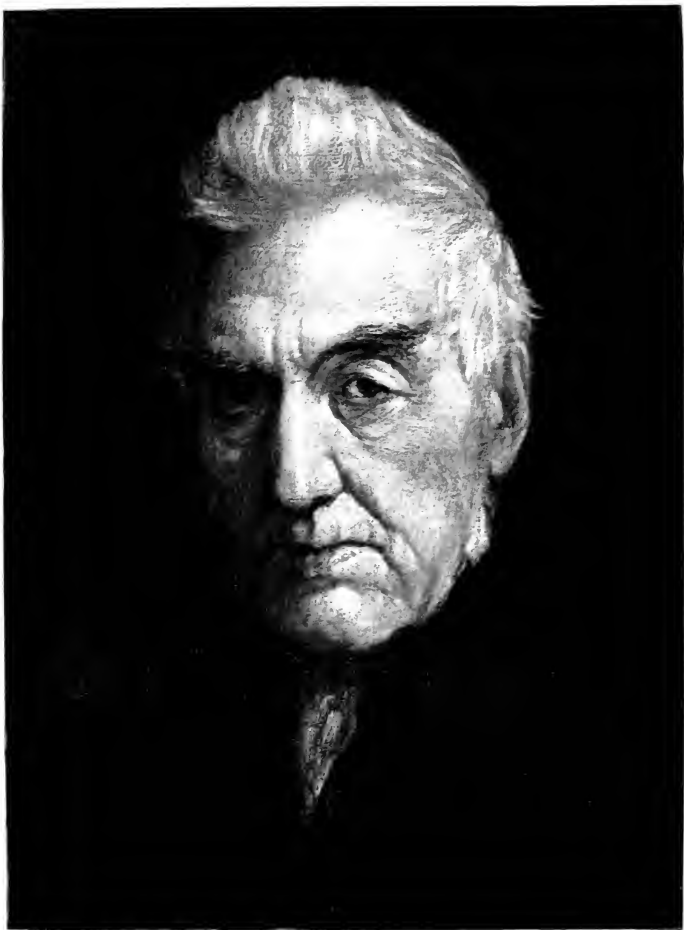
Your Grace has no doubt heard that a memorial has been prepared, exclusively signed by laymen, requesting permission to erect some monumental tribune in Westminster Abbey to the author of the *Christian Year*. It has obtained many signatures of men in the highest rank and position. There can be no doubt that the Dean will accede to this request; and although it was thought right to confine the signatures to the memorial to the laity, the subscriptions of the clergy will not be declined. Those, therefore, who like myself are anxious to show their veneration and affection for the memory of Keble will have an opportunity of doing so, and of gratifying their feelings towards the Church's poet.

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1890-1891

W. H. P. 1891

- Hulman -

CHAPTER IX.

"History of Latin Christianity"—Appreciation of by Dean Stanley
—Dean Church—Mr. Froude—American Writers—St. Paul's—
Funeral of the Duke of Wellington—Special Evening Services
—Letter to the Archbishop on Revision of Lectionary—Views
on the Decoration of the Cathedral.

THE "History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.," my father's *opus magnum*, has been already more than once referred to. It was completed during the earlier years of his residence at St. Paul's, and was published, the first three volumes in 1854, the remaining three, in accordance with his publisher, Mr. Murray's, advice, in the following year. It would be as presumptuous to praise as it would be unbecoming in me, even if I were competent, to attempt any critical appreciation of this book. It was universally and immediately recognized as a work of the very highest order—a work which, as was more than once observed, went far to do away with the reproach which had too long rested upon English literature of having produced no ecclesiastical history, save Gibbon's, worthy of the name.

From that moment—the publication of the

“History of Latin Christianity” [if I may once more use the words of Dean Stanley]—the triumph was complete. From that moment—from the unquestionable obligation under which he thus placed the whole theological world of England—from the duty which he thus imposed upon it of reading an indispensable and inestimable book—he occupied a position, not only unassailable, but almost unassailed. The “History of Christianity under the Empire,” with its gorgeous style, its wide learning and lucid argument, filled a gap which had been hitherto only supplied by the meagre narratives of Mosheim and Milner, or by the ill-adapted translations of Neander and Gieseler. And now another gap, still vaster, was supplied by what was, in fact, a complete epic and philosophy of mediæval Christendom.

Mr. Froude writes to my father as follows :—

I have finished your first volume, and I am now busy with the second. The interest grows steadily, but I am lost in wonder at the enormous labour which the book must have cost you. The Mahomet chapter is the best thing that I have ever read on that subject. The perpetual dirt of Gibbon is so disagreeable, and the impossibility of being serious, that, brilliant as his account is, it does not satisfy, and scarcely commands admiration. Ockley was always my favourite work on Mahometanism.

And again, after the completion of the publication :—

Last night I finished your sixth volume. What can I say, except that you have written the finest historical work in the English language? The interest grows from, perhaps commences with, the

four last volumes. The first two, covering a vast period comparatively little known, are less distinct, and fail so powerfully to hold the attention. But what a labour of intellect to have shifted so often your point of vision—to have looked at every event, at every character, on all sides, before you set yourself to draw it! Calmness, impartiality, a belief, fixed as the Creed, that the history of man, judged as a whole, is the history of his better nature struggling against his lower, and struggling not altogether unsuccessfully; that in a divinely governed world no systems of faith or policy have taken enduring and effective hold upon mankind unless the truth in them has been greater than the falsehood,—these are the essentials of a great writer; and these, more than any one who as yet has taken such subjects in hand, you possess. The “History of Christianity” did not prepare me for the “History of Latin Christianity.” In the first I seemed to see chiefly the philosopher, in the second the man.

But perhaps a still stronger testimony to the general sense of Dean Milman’s high qualifications as the historian of Latin Christianity, because, so to say, disinterested and indirect, is given by a successor in the Deanery, Dr. Church, between whom and my father, though they no doubt approached the consideration of purely ecclesiastical questions from very different standpoints, there was the attraction and sympathy which are engendered by an equal love of justice, of charity, of moderation—by a community of scholarly tastes and refinement. No one then was more alive than Dean Church to the merits of the “History

of Latin Christianity" in its historical objective aspect, though from the theological and subjective his admiration might have been less unreserved, and his generous appreciation is only heightened by the expression of a significant regret that Dean Milman's great and rare qualities had not been devoted to, or extended so as to embrace, the later history of the Church.

Dean Milman's great and rare qualities [he says *] were even perhaps more suited for the later history of the Church than for the earlier; and though we should be sorry to be without much of what he has done for the Middle Ages, we are not sure that we would not exchange it for the same amount of work on the time from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. The English "History of the Reformation" has yet to be written. . . . Dean Milman's imagination and insight, his fearless courage, and his unusual combination of the strongest feelings about right and wrong with the largest equity, would have enabled him to handle this perplexed and difficult history in a manner in which no English writer has yet treated it. We do not say that he could be expected to be entirely successful. He wanted—what many of our most eminent teachers of the present day want—a due appreciation of the reality and depth of those eternal problems of thought and feeling which have made theology. . . .

A man must be able to do both [give, that is, an account not only of what is outward in the fortunes and conduct of a religious body, but of those inward and spiritual ideas and efforts which are its

* "Occasional Papers," i. 156-8, in a review of a volume of essays published after Dean Milman's death, "Savonarola, Erasmus, and other Essays."

soul and life] before the history of that great crisis in the fortunes of the world is duly set forth ; but to have done the first as Dean Milman would have done it—so loftily, so intelligently, so fearlessly, so justly—would have given us a book which for the present we want.

Dr. Herford, in one of those able but not altogether satisfying handbooks in which the literature of a period is appraised, and writers great and small are consigned with infallibility, *plusquam papale*, to the several niches which they are to occupy in the Temple of Fame, has indeed said that Milman—

in spite of his fine sympathetic insight, accomplished scholarship, and wide and deep learning, belongs to the class, so frequent in the history of English culture, of those who but half apprehend the meaning and tendency of their own work.

Ex cathedra criticisms of this kind are no doubt difficult to meet, and seem, moreover, to imply some confusion between the respective provinces of the theologian and of the historian. The author of "Latin Christianity" would have been too modest to predicate the ultimate consequences of any work of his, or the extreme inferences which might possibly be drawn from it. Nor did he pretend to foretell the future of Christianity : though believing in its perpetuity, he believed—

that by some providential law it must adapt itself in its future, as it had adapted itself with such wonderful versatility in the past, but with a faithful

conservation of its inner vital spirit, to all vicissitudes and phases of man's social, moral, intellectual being.

Thus, after a pregnant summary of the distinctive tendencies and characteristics of Latin as contrasted with Teutonic Christianity, the writer continues :—

How far Teutonic Christianity may in some parts already have gone almost or absolutely beyond the pale of Christianity, how far it may have lost itself in its unrebuked wanderings, posterity only will know. What distinctness of conception, what precision of language, may be indispensable to true faith ; what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed silently to fall into disuse, as at least superfluous, and as beyond the proper range of human thought and human language ; how far the sacred records may, without real peril to their truth, be subjected to closer investigation ; to what wider interpretation, especially of the Semitic portion, those records may submit, and wisely submit, in order to harmonize them with the irrefutable conclusions of science ; how far the Eastern veil of allegory which hangs over their truth may be lifted or torn away to show their unshadowed essence ; how far the poetic vehicle through which truth is conveyed may be gently severed from the truth,—*all this must be left to the future historian of our religion.*

“ Such fine reserve and noble reticence ” appears to me to be ill characterized as *Halbheit*, and there was assuredly no half-heartedness in the ultimate expressions of the author's own belief which form the concluding sentences of the work to which he had devoted the best years of his life :—

As it is my own confident belief that the words of Christ, and His words alone (the primal indefeasible truths of Christianity), shall not pass away, so I cannot presume to say that men may not attain to a clearer, at the same time more full, comprehensive, and balanced sense of those words, than has as yet been generally received in the Christian world. As all else is transient and mutable, these only eternal and universal, assuredly, whatever light may be thrown on the mental constitution of man, even on the constitution of nature, and the laws which govern the world, will be concentrated so as to give a more penetrating vision of those undying truths. Teutonic Christianity (and this seems to be its mission and privilege), however nearly in its more perfect form it may already have approximated, may approximate still more closely to the absolute and perfect faith of Christ. It may discover and establish the sublime unison of religion and reason; keep in tone the triple-chorded harmony of faith, holiness, and charity; assert its own full freedom, know the bounds of that freedom, respect the freedom of others. Christianity may yet have to exercise a far wider, even if more silent and untraceable, influence, through its primary all-pervading principles, on the civilization of mankind.*

The "History of Latin Christianity" has taken rank as one of the standard works of English literature; and I do not think that any one who is acquainted with the historical and ecclesiastical writings of the last forty years can fail to see the influence that it has exercised upon them, nor the vast mine of information which it has been to

* For this and the two previous quotations see "Latin Christianity," Book XIV., cap. 10.

labourers in portions of the same field. In the schools of the Universities it is a recognized text-book ; in the United States, among a kindred people, it has an equally established position. A well-known American author, Mr. H. C. Lea, writes from Philadelphia in 1861 :—

The republication of your work in this country has elicited a cordiality of appreciative criticism more unanimous than often falls to the lot of works so elevated in character, and so far removed from the passions and struggles of the day. There can be little doubt that it will maintain the position it deserves as the leading authority on its interesting subject wherever the English language is spoken.

And Mr. Bancroft, when forwarding a copy of the American reprint of “ Latin Christianity,” adds :—

The success of the book, if the word “ success ” deserves to be used of an unauthorized edition, has been great, and for the times wonderful. The first edition of seven hundred copies was bought immediately, and the second is reported as more than half sold ; and this at a time when the book trade has been, and continues to be, in a state of unexampled depression such as you can hardly form an idea of. But we Americans of the North are a grave, sober, industrious people, more given to reading good books than any nation I ever saw ; and in my time I have lived under all sorts of governments, from the monarchy of Prussia to that of the Roman Pontiff and the Bourbon King of Naples.

So great, indeed, was the demand for the book in the United States that the whole work was

stereotyped by an enterprising American publisher. The outbreak shortly afterwards of the Civil War for a time, however, absorbing every other interest, and inflicting a deadly check on the publishing and other trades, the plates of this edition were offered to Mr. Murray, as appears in the next letter :—

LANSDOWNE VILLA, RICHMOND,
September 2nd, 1864.

MY DEAR MISS LOUISA STANLEY,—

You may suppose that I was delighted to receive Arthur's [Stanley] letter, to me so full of special interest. I must either make out for myself or persuade Arthur to make out for me a note* for the new edition of "Latin Christianity." With this view, my patient, most kind, and useful wife has transcribed the passage for me—my son and I having last night been the Young and Champollion of Arthur's hieroglyphics. I think that we have made out the whole, even the two words which puzzled your sagacity and familiarity with his ups and downs. I presume that the pilgrims are on the way southward, and have not yet visited the chief object of the tour, Monte Casino. I shall be able, I trust, to insert the note, as at present my reprint is rather in abeyance. The Americans had stereotyped the book, and, taken with the form and typography, Murray and I agreed to buy the plates, which would enable us to publish the book at a less costly price. But on close investigation we find many inconveniences and some peculiarities of spelling, which make us hesitate unless these faults can be corrected. In the meantime accept my most grateful thanks for the letter, which I enclose

* This refers to a description of Canossa, the ancestral fortress of the Countess Matilda, the scene of the famous submission of the Emperor Henry IV. to Pope Gregory VII. See "Latin Christianity," Book VII., cap. 2.

with the least delay possible. I shall be glad to hear of the traveller's return, which, I presume, cannot be long expected, as Arthur's presence will be wanted at Oxford.

We grieve that you can give us no more cheerful account of the state of things at Holmwood. I fear that it must be sadly trying to you and your sister. But the consciousness that you are discharging a duty—a duty of veneration and love—must be, and I am confident is, your support. We leave this charming place on Saturday; and after passing a day in London, think of about a fortnight at Weymouth, where I have not been for near sixty years. The last and only time I have ever visited that place was when my father was in attendance on good old George III.: good, *pace* your neighbour, John Phillimore, the author of the most audacious book I ever read. Our kindest and most affectionate remembrances to my dear old friend my Lady, as well as to your sisters: love to you from us both.

Ever your most sincere friend,

H. H. MILMAN.

In a letter to my father notifying the Queen's approval of his appointment to the Deanery of St. Paul's, Lord John Russell expressed his hope that—

he would be prepared to carry out the measures of reform and improvement which are needed in that Cathedral, and that he would be able to regulate the admission of the public in a manner more satisfactory than the present mode, and at the same time provide for the decent respect due to a place of worship.

This refers more especially, no doubt, to the

unseemly custom which had been for many years in operation of levying a charge of twopence on every person entering the Cathedral at any other time than when services were actually going on. St. Paul's was certainly not the only church where similar objectionable customs prevailed ; but it was more in evidence, and the twopenny payment had been the object, and properly the object, of unceasing attack in verse as well as prose. But the abolition of an abuse is more difficult than its creation. Vergers and others had vested interests in the fund thereby created, and some little time was required before arrangements could be made and the necessary funds be provided for their compensation. As soon as these could be completed, the whole area of the Cathedral was thrown and has since remained open.

Of incidents in connection with my father's tenure of the Deanery one of the earliest and undoubtedly the most interesting was the funeral of the Duke of Wellington on November 18th, 1852 ; and allusion has already been made (*ante*, p. 179) to the labour and anxiety which were thrown upon the Dean in making the necessary arrangements with all the various and conflicting authorities who had the ordering of the ceremony. The state of confusion in the Cathedral on the morning of the funeral is referred to in the " Annals of St. Paul's " ; and as this work is out of print, it may be interesting to reproduce my father's own account of the funeral, in itself a great historic event. It was too, as he says, somewhat remarkable that he who as an

"undistinguished boy witnessed the burial of Lord Nelson should officiate as Dean of St. Paul's at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington."

The funeral of the Duke of Wellington lives in the memory of the present generation. Nothing could be more impressive than the sad, silent reverence of the whole people of London, of all orders and classes, as the procession passed through the streets. But this concerns not St. Paul's. In the Cathedral time had not been allowed to carry out the designs as proposed by the authorities. The interior was to have been entirely dark, except from artificial light, lines of which were to trace out all the lines of the architecture. This was thought far more impressive than the dull, dubious light of a November day. But the daylight was, from haste, but imperfectly excluded, and the solemn effect of illuminating the whole building, with every arch, and the dome in its majestic circle, was in some degree marred. So ill, indeed, had the time been measured, that on the morning of the funeral hundreds of workmen had to be dismissed and discharged from the Cathedral. Yet the scene under the dome was in the highest degree imposing. The two Houses of Parliament assembled in full numbers,—on the north side of the area the House of Commons; behind these, filling up the north transept, the civic authorities, the City companies, and the members of the Corporation; on the south side of the area the Peers; behind them the clergy of the Cathedral and their friends. The foreign ambassadors sat on seats extending to the organ-gallery. Every arcade, every available space, was crowded; from twelve to fifteen thousand persons (it was difficult closely to calculate) were present. The body was received by the Bishop and the Dean and the clergy, with the choir, at the west door, and conducted to the

central area under the dome, on which shone down the graceful coronal of light which encircled the dome under the Whispering-Gallery. The pall was borne by eight of the most distinguished general officers who had survived the wars of their great commander or other glorious wars in which their country had been engaged. The chief mourner was of course the Duke of Wellington, with the Prince Consort and others of the Royal Family.

The service was the simple Burial Service of the Church of England, with the fine music now wedded to that service, and other music, including an anthem, of a very high order, composed by the organist, Mr. Goss, on words chosen by the Dean:—

“And the king said to all the people that were with him, ‘Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth and mourn.’ And the king himself followed the bier.

“And they buried him; and the king lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept. And the king said unto his servants, ‘Know ye not that there is a prince and great man fallen this day in Israel?’”

Some of the prayers and the lesson were read by the Dean.* And here must be a final tribute to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren. Of all architects, Wren alone, either from intuition or philosophic discernment, has penetrated the abstruse mysteries of acoustics, has struck out the law of the propagation of sound. I have been assured, on the highest musical authority, that there is no building in Europe equal for sound to St. Paul’s. My voice was accordingly heard distinctly in every part of the building, up to the western gallery, by the many thousands

* “The congregation were requested to join in the responses to the Lord’s Prayer; and the effect of many thousand voices in deep emotion repeating the words after the full enunciation of the Dean was intensely affecting.”—*Times* Report, November 19th, 1852.

present, though the whole was deadened by walls of heavy black cloth which lined every part. Nothing could be imagined more solemn than the responses of all the thousands present, who repeated, as had been suggested, the words of the Lord's Prayer. It fulfilled the sublime Biblical phrase, "Like the roar of many waters," only that it was clear and distinct—the sad, combined prayer, as it were, of the whole nation. The gradual disappearance of the coffin, as it slowly sank into the vault below, was a sight which will hardly pass away from the memory of those who witnessed it.*

In connection with this tribute to the acoustic pre-eminence of St. Paul's, it seems fair to say that my father's voice, though not so powerful an organ physically as that of many others, was singularly clear and melodious, so that by skilful management, with distinct enunciation, he could make himself heard over a surprisingly wide area. This was often noticed a few years later, when, on the establishment of the evening services under the dome, the Dean used Sunday after Sunday to read the Lessons to a vast congregation. The general impressiveness of his reading is thus on one occasion recorded:—

The Dean again read the Lessons for the evening. It is remarkable how well this venerable gentleman, in spite of his advanced years, contrives by the management of his voice to make himself heard almost over the whole of the vast area—a task of no slight difficulty, as may be conceived. The Lessons for the day, in themselves impressive in a high degree, were rendered still more so by his

* "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," second edition, pp. 492-4.

manner of reading them ; and it could only have been on the outskirts of the congregation, and there only now and then, that he was inaudible.

An opinion which the Dean had long entertained of the desirability of some revision of the *Lecti-
onary* was strengthened by this new experience, and gave occasion to the following letter :—

[Private.]

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S, E.C.,
January 9th, 1865.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,—

In Mr. Walpole's draft Report for the Commission (p. 20) there is a sentence which seems to infer that your Grace may have the power to effect a most important change in our services. I confess that I had always supposed the Rubrics to be included under the Act of Uniformity ; and in the copy of Mr. Walpole's report, just circulated, I see that he has very much restricted his former statement.

However this may be, the question of revising the proper Lessons, or perhaps the whole rubric of Lessons, is one on which I feel a very deep interest. I gathered, either from something which fell from your Grace in the House of Lords, or from general rumour, that you are not averse to the consideration of the subject. I would urge you with great earnestness not to be deterred from this wise resolution.

My reason for addressing you is this :—Of all the clergy of the Church of England I have perhaps the best right to be heard on the subject. The congregations at the special services at St. Paul's are very far the largest that have ever met Sunday after Sunday within the walls of any church in England. I was obliged very early, from mistrust of my physical powers, to decline the office of Preacher ;

but up to the last year, when I was incapacitated by illness, I almost constantly read the Lessons. I cannot describe the effect of a solemn and impressive Lesson from the Old or New Testament on the vast congregation. The breathless, reverential attention was most striking—the most simple or natural homage to its beauty or sublimity.

But I must acknowledge that there were occasionally Lessons which it was most painful, which it required great courage, to read with unfaltering voice before thousands of hearers from every class, of every age, of both sexes, of every shade of religious opinion. I will say no more, but that to relieve the clergy from such a burthen would be an office worthy of the head of our Church.

This change leads of necessity to no other change : it touches no point of doctrine, except remotely perhaps the very subordinate one of the Apocryphal Lessons. I need not remind your Grace of the passage in the Preface to the Second Book of Homilies, in which a wide, perhaps too wide, liberty of changing the Lessons was given to the clergy. Do, my dear Lord Archbishop, for once forestall that pressure from without which sooner or later will come. I see a cloud looming in the distance, not bigger than a man's hand-writing, than one sermon. If your Grace does not understand my allusion, the Archbishop of York, I think, would. At all events I am sure that, after what I have thus briefly written, you will accept my earnest advice as a mark of my profound general admiration of our Liturgy (those who admit and would remove some few blemishes are not the least ardent admirers of it), and of the sincere regard and esteem with which I subscribe myself

Your Grace's

Most truly and faithfully,

H. H. MILMAN.

The first of these evening services had been held on Advent Sunday, 1858; and a few words may be said about their introduction, the more especially as there would seem to have been some misunderstanding on the subject. In the previous year—November, 1857—Lord Shaftesbury and some of his friends had commenced a series of Sunday-evening services in Exeter Hall; but these services were considered by the incumbent of the parish in which the hall is situated as an intrusion upon his parish, and, in the exercise of what was undoubtedly held to be his legal right, he put his veto upon their continuance. This was by many regarded as a harsh measure, and hard words were aimed at a Church which, while itself neglecting the opportunities of attracting large masses of the people offered by the noble spaces at its command, yet did not hesitate to warn off trespassers upon its province. A Bill, subsequently withdrawn, was brought into Parliament to legalize such services; and in the meantime services were recommenced in the hall, to which, liturgical forms being excluded, it was assumed that no valid objection could be raised. The discussion and the feeling which it engendered had no doubt the effect of quickening the determination already formed by the Bishop of London, Dr. Tait, to secure the opening of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's to popular services; and in this view he addressed a communication to the Dean and Chapter of his Cathedral, urging upon them the

advisability of instituting a series of special evening services for the benefit of those large masses of the people whom it might be impossible to attract in any other way. In his own name and in that of the Chapter Dean Milman replied to the Bishop on February 1st, 1858.* After expressing their "earnest, unanimous, and sincere desire to co-operate to the utmost of their power in the promotion of religious worship and the preaching of the Word of God in the metropolis, especially as regards those classes for which such services are more particularly designed," the letter went on to discuss the practicability of the plan and the best methods of carrying it out, and to point out the difficulties which would inevitably arise from the scantiness of the funds which could be applied for such a purpose; and then the Dean proceeds to develop his further views for the decoration and completion of the interior, so that the Cathedral might be made within worthy of its exterior grandeur and beauty. The Dean and Chapter desired no more than to see their way clearly before embarking in an enterprise of some magnitude; nor would there appear to have been any undue delay in carrying out the wishes of the Bishop, as the first series of the special services was held before the end of the same year, commencing, as has been said, on Advent Sunday. Once determined upon, the Dean set himself with wonted energy to see that they were properly carried out, rarely, so long as health permitted, omitting

* See "Handbook of St. Paul's," pp. 92-6.

attendance at them ; and when, at their commencement, the Commissioner of Police came to him and expressed some alarm with respect to the crowds which might be attracted, he replied, " If you will see that there is no disorder outside, I will undertake that there shall be none within the interior of the building."

Nor was there, except on the first evening, and then only outside the Cathedral, where there was some slight confusion and expression of disapprobation, arising, however, solely from the disappointment caused to many who, after long waiting, had to retire, the church, on the opening of the doors, having immediately been filled to overflowing. In the concluding pages of the " Annals of St. Paul's " a brief summary is given of what was immediately done towards the adaptation of the building for public worship on a larger and more comprehensive scale. For carrying out the larger and more ambitious scheme for the completion and decoration of a building so vast as St. Paul's, the first steps were almost necessarily hesitating and tentative ; and the costliness of the undertaking was in itself a bar to any rapid progress. One great step, the starting-point of all future improvements, was, however, taken as early as 1860, when, in consequence of a plan for the enlargement of the organ, the Screen between the Choir and the Dome, originally set up contrary to the wishes of Sir Christopher Wren, was temporarily removed. The magnificent effect of the uninterrupted view

of the Cathedral from end to end which was opened out by this removal made such an impression upon the Dean that he at once decided that the Screen should not be re-erected. Since then the whole vast area of the building has remained, as he desired, available for public worship.

My father was well aware that he could never live to see more than the first dawn of the new era that was approaching in the history of the Cathedral. Still, it was something to have inaugurated the great work ; and he was full of hope that, a beginning once made, it would commend itself ever more and more to public favour and piety, and that the day would assuredly come when the great design would be worthily achieved, when the last finishing grace would be given to that glorious fabric which he so ardently admired.

CHAPTER X.

Publishers and Retail Booksellers—Clerical Subscription Commission—Sir Joseph Napier—Dean Milman's Speech and Proposal—Opinions of Dr. Goodwin and Lord Westbury thereupon—Tours Abroad—Rome and the Catacombs—The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.

LEAVING, but not for long, the Cathedral, I may say a few words upon my father's connection with other public questions in the settlement or consideration of which he felt that he ought not to refuse such assistance as he was able to give. To one of these occasions, if not altogether public in the widest sense, yet still of considerable importance, at least from a literary and educational point of view, Lord Campbell thus refers in his diary under date of May, 1852 :—

I have been sitting as Chief Justice, with Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's, and Grote, the historian of Greece, as my puisnes, upon a grand question between the publishers and the retail booksellers as to the right of the former to dictate a *minimum price* at which new books are to be sold by the latter to their customers. Macaulay and all the great literary men have taken a lively interest in the controversy. The hearing took place at Stratheden House, our court sitting *foribus apertis*, and attended by reporters. The judgment which

I delivered in favour of free trade in books will be a curious document two hundred years hence, illustrating the manner in which knowledge was circulated in the reign of Queen Victoria. I never took such pains with any judgment to be delivered in Westminster Hall.*

This controversy, which, in spite of Lord Campbell's judgment, has since been more than once revived, had become acute in 1852, and publishers and booksellers had agreed to refer the question to the arbitration of a Court of Honour, consisting of representatives of literature, to which the Lord Chief Justice, himself an author of considerable reputation, would add the full weight of his judicial position and legal acumen.

Early in 1864 a Royal Commission was appointed to consider the forms of subscription and declaration of assent required from the clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland, and how far they might admit of alteration; and upon this "Clerical Subscription" Commission, as it was shortly entitled, my father accepted a seat. The Commissioners held many meetings, and at one of the later ones my father proposed that the only subscription to be required should be subscription to the Liturgy, the Book of Common Prayer, on the ground that the doctrines of our Church are more simply, fully, and more winningly taught in the Liturgy than in the Articles. The proposal seems to have fallen like a sort of bombshell among some of the members

* "Life of Lord Campbell," ii. 307.

of the Commission. There was an attempt to exclude the question, the Archbishop* going so far as to say that if he had known that it was to be discussed he would not have served on the Commission. He was, however, overruled, and it was agreed that the discussion should be taken. My father's speech, when advocating his proposal, was acknowledged, even by those who widely differed from his conclusions, to have been a wonderful instance of moral courage, and of tact and ability in handling a most difficult and delicate subject. "Never," said the Dean of Ely (Dr. Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), "had I a higher intellectual gratification than in hearing that noble old man expound his views before us."

The speech, although the conclusions which it enforced were too advanced for the majority of the Commission, made a considerable impression, and it was privately printed at their request.† Many excellent persons were, however, alarmed; and Sir Joseph Napier,‡ a member of the Commission, gave voice to this alarm in a pamphlet which, as a matter of course, claimed to have refuted the Dean's arguments.

There was a rather amusing interchange of letters between the Deans of St. Paul's and of Westminster on the subject. My father writes to Dean Stanley :—

* Archbishop Longley.

† It was afterwards reprinted in *Fraser's Magazine*, lxxi. 269.

‡ Sir Joseph Napier was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1858, in Lord Derby's second Administration.

ADDISCOMBE, CROYDON, *September 20th.*

Herewith you will receive a paper in which you are somewhat concerned. Why the ex-Tory Chancellor should think it necessary to reply at length and in print to a speech privately printed at the request of the Commission, the Commission not having authorized him to do so, I know not. It seems somewhat irregular. Of course I shall take no notice of it. The Archbishop, of whom I have seen a good deal (not one word, of course, on the three Pastorals), agreed with me that it was a queer proceeding, as did Lord Cranworth. One of his objects evidently is to knock the two Deans' heads together. I can only say that since the concussion I have not suffered the least headache, nor can I think that I shall afflict you with one by imparting it to you. It is a lawyer, and a clever lawyer, but an Irish lawyer, taking to wield the theological shillelagh. I was much taken with Napier on the Commission, and we became great friends. I won his heart by a quotation. It appeared that the Irish subscriptions were much more liberal than the English, and I proposed to him to move the adoption of the Irish.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agresti Latio,—

Agresti Latio being construed the English country clergy. He enjoyed one inappreciable advantage in debate. He was so deaf (much more so than I am) that he could hear as much or as little of his opponent's arguments as was convenient, and state his adversary's case so as to knock down very easily the ninepins that he had set up. He has carried his deafness in some degree into his written reply. He has carefully suppressed the gist of my argument: that I did not propose altogether to do away with doctrinal statements; but that the creeds

being contained in the Liturgy, this was the best and the sufficient security.

I hope that you have had a pleasant tour, and trust that you enlightened our friend Guizot as to the state of questions about which he seems as much in the dark as were he an archbishop or cardinal.

To which Stanley replies, October 2nd:—

How perversely amusing and amusingly provoking is the Irishman's attack upon you! Pusey in his preface to his lectures on Daniel (have you seen them?—kind enough to me, but teeming with rancour to every one else) accuses me of being devoid of the philosophical faculty of *seeing differences*. It seems to me that in his attempts to set the two Deans at variance Mr. Napier shows that he possesses this philosophical faculty in the highest degree.

My father had, as he says, taken a liking to Napier; and the attraction, in spite of diversity of opinion, appears to have been mutual, as there was subsequently a very friendly interchange of letters between them. One of these from Sir Joseph Napier to my father, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of his last sermon at Oxford, and otherwise interesting, will illustrate this feeling. It is from Dublin, in April, 1865:—

MY DEAR DEAN,—

Veniam damus petimusque vicissim. Let me thank you very much for the sermon and the kind accompaniment of your genial letter. I assure you in all sincerity I was grieved to find myself in seeming collision with you before the public; for I

had found so much of agreement when on the Commission, I had almost supposed that our difference was not considerable. We agreed as to the abolition of "profane swearing," and I much mistake if we differ greatly as to the amendments that might be made in our Church documents, and that must be made in due season, if we resolve on upholding the nationality of our Church. I think we also agreed in checkmating the priestly diplomatist, my Lord of Oxford, when we found him resorting to characteristic means for working out his special objects.

Had you taken the line of requiring revision of the Articles and Formularies as a preliminary to a revision or at least to a final adjustment of the form of subscription, etc., it is more than probable I should have co-operated with you. But I did honestly believe that the subscription should include the code of doctrine dogmatically declared by the Church, and that the exclusion of the Articles would not conduce to the welfare of the Church in England or Ireland. My paper was *printed* and *circulated* in the autumn; and when in December you favoured me with a very able sketch of a Draft Report, I was much gratified to find that, in the statement of the proper structure of a form of subscription, and in the approval of the form on which we had agreed, there was not a word to which I was not prepared most cordially to accede and unreservedly to adopt.

I was not present at the final meeting. The manœuvres of the Bishop of Oxford had reduced our Report to "dry bones," and I thought there was no use in my further attendance. When I saw your paper in *Fraser*, I did, I confess, grumble at the publication, for this simple reason—that it seemed to me to have gone too far in the way of publication or not far enough. Acting on this impulse, I was led to give the Supplement, by which both of us are

pleaders at the public bar; and "God defend the right." It is not unlikely that some (perhaps many) may take an intermediate view, and at all events there is nothing in either paper that is not propounded in the spirit of kindness and with the love of truth. Free and fair discussion must always advance the cause of truth.

And now, my dear Dean, let me say that I read the sermon before I began the letter. I read it with most sincere gratification, admiring as I do the elegance of its style, the wisdom of its teaching, and the spirit which it breathes throughout. If I dare find a flaw, it would be this, and this only: that I doubt whether it is exact to isolate the "moral sense"—whether the appeal of our glorious Christianity is not made to man as an intelligent, moral, spiritual, and immortal being, to man as a *complex whole*. I follow Hooker, bk. i., ch. xvi., s. 5. But I thoroughly agree in the pre-eminence of the moral element. You imposed a penalty on me, a very remedial one. Let me avenge me of my adversary by sending you what at least may serve to show that we move in parallels, if not side by side. I am not surprised at the University desiring to have your sermon published, and I heartily hope it may elevate and assure the hearts of good and thoughtful students in that venerable and admirable institution.

Most faithfully,
JOSEPH NAPIER.

P.S.—I observe that I have not given an answer to two passages in your letter. I entirely agree in the propriety of seeking to amend what we are unable to abolish—in other words, the practical wisdom of doing the *best we can* in the circumstances in which we may be placed. But I, perhaps, have put too strict a construction on your emphatic commendation of the new form, and may

not have understood that approval in the relative sense that you intended when you drew it up. I well remember the publication of the "History of the Jews." But in the interval I have learned the wisdom of moderation, the duty of deference, the large provision that is obviously designed in the Divine economy for "liberty of prophesying"; and whilst I hold the great eternal verities which are the heritage of the Church from the beginning, I candidly admit that as I grow older I feel *lenior et melior*—my heart enlarged, my sympathies widened, and my creed simplified. What I dread is the presumptuousness of shallow men, and what I detest is the bigotry of narrow-minded men. But I live in hope; I desire an increase of faith and charity.

So having made my confession in due form of law, I anticipate—absolution.

Again most faithfully,

J. N.

To Dr. Goodwin's opinion upon my father's speech before the Commission I am tempted to add that of a very different authority, Lord Chancellor Westbury, although I do not feel at liberty to quote at length the private letter in which it was conveyed. The Chancellor wrote:—

I have delayed for some days, in the hope of finding time to write to you more fully than I am now able to do, the returning you my most sincere thanks for your most kind courtesy in sending me a copy of your admirable and convincing speech, and also for the gratifying note that accompanied it. In the sentiments and conclusions of the speech I entirely concur. I wish it had been delivered by the Speaker from a certain bench in the House of Lords.

Some strong language on the efforts of the High Church party to emancipate the Church from the supremacy of the Crown follows, and then the letter concludes :—

I am told Dr. P. says, [referring to the well-known judgment in which the Lord Chancellor was said to have “dismissed Hell with costs”], and that many who agree with him say, “Our consolation is that the Lord Chancellor will sometime feel what is meant by eternal punishment. This is the modern form of *Anathema, Maranatha*.

My father sometimes expressed himself a little impatiently of those who, as he said, “babbled about green fields” when their whole thoughts and minds should be given to the work which was set before them, and he was too eminently a “clubable” man to have adapted himself easily to the banishment of a country preferment; but when the time for a well-earned holiday came round, no one could take a greater delight than he did in the change to a country life, or, so long as he felt up to it, to the at one time almost annual tours upon the Continent. He had a singular skill and a genuine pleasure in arranging the plans for these tours, which were all carefully thought out, so as to embrace within the limited time that could be allotted to them as much variety as possible, combining cities and scenery, the works of nature and the works of art, in due proportion. Independently of the mere physical and intellectual enjoyment of these journeys, the educational value to his sons,

one or more of whom were invariably of the party, can scarcely be over-estimated ; nor can they, after the lapse of so many years, look back upon them without a deep sense of the affectionate forethought with which they were evolved.

Our father had, I think, no cut-and-dried "theories" of education. Example was in his view of more avail than elaborated formula or precept. To bring his sons face to face with, to put into their way, without any constraint or compulsion, merely as if it were in the natural order of things, and in due measure from very early years, the noblest works of literature and of art—this was his method of instruction. So grounded, equipped with such tests, he would leave them to follow out unrestrictedly each his own particular bent, to winnow the wheat from the chaff, ever ready to assist in the process, but never imposing opinions—imposed opinions and beliefs being in his judgment of little value.

Half a century ago the system of Continental railways was but in an inchoate stage. Many cross-country journeys had to be traversed with post-horses or by *vetturino*. And this, which would now be looked upon as rather a slow procedure, was entirely consistent with my father's tastes. He loved to linger by the way, to visit each place on the route that offered any point of historic interest, or attracted by the picturesqueness of its situation. So in turn were seen, and well seen, most of the principal towns, most of the finest ecclesiastical and secular

buildings, in France, Germany, and Italy; so, leisurely stopping at each convenient resting-place, and spread out over at least three years, the lovely coast of the Riviera was thoroughly explored. To the cities of Northern Italy, combined with the Italian lakes, the Austrian and Bavarian Tyrol, several weeks in succeeding years were devoted. Among the later tours that he undertook, one, in 1857, was to my father of peculiar interest, as it fulfilled a long-felt wish to show us Rome, to revisit himself the capital city of Latin Christianity, and to have actual sight of many other places with the names and aspects of which his writings had made him so familiar. Rome, however, and the south of Italy had always been a difficulty, as the tours had to be taken in the hottest months of the year, July to October; and Rome at least was held to be inaccessible until the latter month at the earliest. Obstacles of this kind never stood long in my father's way if he had an object in view; and with the advice of Sir James Lacaita, who spoke highly of the beauty of the scenery and of the many places of interest on the route, it was determined that we would make our way from Florence to Naples, through the Abruzzi, under the central chain of the Apennines, leaving Rome till our return in the autumn, and passing by Aquila, Popoli, Sulmona, Isernia, with its beautiful fountains and filthy streets, Venafrò, and other places of interest.

It would be out of place to enter at length upon

the details of this journey, or to attempt any description of places now comparatively well known ; but forty years ago the expedition was not without excitement, and was perhaps for my father and mother somewhat adventurous, as the accommodation was rough, the natives rather wild, quite unaccustomed to travellers, civil enough in their way, but disposed to regard an English family, with travelling carriage and other impedimenta, dropped into their midst, as a heaven-sent gift which it would be ungracious to send on its way without a considerable amount of pious pillage— a process which was rendered all the easier as, on crossing into Neapolitan territory, we found that all the post-horses along our route had been retained for some days by order of a royal prince, which gave a legal excuse for refusing them altogether, but not for exacting at the least double payment. At Rieti, our very first halting-place after leaving the more frequented road at Terni, I remember we had the utmost difficulty in persuading our host to adopt our views as to the number of rooms and beds requisite for the accommodation of a party of five. Two in a bed was a normal, three a not unreasonable arrangement ; any other extravagant. If we must have five beds, there was, in fact, a large room with precisely five in it, and thus exceptionally adapted to our requirements ! Even after he had grasped and agreed to satisfy our demands, he could not get over their extravagance ; but, going forth into the market-place, announced

to a listening crowd that he had got an English family of five in his house who insisted upon having five beds, and, displaying the fingers of his right hand, cried out, "Cinque persone, cinque letti"—an announcement which was received with shouts of laughter, and in consequence of which we were followed, when we went out for a stroll round the town, by a queer set of loafers, whom it was almost impossible to shake off even on our return to the inn, where they crowded up the staircase, and could scarcely be persuaded to retire.

One other recollection may serve as an additional illustration of the wild nature of the country which we were traversing. Soon after leaving Castel di Sangro, as we were driving across a high upland plateau, we found that the trees had been cut down for a hundred yards on each side of the road, lest they should serve as a lurking-place for robbers, and the peasants were travelling in companies, three carts together, with their rifles lying conspicuous on the top of the freight. In spite of the interest of the journey, which was great, we were not, it may be confessed, altogether sorry to find ourselves in Capua. At Naples, where we came in for a brief but very brilliant eruption of Vesuvius, at Salerno, with an expedition to Pæstum, Amalfi, Sorrento, several weeks were spent; and then there was a never-to-be-forgotten month at Rome, where, among other things, my father had the great satisfaction of visiting many of the principal catacombs under the guidance of

the Cavaliere de Rossi, whose great work, "La Roma Sotterranea Cristiana," gave occasion for his last contribution to the *Quarterly Review*, an article upon Pagan and Christian sepulchres. This essay, biographically speaking, is one of considerable interest, not only as a last contribution to the *Review*, of which he had been so constant a supporter, but as giving evident expression to the thoughts and feelings which crowded upon the writer on entering the Eternal City after an interval of five-and-thirty years, during which it had been the central theme of his principal historical work and seldom out of his thoughts.*

We approached Rome from the south, resting and attuning our minds for a few days in the pure air of Albano, whence we looked down upon the Campagna, broken by long lines of tomb-bordered roads and broken aqueducts, and onwards to the city of domes, far off, but distinctly visible in the morning and evening lights. It is from this direction that Rome ought to be entered, if we wish our classical enthusiasm to be raised to the proper pitch; and the opportunity of doing so, incidental to the route which had been taken, no doubt largely influenced my father in its choice. His view on the subject is best expressed in his own words, or rather, perhaps, in the words of

* See "Savonarola, Erasmus, and other Essays," pp. 448, etc. From the essay upon "Pagan and Christian Sepulchres" several quotations are given for the reason referred to in the text.

his old Oxford friend Professor Burton, which he adopts :—

It has been often said that the English traveller usually enters Rome the wrong way. It has never been better said than in an old book, by one who, as many men living may recollect, was held in the highest esteem and affection in the University of Oxford, Professor Edward Burton, whose early death cut him off prematurely from the highest ecclesiastical honours, which might have been commanded by his profound but modest learning, his singularly calm yet at the same time liberal mind. We quote the passage in respect for his memory, and as expressing our own sentiments with peculiar force and distinctness.

The remainder of the extract, in which the very different feelings which are aroused in the mind of the traveller, according as he may make his approach to Rome from the north or from the south, from Florence or from Naples, are contrasted, is too long for reproduction here ; but to the still more modern traveller even the choice between these two alternatives is often denied.

How many of our fellow-creatures are now shot into Rome from dreary Civita Vecchia, along the dreary morass over which the railway passes, to be deposited in a dreary station, as utterly unconscious of any of the noble and stirring emotions which used to attend the entrance into the Eternal City as their portmanteau in the van ! Verily there is truth in Mr. Ruskin's saying, that railroads have reduced man to a parcel—all that he can desire, all that he can demand, is speedy and safe delivery.

Compare with this the approach to Rome from the side of Naples, as described by Professor Burton—needless to say, before the monotonous uniformity of railway stations and lines had gone far to reduce all entrances to one dead level.

Truly—

Servabat sacros Deus olim Terminus agros,
Confundit vester Terminus omne solum.

And then let my father continue :—

If such was the approach to Rome, fallen and in ruins, what was it to Rome in her glory and in her majesty ! This line of approach—or rather for the last twelve miles parallel to this—was the famous Appian Way, the queen, as it is called by Statius, of the Roman roads ; and this Appian Way mile after mile thronged with the sepulchres and monuments of the dead. Conceive a Westminster Abbey of twelve or sixteen miles, on either side crowded with lofty tombs or votive edifices to the dead, and a quarter of a mile or half a mile deep, interrupted only here and there by some stately temple to the gods, or by some luxurious villa, around which perhaps the ashes of its former masters reposed in state, or by the gardens of some o'er-wealthy Seneca : “ Senecæ prædivitis hortis.” . . . Thus along each of the great roads which led to Rome was, as it were, a line of stately sepulchres, in which lay the remains of her illustrious dead, and of those who might aspire to the rank of the illustrious. We may conjecture, indeed, from Cicero that even in his day the most famous, and hallowed by the most famous men, was the Appian necropolis. In the well-known passage where Tully would infer the immortality of the soul from the greatness of the older Romans he

says : “ An tu egressus porta Capena, cum Calatini, Scipionum, Serviliorum, Metellorum sepulchra vides, miseros putas illos ? ”

One more extract will mark the transition from Pagan to Christian sepulchres, from the Appian Way to the Catacombs—will mark, too, the keen interest with which the writer of the essay must have studied and contrasted together these monuments of Pagan and Christian antiquity, with the world of associations they would suggest to one whose historical sense was so acute :—

But during the early Empire appeared in Rome a religious community among whom reverence for the dead, a profound feeling for the preservation of the body in its integrity, was not only a solemn duty but a deep-rooted passion. The Christians not only inherited from their religious ancestors, the Jews, the ancient and immemorial usage of interment, but this respect for the dead was clasped and riveted, as it were, round their hearts by the great crowning event of their faith. Christ, in their belief, had risen bodily from the grave ; a bodily resurrection was to be their glorious privilege. Some, many indeed, no doubt in the first ages of Christianity looked for this resuscitation as speedy, imminent, almost immediate. Their great Apostle indeed had taught a more sublime, less material tenet ; he had spoken of glorified bodies, not natural bodies : ‘ *Flesh and blood cannot enter into the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.* ’ But the sanctity of the body committed to the earth was still rooted in the very depths of their souls ; the burning of the dead was to them a profanation. Long before relics came to be worshipped, the mangled and scattered limbs, it might be, of the

confessor or martyr were a pious trust, to be watched over with reverential care, to be preserved with tender affection. This feeling is well described by Prudentius :

Hinc maxima cura sepulchris
Impenditur, hinc resolutos
Honor ultimus accipit artus,
Et funeris ambitus ornat.
Quidnam tibi saxa cavata,
Quid pulchra volunt monumenta,
Nisi quod res creditur illis
Non mortua sed data somno ?

Cathem., x.

In these deep-seated feelings, in the obstacle to their satisfaction owing to the law by which interment within the walls of the city was strictly forbidden, originated the Roman Catacombs, which grew into an immense necropolis.

Although the absence of all gloomy and distressing subjects is the remarkable and characteristic feature in the Catacombs of Rome, no one can traverse their long subterranean galleries without thoughts almost too overwhelming for words. Least of all could my father, profoundly interested as he was in all the historical bearings of the scene, and of the light that it diffused upon many questions relating to early Christian art, to the spirit of the earliest Christian communities. Mingled too with absorbing interest, some sad thoughts would occur ; for the journey, so successful in many ways, had at an early stage been saddened by news of a family loss, the death of my father's eldest brother, Sir William Milman, to whom he was much attached, which, letters having failed to reach him, was only

made known to us by an announcement in the *Times* which caught his eye at Florence.

I have avoided introducing letters of private interest only, but this to a favourite niece may perhaps be an admissible exception, as an element in the imperfect delineation of my father's affectionate nature :—

FLORENCE, *September 1st*, 1857.

MY DEAREST MARIA,—

We have received no letter from any of you, but have incidentally heard, through the *Times*, the very sad, very sad news. How dearly I loved, how we all loved, my good brother you all know, and especially yourself, my darling niece. Alas that we should be so much too far off to give you any consolation besides the expression of our fondest and deepest feelings! I cannot disguise to myself that your poor father's life could have hardly been much more than a life of suffering, which, however his temper might enable him to bear, still was rather a sore trial, than much of the enjoyment of life. I trust and doubt not that his end was peaceful, and that he is with those he loved so fondly in life. I fear to you, my dearest Maria, the loss will be the heaviest, but you may at least comfort yourself with the thought that you have done all that a good and most affectionate daughter could do to alleviate the pains and sufferings of his later years. I need not say that our house, as well as our hearts, will be always open to you; and it is among the most poignant griefs to us that we are now at such a distance. In this I am sure that I am uttering not only my own feelings, but those of my dear wife. For myself I cannot but be startled and shaken at the loss of two brothers within so short a period, both, indeed, in years older than myself, but some

time ago I should not have said older in constitution. I almost indeed wish myself back in England, and if I thought we could be of any essential service should not scruple to return. But as before this every mournful ceremony must be over, we shall proceed on our journey as we proposed. At Naples we shall hope to hear from some of you—if from you, so much the better. We shall be most anxious to hear all about every one of you, of yourself more particularly. Write as shortly as you will either to me, to your aunt, or to your friend Arthur, who you may be assured feels as deeply as any one the loss of one who has been to him so invariably kind, and for whose kindness I was ever most grateful. Pray say something affectionate to William and Robert and to your sister.

Ever, my dearest Maria,

Your very affectionate uncle,

H. H. MILMAN.

Two or three days at Sienna, a few more at Florence, a splendid autumnal drive along the Riviera di Ponente and over the Mont Cenis, brought us back to St. Paul's by the end of November.

In the course of another tour in 1860, we were present at the performance of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, of which my father's impressions were given in a letter to Dean Stanley,* whose own account of it had appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Between my father and Stanley's family there had long been an intimate friendship; and with many common sympathies and instincts, the attachment

* See *post*, p. 264.

of the two men to one another, marked on the part of the younger by a touching and almost reverential respect and admiration, grew as years went on. There was a constant interchange of views on all the more interesting literary and ecclesiastical questions of the day, on men and things, upon all of which their communications were absolutely free and unreserved. And the bond that united them was still further strengthened on Stanley's appointment to the Deanery of Westminster, when the confidential relations between the two Deans became still closer. Living at no great distance one from the other, with, for London, not unfrequent opportunities of personal intercourse, no large amount of correspondence has survived. Such of my father's letters as he could find were on his death given to us by Dean Stanley, and a few of Stanley's to my father have been preserved. Some extracts from the former may be interesting, but they can only be used sparingly, as the freedom and unstudied haste with which they were evidently indited, while adding to their charm, yet invests them with a confidential character which should not be lightly overlooked. Truth to tell, also, either correspondent, just at the most critical moment, is apt to become somewhat illegible. Stanley's handwriting was always, as is well known, the despair of printers' devils. My father's, on the contrary, had only been spoilt by much writing under heavy pressure, aggravated, perhaps, by the introduction of sharp-pointed steel pens. His original handwriting was beautifully

clear, and some of his earlier letters might be taken as models of distinct but rapid penmanship.

The first letter that I shall quote gives the impressions already alluded to of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, which, as written before the place had become an ordinary resort of tourists, may be worth preserving, notwithstanding the many subsequent accounts which have since appeared.

BADGER HALL, SHIFNAL,
October 18th, 1860.

MY DEAR ARTHUR STANLEY,—

How was it that we never met? In truth, we were, I suspect, just before you, and struck off into another line. Nothing can have been more prosperous or pleasant than our tour. I never passed through so much beautiful scenery in so short a time, and we had a delightful episode of art, to say nothing of Munich and Vienna, the Correggios at Parma, the Morettos at Brescia, the Gaudenzio Ferraris at Vercelli. We were the week before you at Ammergau. I left word that a distinguished professor from Oxford, author of a celebrated work on Palestine, was to make his appearance the next Sunday. I duly impressed this on our host, the Gemeinde Vorsteher (Scherer), the Christus of the Spiel. I had given up all thoughts of the Spiel; but the landlord of the Bairische Hof at Munich, having found out who I was, and having been in St. Paul's, took the measure of my dignity from the grandeur of the Cathedral, and wrote to secure us rooms, as we supposed, and tickets. On our arrival we found tickets at our command, but no rooms, upon which the said excellent personage offered us two clean, comfortable rooms in his own house, and we had the advantage of making acquaintance with the Chief Manager and Protagonist, a quiet, simple,

unpretending man, serious, but not solemn. I have read your account (of the affiliation, I have no doubt) in *Macmillan*. Your impressions and conclusions accord entirely with mine. Nothing can be more just or true. Perhaps, having had longer and more intimate familiarity with theatricals during the whole of my life, I was more struck with the effect of the scenery, grouping, and dresses than you were. It is a bold assertion; but I have been in my early days a constant attendant on our London theatres in their palmiest days and most magnificent spectacles. I have seen the operas in most of the great Continental opera-houses; but I never saw anything so fine as what the French call the *mise en scène*, we "the getting-up" of the play. The richness and harmony of colour in the dresses (as my wife said, reminding us of the old Italian pictures of Gentile di Fabriano and that school) surpassed anything I ever saw. Then, the fulness of the stage—the exact number of the whole *corps dramatique*, men, women, and children, was four hundred and twenty-six, instead of a few soldiers marching in and out to represent an army or host of attendants—above all, the simplicity and dignity of the chorus, in number nearly the same, I should conceive, in grouping and mode of half-mimical representation the exact counterpart of the Greek drama, excited wonderfully my astonishment and admiration. I do not know whether you heard that on the Sunday when we were there a most awful storm began to lower on all the hilltops, darkened gradually, and almost at the moment of the crucifixion burst upon us. It created some slight confusion and a brief delay; the rain pelted, then almost ceased, so that the drama went on to its close. There was some difficulty in keeping down the umbrellas, but even that was almost entirely effected by a voice of authority; so that we almost doubted whether we

should have wished the storm away. I long to talk the matter over with you ; in the meantime subscribe fully, or almost fully, to your judgment and opinions. On one or two points only I think you wrong. You seem to imply that the *Christus Patiens* was acted. This, I think, was certainly not the case. It was only a literary effort, part of the scheme for superseding the heathen classics in all the schools by Christian writings. It was not meant to rival Euripides on the stage (I doubt whether the stage was open at Constantinople for the regular drama), but to be read instead of the profane tragedies. So too Grotius wrote only for men of letters. Milton, when meditating his Scriptural dramas, no more intended them for representation than *Samson Agonistes*. If you see the Bishop of London before I do, tell him that he had the full credit of having been there (at Ammergau), and of having listened with much interest and admiration. The Dean was promoted to the Bishopric. . . . I found a letter from you on my return, which had not been forwarded, about the address to Maurice. I am sorry that my name did not appear. I had given, as I thought, ample permission to the Dean of Westminster to sign for me whatever he would sign.

Yours ever most truly,

H. H. MILMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

The Bishop Colenso Defence Fund—Religion and Science—Notes on Antagonism between—Letters to Stanley—To Sir Charles Lyell—Motion in Convocation for Abolition of "State Services"—Honorary Professor of Ancient Literature at Royal Academy, etc.

THE two decades between 1850 and 1870 were years of continuous controversy and unrest in the Church of England, men's minds, especially clerical minds, being much exercised by the publication of the Oxford "Essays and Reviews," by Bishop Colenso's disquisitions on the Pentateuch, by Mr. Maurice's views upon the eternity of punishment, and other thorny questions arising out of them.

In the angry disputes of the time my father took no part. The whole bent of his mind was oppugnant to controversy. To some he might seem to have reached "a purer air"; but against injustice, against every attempt to set bounds to honest enquiry, he was ever ready to protest.

Strange fact [he used to say] that the Lord's Supper, which ought to have been the communion of all true Christians with Christ, and of all true Christians with each other, should be the

point of the most complete disunion, the subject of the bitterest controversy and most implacable hate.

His letters are full of allusions to what he held to be the unwise and unjust nature of the proceedings which were taken against some of the authors of "Essays and Reviews" and others; and his name, much as he differed from Colenso's conclusions, lightly as he esteemed his judgment and learning, is among those of the very few men of eminence in the Church who subscribed to the Bishop Colenso Defence and Testimonial Fund. His reasons for doing so are thus stated; they will explain his position in the matter and the remarks which were made upon it:—

i. Because, although I strongly doubt his principles, and entirely repudiate very many of the conclusions of Bishop Colenso's Biblical criticism, I cannot, in the interests of true religion, consent to proscribe, or to restrict, the full, free, serious investigation into the origin, authenticity, authority, above all the interpretation, of the Sacred Scriptures.

ii. Because the condemnation of Bishop Colenso has been *generally* based on a theory of Biblical inspiration in my judgment not authorized by the Scripture itself; in its rigour only of late dominance or acceptance in the Church; in no way whatever asserted in the Formularies or Articles of the Church of England; fatal, as I truly believe it, to the lasting authority and influence of the Bible; inevitably leading to endless difficulties and contradictions; in perilous and unnecessary conflict with the science and with the discoveries of our times; making it impossible to reconcile and harmonize the

spirit of the Old Testament with the spirit of the New.

iii. Because the general tone towards Bishop Colenso has been hasty, harsh, unreasoning, repellent, rather than gentle, argumentative, conciliatory—tending to drive him, as I fear has been the case, into more and more extreme opinions, making any mutual understanding and approximation almost impossible, provoking him to more confirmed hostility, instead of inducing him to a calm consideration of all the bearings and consequences of his views and of his own peculiar position.

iv. Because it seems to me—I write this with profound reluctance, from my unfeigned respect and esteem for some who are concerned in the proceeding (Dr. Colenso being the lawful, ordained, and consecrated Bishop of Natal)—unjust, or at all events a very unworthy course, to endeavour, by withholding his stipulated maintenance, to starve him into the surrender of an office to which he may think himself conscientiously bound to adhere; from the duties and responsibilities of which he may think that he has no right to release himself, especially after the decision of the high legal tribunals that the act by which he was declared deprived or deposed was one of usurped and unlawful authority.

v. Because, from a careful investigation of the statements and documents produced by Bishop Colenso (being confident that he is a man of the strictest veracity), I cannot but think that, by the influence he has obtained over the minds and affections of many among the heathen with whom he came in contact, through his familiarity with their language, study of their manners and modes of thought, and the general tone of his intercourse, he has been successful and has advanced further in

the holy office of civilizing and Christianizing the heathen than has been the case with most of our Missionaries. I should deeply regret if the experiment of his manner of dealing with these tribes should not have a fair trial, but should be brought to an abrupt termination.

Between religion and science there could, in my father's opinion, be no real antagonism. Their apparent antagonism was unhappily undeniable, and with thoughts for their reconciliation his mind was occupied to the end of his life. To Sir Charles Lyell, one of his oldest and dearest friends, he wrote as follows :—

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
April 4th, 1862.

MY DEAR LYELL,—

What say you to this dilemma as to the Scriptural geologists? It seems to me rather a puzzler. Many writers, from Mr. Granville Penn to Dr. McCaul, have asserted and endeavoured to prove the cosmogony in the Book of Genesis to be anticipative of and, rightly interpreted, in perfect accordance with modern discoveries in astronomy and geology. The difficulty seems to me insuperable. Either the writer (suppose Moses) understood the full signification of all these words and images, or he did not. If he did, he was consciously or unconsciously a premature Newton, Cuvier, Lyell; and this without any advantage to mankind, for no one for four or five thousand years after was the wiser for his prophetic knowledge. If he did not, the Almighty inspired into his mind words utterly without meaning, which he himself wanted knowledge to interpret even to himself—an enigmatic yet pregnant oracle, of which the key

was not to be discovered till the nineteenth century after Christ. Down to that time it was not and could not be understood, or rather must have been misunderstood, by all the successive generations of mankind. For my part I am content with the sublime central truth, the Unity and the Creative Power of God. It is this truth which, in the highly imaginative form in which it was conveyed, *and on account of that form* stamped itself on the thought and memory of man, lived through ages, and, when obscured, constantly appealed again to the recognition and belief of mankind. This, I apprehend, is the conclusion in which the unreflective mind has rested habitually, contentedly. To this the reflective mind reverts with perfect satisfaction, as a refuge from the conflicting, mutually destructive, theories of those who have been constantly labouring to harmonize the language in which this truth is enveloped with the changing state of knowledge in their own day.

Ever, my dear Lyell, most truly yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

Sir Charles Lyell answers :—

I see no escape from the dilemma you have put, and hope you will force some of them to acknowledge it; for it is too bad, after what was gone through by the astronomers, that in geology we should have the same stand made in favour of a revelation in science. But the pre-Adamite heresy will soon cast into the shade all difficulties about the age of the world before the advent of man; while, on the other hand, there is a monster of more hideous mien looming in the future, in comparison with which the doctrine of pre-Adamites is orthodoxy itself. I allude, of course, to the Lamarckian and Darwinian theory of the origin of species, which, so long as I thought it visionary, I thought amusing

enough, but which, now that I have grown more familiar with its face and think it so probable that it must be endured, I by no means find more welcome.

Extreme and unauthorized views upon the literal inspiration of the Bible on the one hand, the intolerant and contemptuous dogmatism of the modern German school of criticism on the other hand, being, as my father believed, responsible for much of the assumed oppugnancy between religion and science, it seemed to him that it would be well to set them face to face, to examine carefully and dispassionately the facts upon which they were at issue, the facts upon which it might at the end appear that there was internecine, unapproachable enmity. A few extracts from the very rough notes for what was evidently intended to have been an article on the subject will show the direction in which his mind was working, and even in their unfinished state may suggest the line of argument which would have been pursued under the former of these heads, those under the latter being too imperfect for citation :—

It is clear that, as to the moral truths of religion, there is no such collision, no such antagonism. The profoundest men of science may be the most virtuous as well as the wisest of mankind. A Herschel or a Faraday, while ranging the heavens to unfold the wonders of astronomy, or tracing the most subtle law of chemistry, finds no impediment to the unimpeachable practice of all the domestic and social excellencies. . . .

The primary difficulty which arises out of the expansion of human scientific knowledge is the relative smallness and insignificance to which mankind has dwindled down among the works of creation. The individual man, the race of man, his powers, the period of his mortal existence, the space he occupies upon the planet which is his dwelling, the planet itself as contrasted with the extent of the worlds around it—extent which, after heaping numbers upon numbers till they have lost all distinct meaning, he finds still receding to an utterly unattainable limit : all this seems to rebuke the presumptuous religion which would suppose mankind, the individual man, to be the special and peculiar care (the doctrine of the Scriptures, a doctrine without which for ages Scripture would have been meaningless) of the Providence which created and still sustains this illimitable and still expanding universe—this cosmos wherein every new discovery reveals new provinces, and leads to the notion that these provinces can never be brought under the cognizance of the human mind. . . .

But to this depressing, abasing, it might be said crushing sense of the smallness, the minuteness, of the individual man, of the whole race of mankind, there opposes itself a sort of consolatory and redeeming consciousness of the wonderful powers which have grasped and wielded these discoveries. It is the human mind which has reduced mankind to this miserable insignificance by unfolding the limitless wonders of creation ; it is the one helpless man, liable to all the infirmities of his brethren, his life but a span, the Galileo, the Newton . . .

“ It is the race of the successors of these great men who have gone on sounding the unfathomable depths, and who, if they have found no bottom,

have taken the dimensions of our sun (our sun at best but one of countless suns, each with its solar system), have submitted the secret of its light to the analysis of the spectrum."

The history of the successive collisions of science with doctrines supposed to rest on the authority of Scripture has been often told in recent years—most recently and very ably by Mr. Andrew Dickson White in his "Warfare of Science and Theology." Some pregnant memoranda on this part of the subject may therefore be passed over, and the few remaining citations will have reference to the belief on which the arguments on the theological side have been founded, in the indefeasible authority of the Scriptures, not on questions concerning religion only, but on all questions.

It is curious that the assertors of the acceptance of the Sacred Scriptures as they are now read as the one indefeasible authority according to their strict literal interpretation in all questions on which they touch, whether religious, historical, or even scientific, and those who use the extreme licence of the critical school in arguing the age, authenticity, authorship, of the different books from the internal evidence, especially of their language, continuous or varying, the use of certain terms and titles (the Elohim, for instance, and Jehovah), proceed on precisely the same grounds, assume the same facts, accept in the fullest sense the integrity of the existing text. To the first it should seem that to an inspiration of primary dictation must be added an inspiration of perpetual conservation, and that of the most jealous and rigid kind. During the many centuries between

the life of Moses and the completion of the canon of the Old Testament, the books, especially the earlier books, must have been preserved either by the endowment of the original manuscript with an imperishable vitality, superior to decay, accident, injury, and this through centuries of confusion and anarchy, before the nation possessed a capital or acknowledged centre of unity, before the recognition, as should seem, of any class or order whose office and duty it was to watch over their inviolability during the separation and hostility of the tribes after the death of Solomon; or they must have been perpetuated by a constant succession of transcribers more or less trustworthy, with a knowledge of and reverence for the original archaic language which would admit of no change or variation or modification either from silent and imperceptible changes in the religious notions, or in the forms and grammatical structure of the language, the use or desuetude of words. . . . The truth is, that of the history of the transmission of the Hebrew writings, at least down to the time of Ezra, we really know nothing. The single recorded fact, the discovery of the Law during the reign of Josiah, instead of throwing light upon the question, involves it in more impenetrable obscurity. What was this book? An original of the time of Moses—an attested or at least an admitted faithful copy? Was it the whole Law, meaning by the Law the five books of Moses, or the Law in its narrower sense, the Law of the theocracy, the civil and religious statutes of the nation; or was it the Book of Deuteronomy? . . . At a certain period, a very late period, in Jewish history, there grew up a jealous, stern reverence, gradually more and more servile, more and more superstitious, for the sacred writings, till every letter, every point, every accent, assumed an authority which could not be impeached, and of

which the scribes and lawyers and latterly the rabbis were the recognized guardians. . . .

But of this reverence, this divination, of every word, letter, sign, of the books, there is no evidence whatever in the books themselves or in the history of the people, and there is very strong collateral evidence to the contrary. How, if there was this unimpeachable exemplar, from which it was sin, impiety, to depart by one iota, account for the difference of the Samaritan Text? Of this it must be acknowledged that the age and authority does not seem to gain ground with the investigations of modern linguistic science. But the variations in the Septuagint appear conclusive against one holy, irrefragable, authoritative text which refused to admit any variation, any accession or diminution. . . .

The theory of inspiration, as it is usually understood, rests on a single text of Scripture: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." * This text is of doubtful construction, still more doubtful meaning. It is, however, the only one (see Dr. Wordsworth, *passim*) alleged as a clear and decisive proof of the infallibility of inspiration in its more strict or even modified form.

But there is another text which, however, as it were, staring every one in the face, is unaccountably passed over, almost suppressed. In the preface to St. Luke's Gospel we read :

"Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us,

"Even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word ;

"It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus,

* In the Revised Version : " Every scripture inspired of God."

"That thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed."

Now here there is not the slightest claim, not the slightest allusion, to inspiration, to Divine impulse, to Divine direction. It is much as if the author of a new history of England or of France should say, "There are many histories of our country, but I have determined to try whether I cannot write another at least as satisfactory and trustworthy." But if the Evangelist was conscious that he was writing under Divine influence or with Divine authority, is it conceivable that he should, as it were, thus underrate his own work—that he should give as his own what in fact was God's?

But this goes much further if, when St. Luke wrote, there was one or more inspired Gospel of which every word was infallible, dictated by the unerring Spirit of God. Would he not have submitted in humble deference to the superior authority of such a work—would he not have spoken more modestly of his own, for which he assumed no such authority—would he have ventured to repeat that which was already related by the Holy Spirit, and, if he did not think it presumptuous to write at all, would he not have given notice to his readers that his own was a work of subordinate and less authoritative character? If his work was Divine, the dictate of the infallible Spirit of God, why leave it without the seal and testimony to his unerring accuracy? If it were not Divine, why compete with those that were? . . .

But the critical school must submit to criticism. It ought not to complain if that criticism is of the most severe, searching, and sceptical character. We want an Ewald to criticise an Ewald.

A few more letters with no strict adherence to chronological order may now find their place.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,

October 29th, 1862.

MY DEAR ARTHUR STANLEY,—

The sermons are excellent for their fitness. It was a most difficult task. . . . Many thanks for the volume. I have read too with much interest the article in *Fraser's Magazine* [on "Aids to Faith"]. It was of course intended for the *Times*. But it is much to be regretted that it was issued at the time and from the quarter in which it appeared. If any shot can be fired without effect, it would be from an August number of a magazine. In August all the world is away, the universities dispersed, the clubs deserted, all English manhood on foreign railroads, climbing the Alps—with one study alone, their Murray. Can it not be reframed and reissued on some other occasion? The Second Book of Samuel? I borrowed your most happy title the other day. It threw Murray off his guard, and he had not a word of his usual prudential affectation of ignorance or clever fencing off of such questions. I added, "I presume that the appropriate text brings it home to Samuel: 'He hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord.'" Can we have a better or clearer prefiguration of a slashing theological argument? For Agag read Jowett or Williams. I have no doubt you have read Grote's (of Cambridge) dissection of Lushington's judgment. It is dry, difficult, hard, but to me perfectly conclusive. I cannot think the judgment can stand. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the concessions he makes are so much clear gain; while, if his active decrees are upset, as upset I think they must be, the whole case will be decided against Samuel and Sarum. But I fear that Colenso will neutralize your irenicon, and plunge us into internecine war. The subject is too long to write about. Colenso made great attempts to force himself upon me; but I heard so much from authoritative quarters of his

strange conduct in his diocese, where he was at war with every class, clergy, Boers, colonists (who broke his windows), that I fought very shy. As my book was coming out, in which I find that there are some things, especially about the chronology and the numbers, in which I have been always with him, though not arriving at the same conclusions, I thought it was much better that no one should even suspect any common understanding. I am sorry for his publication. The preface is the best part, and there is something very striking in the difficulties of his Zulus. But I fear that the man is not well advised, and will bring odium instead of strength to liberal opinions. I shall read the rest of his book, which Longman brought to me yesterday. After all his excuses one cannot but feel very strongly that such a book should not come from a missionary bishop. He is too, as I hear, to a certain extent under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Capetown, a worthy and amiable, but one of the smallest and narrowest of men. I foresee much mischief and little good. In your estimate of the Second Book of Samuel I fully agree with you. We want a theological Huxley to pin his Lordship down to strict logic and fair inference. But he knows to whom and for whom he writes. I have no doubt that half the parsonages in England are ringing with wonder at the overpowering eloquence, profound thought, wide learning (he should leave Lessing and Hegel alone), as well as at the final *coup-de-grace* of the unhappy Essayists. Are you likely to be in London? I should so much like a talk about Colenso, etc.

Ever most sincerely,

H. H. MILMAN.

You have heard no doubt, as I have with deep regret, about Maurice. What a strange, perverse, noble, unaccountable, intractable, right-hearted, and

wrong-headed man it is ! I fear he is unpersuadable, and all about Colenso, who has behaved exceedingly ill to him.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
February 26th, 1863.

MY DEAR ARTHUR STANLEY,—

I must not, dare not, venture to Convocation. Of all places for catching cold, the Jerusalem Chamber and its precincts are the worst. Nor, if there is a fray, could I keep out of it ; yet I want vigour to play any important part, and ought not to overexert myself. I presume that you are anxious to test one of your Christian virtues (patience), and therefore wish to be present at a debate. Your curiosity, I expect, will be gluttoned. I hope, if Golfius (Jelf) persists in his motion, that some one will move the previous question, on the broad principle that the censure of books is the last function which Convocation would be wise to resume. It is the question on which of old it burnt its fingers. One of the last books which it decided to condemn, " Burnet on the Articles," is now the standard authority at both Universities. If I remember right, it was on this question that Convocation was finally laid on the shelf. If this is the issue in the present case, I shall see some good in the movement.

Ever most truly yours,
H. H. MILMAN.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
November 25th, 1863.

MY DEAR ARTHUR STANLEY,—

Alas ! since you dined here I have been confined almost entirely to my bed. Thank God, I am now in a fair way of recovery, but must be very cautious. It was an attack of cold and insidious gout, much like that under which I suffered three years ago. I have begun to correct the

sheets of the "Latin Christianity," and shall be glad of the note upon Canossa. As busy as you may be in one way now, you will be happy indeed next month. Of course I have not seen and have had no communication with my Westminster friends. I greatly wished to have brought you and Lord John Thynne together. Who is to be your successor? Whom do you wish for? The more I think upon it, the more am I perplexed and alarmed. Your removal will throw us (Oxonians) back for twenty years. I am rejoiced for your sake, sad for the University? "*Hoc Ithacus velit (sly S.) et magno mercentur Atridæ.*" Pusey and the High Church: they will even bear your promotion with complacency. Have you had time to look at Thirlwall—*ipsissimus*—the cold subtle analysis, the skilful steering out of the way of all the perilous rocks, and at the end the sudden smash of the Lower House of Convocation? I should like to see George Denison's face as he reads it. A copy of the "History of Christianity" awaits your order at Murray's. I doubted where to send it, as I know by experience the worry of library flittings.

Ever, with most earnest good-wishes for your happiness,

Yours truly and affectionately,

H. H. MILMAN.

DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,

April 21st, 1867.

MY DEAR DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,—

"Ritualism" is excellent.* I do not know that you have written on any subject with greater force and power, and the tone courageous and at the same time candid. What will be the effect?

* An article in the *Edinburgh Review*, afterwards reprinted in "Essays on Church and State."

Will the "orthodox" admit your aid and quietly put by the admonitions to themselves? As for the Ritualists, argument is thrown away upon them; and they are too serious for ridicule, or else one almost longs for a page or two of good old Sydney. After all I should like to see this view worked out. Is not the whole a veritable reaction from the plethora of preaching, which has ruined the constitution of the clergy in general, and caused a surfeit in the mass of our congregations? It exhausts prematurely the intellect—where there is intellect—of the young clergy. You take a man of twenty-three, unread, and the more assuming because unread, and put him, perhaps, into a "Peel" Church, with three services, to preach about a hundred and fifty sermons a year. The consequence is that you may count on your fingers the really good and effective preachers in the Church. On the other hand, your congregations are growing in intelligence. They read six or (by our Lady) seven days in the week newspaper articles much better written than most sermons. What are the poor young clergy to do? They are almost driven into utter ceremonialism. In the first place (do not be shocked at my profaneness) they have a rival Church, and "minor theatres" always attract by melodrama. Then, in their poverty, conscious of wearing a shabby black coat in the streets, no wonder they like to wrap themselves in splendid attire in the church. Human vanity, in the form of clerical dandyism, will find its way into the holiest sanctuary. Further than this, undistinguished (however good, active, and zealous they may be), poor, hardly able to keep their place in society, can we wonder that they invest themselves in their priestly dignity, and are tempted to console themselves for their inferiority in most respects by assuming the belief in their sacerdotal superiority?

It is certainly curious, as far as my narrow knowledge extends, that there does not seem one man of real power or eminence among them. It is a sect, as far as I can see, without leaders or heads. How different from the Oxford Movement, with Newman, Pusey, Manning, Oakeley, Faber, very different men, but all with some pretensions to distinction! Enough, perhaps too much, of this; but I should like to see the idea followed out.

Ever most truly yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

This letter was obviously not intended to do more than touch upon one aspect of the question, than suggest topics for consideration upon the subject of the Dean of Westminster's article. My father did, I know, regard with some anxiety the multiplication of unendowed or scantily endowed livings, but no one would be more sensible than he was of the self-sacrificing zeal with which the work of Christ's Church was carried on in the very poorest and most forsaken parts of London by men of highest character and education, who, in a worldly sense, had everything to lose and nothing to gain, and whose "Ritualism" in the midst of such sordid surroundings was itself, to put it on no other ground, a shadowing forth of things orderly and beautiful, the introduction of some slight element of poetry into lives sunk under the weight of monotonous labour and the hard-fought struggle for bare subsistence.

The next letter is to Sir Charles Lyell, whose liberality and ardent love of justice always placed

him on the side of those whom he considered to have been persecuted or unfairly treated for conscience' sake, and who had besides a sincere personal regard for Bishop Colenso :—

QUEEN'S LODGE, ASCOT, *June 23rd.*

MY DEAR LYELL,—

I return the Bishop's paper. If I formed my opinion of Colenso from such statements alone, I should have but a low estimate of his knowledge and powers of reasoning. They are, in my judgment, puerile, hardly ingenious, hardly ingenuous. He does not seem to me to understand the bearing and importance of the subject. But I do not judge Colenso on such grounds. I honour him as a bold, honest, single-minded man, with a deep and sincere love of truth. He is a man, too, of remarkably acute intellect and indefatigable industry. But he entered on these enquiries late in life, struck boldly into one track, in which he marches with fearless intrepidity, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Moreover, he wants wide and general knowledge. He rides his hobby with consummate skill, but he rides it to death. Everything must give way before his Jehovistic and Elohistie theory. Now, I fully believe in that to a certain limit, but not in its application to all the writings of the Old Testament (as we have them); for I am a worse sceptic than Colenso, doubting whether we have them in unaltered, unimpeachable integrity. I believe the whole of Colenso's theory about the development of the Jewish religion to be all pure conjecture and from (to me) most unsatisfactory premises. As history, much of the German criticism, as well as his, is purely arbitrary: doubtful conclusions from more doubtful facts. None of this, however, in the least lowers my respect for Colenso, and my sense of

his ill usage by persons to whom his knowledge is comparatively the widest, his ignorance much more trustworthy than their knowledge. As for his piety, I have read some and intend to read more of his sermons. None of his adversaries, of course, read them. If they did, it might put even them to shame, especially as contrasted with their cold, dry dogmatism.

Ever most truly yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

Our love to you both. When do you come and see us? After next week? Is Colenso right in trying to disfranchise the Dean? It is difficult for us here to judge, but I have my misgivings.

With one more interchange of letters between my father and Stanley these extracts must close :—

QUEEN'S HILL LODGE, ASCOT,
July 25th, 1867.

MY DEAR BROTHER DEAN,—

I have been reading with great amusement and delight the "Council of Constantinople."* It is as well done as well timed. I have only one fear. If you remember, Sydney's doom of some unfortunate wight—I forget who and on what occasion—was to be hunted to death by wild curates. Leave London before September, or you will be in danger of being hunted to death by wild bishops. I hear also that you have delivered yourself on the question of submitting all ecclesiastical matters to Convocation as well as Parliament. In the *Guardian*? How singular it is that the meeting of Convocation for business should have been sanctioned by the wise and far-seeing George Lewis. I trust that he is not suffering therefor

* *Edinburgh Review*, cxxvi. 95.

that doom inflicted upon him by the malicious Sydney (Sydney Smith again). You know that one of that worthy's fancies was imagining "eternal" punishments for his friends. George was condemned to an eternity of tapping his boot with his cane; no book whatever to be permitted. His prayer was, "Oh for one little treatise on the verbs in $-\mu$!"—his drop of cold water. I fear that you have been guilty of paying some honour or in some place respect to those two unbaptized misbelievers the Sultan and the Viceroy. I, more orthodox and much more afraid of crowds, declined an invitation to the City reception. I wonder what they say in the East, the Mussulman Puseys and Denisons, the High Church Ulemas and Imaums, to this familiar intercourse with the uncircumcised? I hope that the City did not betray the Sultan into unholy disguised ham, that he did not mistake champagne for sherbet, and did not at the East Indian ball imagine himself among the houris. I have been looking into the charge of good Sarum. Is it true, as he asserts, that the late Bishop Cotton rested all his hope of success in India on the strict maintenance of the Athanasian Creed? If so, I have much mistaken my man. But I think it much more likely that Sarum should have mistaken Calcutta. I trust that we may have some hope of seeing you in the interval of your return from vestment enquiries and your summer travels. With this wish, and with our very kindest regards to Lady Augusta,

Ever most truly yours,

H. H. MILMAN.

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER,

July 28th, 1867.

MY DEAR DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,—

I am very glad that you approve of the "Council of Constantinople." In writing it, I was

able to kill several birds with one stone, to discharge a promise of long standing to an old and valued friend of ours and of the de Broglies, to indulge my own curiosity for old ecclesiastical romances, and to fire another shot at the Pan-Anglican Synod. How very gingerly the usual writers on Church History have dealt with Gregory Nazianzen! The Ritual Commission will keep me here, I suspect, till the end of the session. It is not betraying any of our secrets to say that I feel exactly as they describe in the House of Commons under D'Israeli—that the ground is mined under our feet in every direction, one can never be sufficiently on one's guard against the most astonishing surprises. And all this is the more curious because it is perfectly unnecessary. The conclusion at which our necromancer is aiming might be attained quite as easily by direct and simple courses. But he seems to me, besides all his other marvellous qualities, to have a perfect passion for conspiracy, and at the same time a perfect unconsciousness that any one is suspecting and watching him. With this one exception (and here it is only the *means* that are disagreeable; his *ends* hitherto have been right enough) things go on much more smoothly than I anticipated, and I almost expect that on the *vestment* question we shall be nearly unanimous. The ignorance of the witnesses was quite surprising. Poor Cotton little thought how much use would be made of an unwary admission whilst urging the abandonment of the Athanasian clauses; that after all it was not so [unbearable], because there was something in the Indian subtleties which somewhat resembled the metaphysics of the fifth century. Liddon, who of course is W. K. Sarum's oracle, has already made the most of the passage in a sermon. I was led into a series of letters in the *Guardian* of the last three weeks on Convocation because I thought they

were more likely to be read there than anywhere else by those who most needed them. It seems to me by far the most dangerous frenzy which has got hold of the clergy of late years. The Sultan never came near the Abbey. Indeed, he saw wonderfully little of any interest, and I have not been able to hear of any authentic sayings.

As may be gathered from the foregoing letters, and as indeed was well known, for my father made no secret of the matter, he entertained no high opinion of the wisdom or justice of the proceedings in Convocation, the meetings of which he seldom attended. The revival of Convocation for purposes of business, or perhaps it would be more correct to say of debate, fell indeed upon a trying time, when the volume of "Essays and Reviews" and the writings of Bishop Colenso had struck a large party of the clergy with a sort of panic little calculated to promote calm judgment, and opinions which now would pass with little comment or be temperately discussed were hotly assailed as subversive of religion in the familiar language of controversy. From controversy, especially from controversies so conducted, my father stood aloof, and he was perhaps all the more conspicuous by his absence. No good could, he thought, come of them; and no good, I believe it would now be generally allowed, did come of them.

The first step, however, towards one really practical bit of reform, the discontinuance of what were popularly called the "State Services," was due to

his initiative in Convocation. These services commemorated, as will be remembered, and in language much too high-flown for modern ideas, the martyrdom of Charles I., the restoration of Charles II., and the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, whereby—as a specimen of the style—our Church and State “were *miraculously* preserved from the secret contrivance and hellish malice of Popish conspirators.”* My father had been requested by many of those who regarded such commemorations as out of date to take up the matter, as it was thought that a proposal for their abolition would meet with less opposition if made by one who was so independent and unconnected with any particular party or set of opinions. On May 8th, 1857, accordingly, the Dean of St. Paul’s, in an interesting speech, moved—

That a petition be presented to the Upper House, praying their Lordships to consider the propriety of presenting an Address to her Majesty for the discontinuance of the order requiring the use of the occasional services for November 5th, January 30th, and May 29th.

There was a long discussion upon the motion, to which various amendments were proposed, by one of which it was referred to a committee of the House—

to examine by what authority the separate services for the above three days were drawn up and are

* Old students of Christ Church will recall the unctuousness with which these and similar sentences fell from the lips of an estimable but worldly Canon.

appointed to be read, and the legal force which they severally possess.

Upon the report of this committee and the Dean's further notice of motion thereupon expressing the undesirability of continuing the observance of these days it is unnecessary to dwell, as the question had in the meantime been taken up in Parliament; and eventually, on addresses from both Houses, presented to the Crown in July, 1858, the services were, by a royal warrant of January 17th, 1859, ordered to be discontinued. The address in the House of Lords was, it may be mentioned, moved by Lord Stanhope, a personal friend of my father's; and there is, I believe, no doubt that my father's initiative had placed the subject in its true light, and had facilitated its settlement without any of the angry feeling which might have otherwise been engendered.

My father's love of art, and I think I may add of artists—Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Richmond, Mr. Westmacott, and others were included in his circle of intimate friends—has already been alluded to. In 1857 he served upon the Royal Commission appointed to consider the propriety of transferring the National Gallery to another site. In 1860, a compliment which he highly appreciated, he was appointed Honorary Professor of Ancient Literature to the Royal Academy, in succession to Lord Macaulay. In 1865, too, he was elected Correspondent de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques de l'Institut Imperial de France, his

appointment being notified to him by the Secretary of the Academy, M. Mignet. In the administration of the British Museum, of which he was one of the trustees, he took an active interest, and was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Board, where his assistance was, I have reason to believe, much valued. Moving amid a circle of attached friends, occupied with congenial pursuits under the shadow of St. Paul's, the years passed only too rapidly, and, in spite of occasional attacks of illness, with no diminution of mental vigour.

CHAPTER XII.

“Annals of St. Paul’s”—Characterized by Rev. William Scott—
Extracts from—Biographical Interest of—Illness and Death
—Funeral at St. Paul’s—Tributes of Respect and Affection—
Monument in St. Paul’s—Inscription.

AFTER the production of a work so comprehensive, so laborious, so exhausting, as the “History of Latin Christianity,” after the publication of the revised edition of the “History of the Jews,” it might have been imagined that Dean Milman would at length have consented to repose. But mental inactivity with him was impossible, Approaching to the age of fourscore years, his love of literature was as eager and insatiable as ever. Having had to read, as he said in one of his letters to Mr. Prescott, already quoted, so much bad Latin and Greek in the course of his life, nothing gave him greater pleasure than to refresh himself by recurring to the great classic writers. But his tastes were catholic, and probably there have been few who have had a more universal knowledge of all that is best—it might even be added of all that is worst—in modern literature. At one time, earlier in life, he had had serious and painful rheumatic

affections in the eyes, which had been the cause of considerable anxiety. But these became less frequent as time went on, and in spite of the strain put upon his eyes his sight held out wonderfully. He never had recourse to artificial help, and to the end of his life he read even small print with little effort by candle as well as by daylight.

But while "grazing," as he would have said, at will over the Elysian fields of literature, whilst throwing off an occasional article for, if the personification be admissible, his old friend the *Quarterly Review*, his latest thoughts, his last labour, and it was a labour of love, were engaged upon the history of the Cathedral over which he presided, and for which his admiration and affection seemed to increase the better he knew it, the longer he had been possessed by the charm of its harmonious proportions. The "Annals of St. Paul's" were passing through the press, and the revision of the greater portion of this work had been nearly completed, when the hand of the author was stayed by an illness which terminated fatally on September 24th, 1868. The "Annals of St. Paul's" and the "Memorials of Westminster Abbey" run in parallel courses, and it was a happy coincidence that the histories of the two churches, so distinct, yet each requiring to be supplemented by that of the other in order to convey a full impression of the varying phases of religious and ecclesiastical life in the metropolis, should have fallen to pens so accomplished as those of the two contemporary Deans.

Even the lightest pages* of a work whose composition occupied the last few months of Dean Milman's life acquire a pathetic interest now that their author is taken from us, and they come to us as the voice of the dead. Such a work is necessarily sacred from criticism ; we turn to it, indeed, rather with a personal than a merely literary interest, and the story of the great Minster fades for the moment before the old man's recollections of the silver utterances of Porteus, of that hour of his boyhood when, in the Cathedral, which was destined to be his own, he heard, or fancied he heard, the low wail of the sailors who bore and encircled the remains of Nelson, or of the yet more solemn moment when his own voice, answered by the responses of thousands, "the sad combined prayer as it were of the whole nation," uttered words of hope and immortality over the grave of Wellington. Other traces, however, of old age than these pleasant memories there are none. The book has all the freshness and vigour of the earlier works which won Dean Milman his fame. There are some passages, indeed, in which the genius of the great historian seems unable to confine itself within the narrow limits of his theme, and in such broad and philosophic reflections as those on the reformers of the sixteenth or the preachers of the seventeenth century to bequeath us stray pages of that history of Teutonic Christianity to which his greatest work points the way. But with a few brilliant exceptions such as these, what is most wonderful in the "Annals of St. Paul's" is the power with which the Dean has

* This appreciation of the "Annals" is quoted from an article in the *Saturday Review* of January 2nd, 1869, which, at this distance of time, it will be no breach of confidence to say was, I have reason to know, written by the Rev. William Scott, formerly editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*, and well known as a keen and accomplished critic. I have preferred, as before, to educe other than my own judgment.

grasped the exact subject that he had chosen, and the artistic fidelity with which he has grouped men and events around it. From beginning to end it is what it purports to be, a history of the Cathedral ; whatever their own inherent interest, bishop and citizen and Lollard are brought before us strictly in their relation to St. Paul's. To produce this unity of effect without sacrificing the interest of the story is of course the mark of a really great writer, but even to a great writer such a task would be impossible if the subject were not itself a great one. Dean Milman has grasped the greatness of a cathedral because he, almost alone among modern deans, seemed to have understood what a cathedral was and is. The book is such wonderfully pleasant reading that one may miss noticing the exquisite art with which every element of mediæval society is brought within the precinct or the choir : bishop, canon, the choir-boys with their mysteries, mayor and aldermen in their gowns of scarlet or green, the burghers gathering in folk-mote before the bell-tower, the preacher at the cross, the Lollard at the stake ; John of Gaunt now threatening Courtenay in the Lady Chapel, now resting quietly in the one royal tomb of St. Paul's, with his helmet and spear and shield hanging above him ; merchants making their change in its nave, Latimer rating the Convocation from its pulpit, the fat buck brought in priestly procession with blowing of horns to the west door,—all this varied and picturesque life of the past is not merely painted in antiquarian fashion, but swept into the general current of his history by the Dean's fine sense of historical continuity. A quiet phrase such as "my predecessor Dean Radulf de Diceto" expresses the whole tone of these annals, but the tone is heightened in its effect by the fact that never was a writer more modern, more alive to the progress and sentiment

of our own day. There is no trace in these pages of the ignorance, either archæological or contemptuous, which alike divorces the present from the past. To Dean Milman the services which he organized beneath the dome seemed only the natural completion of the work which Bishop Maurice had begun amid the desolation of the Conquest. Between the two ran a stream of continuous life, ecclesiastical, literary, national, individual, varying in interest and character with the ages through which it passed, but passing through the ages without a break.

Illustration in confirmation of these observations might be taken from almost any page of the "Annals." Dean Milman's character of his predecessor Tillotson, his reflections upon Bishop Lowth's "Lectures on Hebrew Poetry," his eloquent appreciation of the "Book of Common Prayer," have been quoted in Dean Stanley's essay, more than once referred to. To these I will add presently a portion of the sketch of another of his predecessors in the Deanery, Dr. John Donne. Before proceeding, however, to this the last excerpt that I can allow myself, it may be interesting, with respect to the material fabric of the Cathedral, to give my father's characterization of the old building, of old St. Paul's, which, even before the Great Fire, in which it finally disappeared, had fallen into a state of great dilapidation, and was foredoomed to destruction. Fire indeed would seem from its earliest history to have been the predestined enemy of the Cathedral of St. Paul. In the year 1087, the

Cathedral, the church founded by Bishop Mellitus of which no record survives, was entirely consumed by a fire which swept over the whole city of London, or was so damaged as to be unfit for worship. In another great fire (A.D. 1136), which burnt from London Bridge to St. Clement Danes, the new Cathedral, designed by Bishop Maurice, and completed by his successor, Richard de Belmeis, was much damaged, though to what extent cannot be determined. And again passing over several centuries :—

In the year 1561 a terrific storm burst over London. The church of St. Martin, Ludgate Hill, was struck by lightning: huge stones came toppling down on the roof and on the pavement. The alarm was not over when the lightning was seen to flash into an aperture in the steeple of the Cathedral. The steeple was of wood covered with lead. The fire burned downwards for four hours with irresistible force, the bells melted, the timber blazed, the stones crumbled and fell. The lead flowed down in sheets of flame, threatening but happily not damaging the organ. The fire ran along the roof east, west, north, and south, which fell in, filling the whole church with a mass of ruin. At a period of such fierce religious excitement, in the clash and collision of opinions and passions, both parties saw in this event a manifest sign from heaven, a sign of the Divine wrath. Where could God, the avenger of sin, reveal Himself so awfully, so undesirably, so visibly, as in thus striking the great church of the metropolis, with that which all religions, which heathen poetry and Biblical imagery had declared to be the chosen bolt of destruction from the right hand of the

Almighty? Each party at once thrust itself into the secret counsels of the inscrutable Godhead, and read, without doubt or hesitation, the significance of this, as all agreed, supernatural event,—the Protestants as condemnatory of the old superstitious slavery to the usurping Bishop of Rome; the Papalists, of the rebellion against the Vicar of Christ, the sacrilegious profanation of the sanctuary.*

The demolition of St. Paul's had, indeed, not been so complete as was apprehended at first; but its destruction was held to be a national calamity, its restoration a national work. This proceeded so rapidly that on November 1st, 1566—

the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and all the crafts of London, in their liveries, went to the Cathedral with a vast retinue (eighty men carrying torches): the Lord Mayor tarried the sermon, which lasted into the night (a November night), and returned home by the light of the torches.

The dilapidated condition of the building in the reign of James I., its restoration under the auspices of Laud, the Bishop of London, by Inigo Jones, its slow decay and ruin under the Commonwealth, must be passed over. On the recommencement of the services after the Restoration, it was seen that the whole fabric was insecure, if not dangerous. Sir Christopher Wren, then Mr. Wren, was consulted, and upon his report, which was by no means favourable, there was a long and obstinate debate. No resolution had been taken, and the

* "Annals," p. 277.

debate was still going on, when it was determined by that terrible arbiter, the Fire of London.

Was, then, the Fire of London, if so remorseless, so fatal a destroyer? Are we to mourn with unmitigated sorrow over the demolition of old St. Paul's? Of England's more glorious cathedrals, it seems to me, I confess, none could be so well spared. Excepting its vast size, it had nothing to distinguish it. It must have been a gloomy, ponderous pile. The nave and choir were of different ages (that was common), but ill formed, ill adjusted together, with disproportioned aisles and transepts, and a low, square, somewhat clumsy tower, out of which once rose a spire, tall indeed, but merely built of woodwork and lead. London would, at best, have been forced to bow its head before the cathedrals of many of our provincial cities. Old St. Paul's had nothing of the prodigal magnificence, the harmonious variety, of Lincoln, the stately majesty of York, the solemn grandeur of Canterbury, the perfect sky-aspiring unity of Salisbury. It had not even one of the great conceptions which are the pride and boast of some of our other churches: neither the massy strength of Durham, "looking eternity" with its marvellous Galilee, nor the tower of Gloucester, nor the lantern of Ely, nor the rich picturesqueness of Beverley, nor the deep receding, highly decorated arches of the west front of Peterborough. And of ancient St. Paul's the bastard Gothic of Inigo Jones had cased the venerable, if decayed, walls throughout with a flat, incongruous facing. The unrivalled beauty of Inigo Jones's portico was the deformity of the church.*

This tempered regret for the loss of the old

* "Annals," p. 388.

building, with all its historical associations, was no doubt still further influenced by the intense admiration which the historian of St. Paul's entertained for the new building by which it was replaced.

What building in its exterior form does not bow its head before St. Paul's? What eye, trained to all that is perfect in architecture, does not recognize the inimitable beauty of its lines, the majestic yet airy swelling of its dome, its rich, harmonious ornamentation? . . . Mr. Fergusson, though sternly impartial and impatient of some defects which strike his fastidious judgment, writes: "It will hardly be disputed that the exterior of St. Paul's surpasses in beauty of design all the other examples of the same class which have yet been carried out; and whether seen from a distance or near, it is, externally at least, one of the grandest and most beautiful churches of Europe."

These criticisms are, it will be observed, limited to the exterior. For the interior Wren's designs were not only not carried out, but were in every way thwarted and controlled. In spite of everything, however, and undisturbed by the intervening political revolution, the construction proceeded rapidly, and only twenty-two years elapsed between the laying of the first stone to the opening of the choir for divine service on December 2nd, 1697, appointed as a thanksgiving day for the Peace of Ryswick. It was almost boasted that as the new Cathedral was built by one architect, so it rose during the episcopate of one bishop, Henry Compton. From that time the services went on

uninterruptedly ; but the exterior of the Cathedral was not adjudged to be complete till 1710, in which year Sir Christopher Wren, by the hand of his son, laid the last and highest stone of the lantern of the cupola.

If ever there was an occasion on which the heart of man might swell with pardonable pride, it was the heart of Wren at that hour, whether he himself was actually at that giddy summit of the building, or watched his son's act from below. The architect looked down, or looked up and around, on this great and matchless building, the creation of his own mind, the achievement of his sole care and skill—the whole building stretching out in all its perfect harmony, with its fine horizontal lines, various yet perfect in unison, its towers, its unrivalled dome, its crowning lantern and cross. All London had poured forth for the spectacle, which had been publicly announced, and were looking up in wonder to the old man, or his son if not the old man himself, who was, on that wondrous height, setting the seal, as it were, to his august labours. If in that wide circle (let us, however doubtful, lift the old man to that proud eminence) which his eye might embrace there were various objects for regret and disappointment ; if, instead of beholding the spacious streets of the city, each converging to its centre, London had sprung up and spread in irregular labyrinths of close, dark, intricate lanes ; if even his own Cathedral was crowded upon and jostled by mean and unworthy buildings ;—yet, on the other hand, he might survey, not the Cathedral only, but a number of stately churches which had risen at his command, and taken form and dignity from his genius and skill : on one side the picturesque steeple

of St. Mary-le-Bow, on the other the exquisite tower of St. Bride's, with all its graceful, gradually diminishing circles, not yet shorn of its full and finely proportioned height; beyond and on all sides, if more dimly seen, yet discernible by his partial eyesight (he might even penetrate to the inimitable interior of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook), church after church as far as St. Dunstan's-in-the-East; perhaps Greenwich may have been vaguely made out in the remote distance. And all this one man had been permitted to conceive and execute—a man not originally destined or educated for an architect, but compelled, as it were, by the public necessities to assume the office, and so to fulfil it as to stand on a level with the most consummate masters of the art in Europe, and to take his stand on an eminence which his English successors almost despair of attaining.*

To none of his predecessors did my father seem more attracted than to Donne, "the only Dean of St. Paul's, till a very late successor, who was guilty of poetry"; "whose fame had the good fortune of being recorded in one of those charming, popular biographies of Isaak Walton which will last as long as English literature lasts"; whose life, a singular combination of romance and of poetry at its beginning, of grave and solemn wisdom and holiness at its close, deserved to be related by a writer whose words will not die away from the religious life of England. For the salient events of this life, for an appreciation of Donne's poetry, reference may be made to the "Annals," and we must pass to

* "Annals," pp. 432-3.

that which more entirely connects itself with St. Paul's, the characterization of Donne preaching, for Donne in his own day was more famous as a preacher than a poet.

It is difficult for a Dean of our rapid and restless days to imagine, when he surveys the massy folios of Donne's "Sermons"—each sermon spreads out over many pages—a vast congregation in the Cathedral or at Paul's Cross, listening, not only with patience, but with absorbed interest, with unflagging attention, even with delight and rapture, to those interminable disquisitions, to us teeming with laboured obscurity, false and misplaced wit, fatiguing antitheses. However set off, as by all accounts they were, by a most graceful and impressive delivery, it is astonishing to us that he should have held a London congregation enthralled, unwearied, unsatiated. Yet there can be no doubt that this was the case. And this congregation consisted both of the people down to the lowest, and of the most noble, wise, accomplished of that highly intellectual age. They sat, even stood, undisturbed, except by their own murmurs of admiration, sometimes by hardly suppressed tears. One of Donne's poetical panegyrists writes :

And never were we wearied till we saw
The hour, and but an hour, to end did draw.

It must have been quick work to have dispatched one of the sermons of Donne, as printed, in an hour. . . . Coleridge perhaps alone of modern readers delighted to wander in the wide and intricate mazes of Donne's theology. . . . Yet not carrying my admiration quite so far, any one who will give himself to the work will find in Donne a wonderful solidity of thought, a sustained majesty, an earnest force, almost unrivalled, with passages

occasionally of splendid, almost impassioned devotion. The learning of Donne is in general singularly apposite, and rarely obtrusive or ostentatious; the theology masculine, but not scholastically logical. Even what in those days was esteemed wit, which ran wild in his poetry and suffocated the graceful and passionate thoughts, is in his prose under control and discipline.

Donne's calm and modest piety had long shrunk from the responsibility of entering into Holy Orders. He was almost compelled to be an ecclesiastic; and greater force was necessary to induce him to accept the dignity and undertake the arduous and eminent office of Dean of St. Paul's. As Dean of St. Paul's (A.D. 1621-31) he must have done much to maintain the high position and popularity of the Cathedral, which was ominously threatened by advancing Puritanism. Such a preacher, followed by such multitudes, must have overawed, if he did not win, the hearts of those who would reduce the worship of the Church of England to the humblest edifice, the scantiest ritual. It is perhaps well that, of the scattered and calcined monuments dug out of the ruins of the Great Fire, the older clergy are represented by the yet recognizable figure of Dean Donne in his shroud.*

It is difficult to tear oneself away from the "Annals of St. Paul's." They have indeed a peculiar interest for biographical purposes, occupying as they did so much of my father's latest thoughts, and illustrating as they do the many-sidedness of his interests and tastes. For this reason I have allowed myself to quote from them more largely than I should otherwise have done,

* "Annals," pp. 323-30.

and the more because the work is out of print, and now not easily obtainable.

One word may be added upon a subject in connection with the fabric upon which a good deal of misconception afterwards prevailed—the site in the Consistory Court for the monument of the Duke of Wellington. The selection of this site, which was no doubt advocated by Dean Milman, but for which he was by no means alone responsible, was, I believe, in the first instance accepted or acquiesced in by all the parties who were principally concerned, including Mr. Stevens himself; and it was not until after the decision had been taken and the preparation of the chapel had made considerable progress that questions were raised as to the propriety of banishing so fine a work of art to a side chapel, where it could be but imperfectly seen. Dean Milman's reasons for advocating the appropriation of the Consistory Court for the reception of the Wellington monument, though they have since been overruled, were not without weight, and were as follows:—As the custodian of a building of sublime proportions, distinguished for the perfect harmony of all its parts, he believed that it would be wrong to destroy the symmetry of the nave arcades by introducing beneath one of the arches a vast monumental structure, however indisputable the merits of such structure might be—and no one had a higher appreciation of the design for the Wellington monument than himself. He felt too a scruple,

taking into consideration the uses for which the Cathedral might at any time be required as the proper place for all solemn acts of national worship, and the ever-increasing demands made for the accommodation of large congregations, at the idea of encroaching upon the space which Sir Christopher Wren had left free, by the erection of permanent structures upon any part of it. He feared also that, if one archway of the nave were given up to a Wellington monument—the mutilated windows and archways in Westminster Abbey might serve as a warning—it would hereafter be more difficult to defend the remaining similar spaces from repeated and less-warranted intrusions. On these grounds, and not from any failure to estimate the beauty of the designed monument, as a monument, my father's opinion rested. And is it quite clear even now that he was wrong—at least if monuments should be subordinate to cathedrals, not cathedrals to monuments? Does not the blocking of one great arch of the nave, and one only, break the continuity of the perspective, and produce a slightly lop-sided effect, inviting a corresponding balance on the other side, the introduction of other, and yet again other, monuments?

As the single infirmity with which my father was afflicted—a partial deafness—had rendered him less capable of enjoying to its full extent the social intercourse in which he so much delighted, he had year after year as summer came round

looked forward with ever-increasing eagerness to the month, which, since his travelling days were over, he was wont to spend in some quiet country retreat. For the summer of 1868 he had taken, not for the first time, a house, Queen's Lodge, in the neighbourhood of Ascot, and there, in the society of his own family, with from time to time a few intimate friends gathered about him, he was passing days to himself and to all about him of pure and simple enjoyment. His mornings were occupied in the revision of the "Annals," his evenings by long pleasant drives through the forest and open country about Bagshot and Cobham. The summer had been unusually hot; and, always a somewhat impetuous corrector of the press, my father had been a little worried by the difficulty of verifying dates or detecting printer's slips at a distance from his library; but though afterwards it seemed, from the recollection of a few casual words which had fallen from him, as if he might himself have had some premonition, there was no outward sign of a coming change, no occasion for anxiety. In the full exercise of all his brilliant mental activities, in the midst of the peaceful country sights and sounds to which he was so sensitively alive, actually engaged in conversation with friends for whom he had the highest regard, the summons came. On the 29th day of August he was attacked by an illness, a paralytic stroke, which on the 24th of the following month had its fatal termination.

Scholar, poet, critic, historian, but above and

beyond all these a perfect Christian gentleman, the death of Dean Milman left a void which could not easily be filled. The concurrent testimony of all those who were numbered among his friends or bound by closer ties of nearer love bore witness to the charm and beauty, the kindliness and simplicity, of his character and disposition. He was absolutely guileless, a man of most transparent honesty, of undaunted moral courage. Bishop Stanley, of Norwich, used to say that "Milman, of all men whom he had known, had the greatest moral courage."

Seldom has any one been borne to the grave amid a more universal tribute of respect and affection from all those of whatever party or creed whose good opinion might seem of most account. He was carried to his rest with simple pomp, and was laid with singular propriety in the crypt of the grand Cathedral over which as Dean he had so many years presided, with the interests of which he had so entirely identified himself, and the history of which had been his latest labour.

Much more might be said, but filial piety restrains, and I cannot do more than make a passing allusion to the expressions of affection and respect which were received from a wide circle of my father's friends, interesting though many of them might be, even were it only as reminiscences of the writers, of a generation, among whom my father moved a familiar figure, and of which there can now be scarce a surviving representative.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the day, who evidently knew him well, said that there was a charm about his society which it is difficult to analyze or describe. There was something very venerable in his age, and his wonderful store of knowledge on all subjects ; but this was relieved in the most delightful manner by the fire, the eagerness, the universal interest in whatever was going on, which gave a character to his conversation ; and these characteristics again were blended in a very touching way with the most affectionate gentleness and beauty of demeanour.

It is only by his own ideas, expressed in his own words [writes another *] that such a mind as that of the Dean can be adequately given. . . . Where shall we now find a man so learned, so wise, so full of the best knowledge, so able and willing to use it for the service of man—in whom, indeed,

Old experience did attain
To something of prophetic strain ?

The feeling which he inspired in his family and those privileged to enjoy his friendship showed how deep was the affectionate nature of the man in that portion of his life with which the outside world has no right to intermeddle ; and his beautiful hymns, written long before hymns had become the fashion, and three of which at least are now part of the devotional expression of the nation, are a measure of that true piety which no one possessed in a higher degree. . . . As he began, so he ended,—the value of the spirit beyond the letter ; of the substance above the form ; the truth under divers forms of error, the error mingled with what we take to be the truth. “Orthodoxy of creed,” he

* *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1869.

has been heard to say, "has that ensured the orthodoxy of the Christian heart which breathes only Christian love? I am one of those that believe the torturing our fellow-creatures a worse heresy against the Gospel than the most perverse of those opinions of the miserable victims led by thousands to the stake."

Of Dean Milman as a writer no general estimate can be attempted here or by me. His historical works at least have taken, and, so far as can be judged, are likely to maintain, a permanent place among the standard works of English literature. For the purposes of a biographical sketch so slight as the present, it seemed of more value to give prominence to the personality of the writer; to show, however inefficiently, the charm that he exercised upon those with whom duty and friendship brought him into relation—how, by this element of personal attraction, the influence of his writings found the readier acceptance.

"Why do they not attack me—that is, *my* heresy?" he has been heard to say, when Convocation or Congresses or Synods have been worrying some helpless parson. But it was known that it would not answer to assault one so extremely well able to defend himself, and to set forth all reasons, historical, metaphysical, and moral, for the faith that was in him—one so little swayed by passion or prejudice, so correct, so learned, so patient, and so wise.*

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of concluding, in the words of a writer, still happily living, still

* *Fraser's Magazine*, ubi supra.

exercising a beneficent influence in literature—Mr. Lecky. My father had been among the first to recognize the great merits of Mr. Lecky's "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," and I think I am not wrong in saying that between my father and the younger man a very friendly feeling, based on mutual esteem and many common sympathies, had grown up. To this and to my father's memory Mr. Lecky pays an eloquent tribute in a preface to the "History of European Morals," which was published a few months after his death.

There is one writer [he says] whom I must especially mention, for his name occurs continually in the following pages; and his memory has been more frequently, and in these later months more sadly, present to my mind than any other. Brilliant and numerous as are the works of the late Dean Milman, it was those only who had the great privilege of his friendship who could fully realize the amazing extent and variety of his knowledge; the calm, luminous, and delicate judgment which he carried into so many spheres; the inimitable grace and tact of his conversation, coruscating with the happiest anecdotes and the brightest and yet the gentlest humour; and perhaps what was more remarkable than any single faculty, the admirable harmony and symmetry of his mind and character, so free from all the disproportion and eccentricity and exaggeration that sometimes makes even genius assume the form of a splendid disease. They can never forget those yet higher attributes which rendered him so unspeakably reverent to all who knew him well,—his fervent love of truth; his wide tolerance; his large, generous, and masculine

judgments of men and things ; his almost instinctive perception of the good that is latent in each opposing party ; his disdain for the noisy triumph and the flitting popularity of mere sectarian strife ; the fond and touching affection with which he dwelt upon the images of the past, combining, even in extreme old age, with the keenest and most hopeful insight into the progressive movements of his time, and with a rare power of winning the confidence and reading the thoughts of the youngest about him. That such a writer should have devoted himself to the department of history which more than any other has been distorted by ignorance, puerility, and dishonesty, I conceive to be one of the happiest facts in English literature, and (though sometimes diverging from his views) in many parts of the following work I have largely availed myself of his researches.

A monument to my father's memory was erected by public subscription in the south aisle of the Cathedral—an altar-tomb, with recumbent figure ; and I do not think that I can end this imperfect memoir in words more appropriate than those of the inscription :—

HENRICUS HART MILMAN.

NAT. IV. ID. FEB. CIOIOCCXCI. OB. KAL. OCT. CIOIOCCCLXVIII.

PASTOR, POETA, HISTORICUS, THEOLOGUS.

PER XIX. ANNOS HUIUSCE ECCLESIE CATHEDRALIS DECANUS.

NAVIS SOLITUDINEM DIVINIS OFFICIIS, ET TURBÆ FIDELIUM RESTITUIT.

CANDORE ANIMI, SUAVITATE MORUM, CAPACI INGENIO INSIGNIS.

IN OMNI LITERARUM GENERE VERSATUS: VERI INDAGATOR INTREPIDUS:

SACRÆ HISTORIÆ NOVA SCIENTIARUM AUGMENTA FELICITER ADHIBUIT:

VERBIS CHRISTI SACROSANCTIS UNICE CONFISUS,

ADVERSOS SIBI, RELIGIONI SECVLUM, SI QVIS ALIVS CONCILIBAT:

FRUCTUS LONGI CERTAMINIS, SENEX TANDEM PERCIPENS.

APPENDIX I.

Diary of a Journey from Talavera to Madrid and Bayonne by Captain F. M. Milman, of the Coldstream Guards, October 16th to November 6th, 1809. As stated in the text, Captain Milman was severely wounded at Talavera, and was there taken prisoner in the hospital.

SEGOVIA, *October 16th*, 1809.

I quitted Talavera on the 7th inst.* They found us no carts to carry our baggage or ourselves ; we were therefore obliged to buy beasts to carry our things. Our company consisted of Major Popham, 24th Regiment ; Major Fotheringham, 3rd Guards ; Mr. Scott, Ensign, 3rd Guards ; Surgeon Egan, 23rd Dragoons ; and myself. I contrived to purchase an ass and a pony, and took leave of the town without regret at seven in the morning. The escort consisted of about two hundred men : there were about sixty of our own prisoners, convalescents, who marched with us. The detachment performed the march (nineteen leagues) in three days, when we arrived at Madrid. There we expected the most liberal treatment, but we were most egregiously deceived. The first thing that happened made us suspect—*viz.* that, instead of driving us through the town, they conveyed us round the town close prisoners to the Retiro, and during the three days we remained there the conduct of the Government could not have been worse towards the lowest animals. A dirty-looking rascal brought us black bread to last us three days ; and

* The battle of Talavera was fought July 28th.

the second day we received from the same brute a stinking goat, which we were obliged to throw away. They gave us to lie upon some dirty mattresses from an hospital which were covered with putrid blood. Had we not luckily had money, we should have fared extremely ill. There was a French inn next door to us, from which we continued to have breakfast and dinner at the rate the unconscionable master chose to charge, which you may be sure was not extremely moderate, nor indeed ever is when they catch hold of Englishmen.

I have mentioned to you the extent of King Joe's liberality : the reason ascribed for such unprincipled conduct was that his Majesty had lent his carriage for the conveyance of two officers to Bayonne, had given them money and linen, and that regardless of such kindness and notwithstanding their parole (we do not know this for certain) they had made their escape on the road to France in the identical carriage. We do not believe the truth of it, but suppose they must have been rescued. I had a letter of introduction to General Belliard's aide-de-camp, Governor of Madrid, who got leave for us to walk out attended by himself to see the town : his name is Captain Welch ; he promised to get us money, but we saw him but twice. We expected to see him the morning of our departure, but he did not come. Our disappointment was extreme, but to console ourselves it was only to last three days. There were other officers and men who were not quite recovered of their wounds who were confined in the convent of St. Francisco, whom the aide-de-camp permitted us to visit. The account of their treatment answered in a manner to our own. Though they had pretty good dinners given to them, they were kept very close and very strict.

During my confinement I was extremely pleased, and I may say flattered, by a visit from my

old acquaintance the Marquis of Santiago, the Marchioness, her two sisters, etc. I had contrived to get a letter conveyed to them ; but my old cicerone, Don Jose Gelabert,* formerly Professor of Rhetoric, was either absent from the city or was afraid to come. Had the Marquis been a politician like his father, he would not have been able to have done me the honour. They were all much shocked at our treatment. The Governor of the Retiro, Colonel Lafona, was very civil, but he was not empowered to relax in rigour. His adjutant was a most infernal, ill-behaved, rough, ill-tempered wretch. I have forgotten his name, though he belongs to the 63rd Regiment. I would recommend him not to fall into the hands of any of us, for should he, per hazard, he will not be spared. They gave us two carts at Madrid, and we marched the first day, the 13th, to Guadamara (seven leagues). We did not arrive till half-past one in the morning of the 14th, and marched again at seven to a small village called Ottero Derrero (four leagues), where we arrived at six in the evening. The second day I should mention that a rascally Spaniard came very familiarly to join in conversation with us. I called him a traitor to his country and abused him, upon which he went up to the commandant, a colonel, who ordered me to march in the advanced guard the whole day : the lying scoundrel told him that I had offered him money to enlist with us. When I explained the business to the colonel he liberated me, especially as the story was so improbable, I being very short of cash ; besides which I told him that I would not give a real for twenty thousand of such animals. We marched to Segovia (three leagues) on the 15th, and arrived about two o'clock.

* My uncle had paid a visit to Madrid in November, 1808, when Professor Gelabert had taken him in charge and shown him all the " lions " of the place—when he made also acquaintance with the Marquis of Santiago and his family.

We had received no provisions on the road, most of the towns being totally deserted or destroyed. Luckily we had laid in a good stock at Madrid on starting. Here (Segovia) we have obtained rations. The colonel is extremely kind, is a native of Martinique, and has been prisoner in England, where he says he was sometimes very well treated, at other times quite the contrary. He had been taken by the late Sir John Moore in the West Indies during the expedition under Sir R. Abercromby. Here is to be seen a remarkably fine old aqueduct and a fine cathedral, and we were allowed to go out with an officer to see all the curiosities. At present we are attended by a Hanoverian officer, formerly in our service, who is very attentive to us. We are now two leagues from St. Ildefonso, and cannot go to see it, as we march again in the morning (18th), having had, as you may perceive, one day's halt. An Irish priest who lives here has been to call on us : he had lodged in his house last year Lord William Bentinck and his two aides-de-camp, who just quitted the place before the entry of the French, collected here to the number of thirty thousand men. Hence to Valladolid there is said to be great danger on the road of being attacked by brigands, who are very numerous. They consist of deserters from the French army, Spaniards, etc. They attacked yesterday a party of twenty-eight dragoons, and killed six of them. We are not safe any part of the way to Bayonne : particularly about Burgos there is considerable danger. We are very lucky in the weather, and we hope to get to the end of our journey before the rains set in. Our destination is said to be either Valenciennes or Verdun.

VALLADOLID, *October 21st.*

We arrived here yesterday about three o'clock from Valdestillas about four leagues, having passed through Santa Maria della Nieva, Olmedo, and Valdestillas.

Nothing very extraordinary occurred on the road, excepting that a duel took place between two French officers, one of whom was wounded in the face by a sabre. An accident happened to a *chef d'escadron*, who ran against the point of a bayonet, which penetrated his right side ; but the wound is, however, not dangerous. From the latter we learnt the disgraceful and unprincipled conduct of three of our own officers. The treatment they received was unprecedented in point of kindness and attention. The King lent them a carriage of his own ; gave them linen, money, and as much liberty as possible. The *chef d'escadron* who commanded the escort denied himself luxuries to accommodate them, got them milk and butter for breakfast, gave them the best lodgings on the road, and took the second best for themselves. Notwithstanding all these favours they took the opportunity at Vittoria of escaping. The consequences of course to the other prisoners of war were fatal, for the King keeps them close prisoners at Madrid, and orders the greatest strictness to be used towards them. Their names are to be given to me to-day, but two of them I am almost certain I know, —, —.

On our arrival here we were placed on our parole, and to-day we are to have the honour of dining with the governor, General Kellermann. This town is extremely old and the houses hardly fit to inhabit : by good luck, however, I got a very good billet. This is rather a classic place ; it puts one in mind of "Gil Blas." If you look at the map, you will see, Peñafior, Villa Garcia, etc., and other places mentioned in this delightful book.

We crossed the Duero about half-way on our yesterday's journey. I have met here with an officer of the Horse Artillery who belonged to the advanced guard in Leon and Galicia in pursuit of the English army. He was with General Colbert,

who was killed near Villafranca. We have had a long conversation about the different places. The retreat is extremely praised by all the French officers, and Napoleon the Great himself has drunk very often to the memory of Sir John Moore. He reckons the business well conducted and much to the credit of our officers. Near Olmedo we were attacked about dusk by a considerable party of brigands, who were repulsed, and the convoy lost nothing: our two carts were nearly the last arriving at the town, and in great danger of being taken.

No letters have been received from Madrid for three weeks, all the couriers having been assassinated. I sent Richard to-day to the hospital with some money for the soldiers of my regiment, and they would not let him out again, till luckily the agent for prisoners came in and liberated him. We have strong reports here of a battle at Salamanca, in which the French were beaten and the town nearly destroyed. A relay of horses arrived here this evening for the Emperor. We are in great hopes of meeting him on our journey. General Sebastian is said to have arrived here also. The dinner went off with *éclat*, and we attended the general and Colonel Pelage, the commandant of our escort, to the comedy, which of all things of the kind is most miserable. The house is not bad, but very badly lighted and thinly attended. The only part worthy of notice was a *fandango* danced in honour of *us* and at our particular request. The general speaks English very well. There is another general here who speaks quite like an inhabitant, and has often been in England: I forget his name. They all heartily wish themselves back in France, and envy much our going there.

Eleven couriers have been stopped by the brigands within a very short time between this place and Burgos. We expect to halt there to-morrow.

BURGOS, *October 26th*, 1809.

We halted two days at Valladolid. During our stay there the two French officers who had fought on the road fought again: one with the *collet rouge* had been wounded in the face. In the second affair the one with the *collet jaune* was wounded in the wrist and had his hand amputated. We were three days on the road to Burgos—the first day to Dueñas, the second to Villadrigo, and the third here. This is a most beautiful place, and contains a superb cathedral. The French are erecting fortifications on the heights near the town, which are to be mounted with fifteen hundred pieces of cannon. A man called upon us to-day who had a carriage to let to Bayonne for one hundred and eighty dollars. On calling upon General Thiebault, the commander of Old Spain, stationed here, we stated the extreme kindness of General Kellermann in allowing us to be upon our parole and giving us a coach, and hoped that General T. (who gave us a most agreeable *accueillement*) would grant us another to Bayonne, mentioning the man who had wanted us to hire his carriage. We are in hopes of obtaining it for nothing. This is the mode that tax-gatherers in England generally act in for the purpose of surcharging. A tax-gatherer in the North of England was caught in a shower of rain and took refuge near the door of a lady's house, who very humanely offered him shelter. On arriving in the parlour, he saw over the chimney-piece a stuffed dog in a square glass. He asked first how long it had been dead. The poor old woman, with tears on her cheeks, answered about a month. "And pray, madam, how long had you that animal?" "Oh, sir, several years." Upon which, the shower being over, the gentleman takes his hat, goes home, and immediately writes out a surcharge for the dog which his hospitable hostess had had for

several years. We are very badly lodged here : the house is an inn, the landlord a Frenchman ; they give us nothing. We were obliged to thrash the waiter last night before he would give us a candle.* At Dueñas we were very well off in point of lodgings ; but at Villadrigo, a ruined village, we were indebted for *cover* to the kindness of a young officer of the French service who lost his arm at Talavera, by name Chambray, 45th Regiment of the line.

BURGOS, *October 26th.*

We have obtained from Commandant Brosse, who commanded the escort when the three officers escaped, the names of those officers—namely, . . . Besides their bad conduct in deserting after receiving such favour from the King, the commandant had laid out for them thirty-three dollars, which they never paid. (N.B.—They were all natives of Ireland.) As we have been so extremely well treated, we propose paying it at Bayonne and publishing the whole circumstance in the French and English papers ; for the ill treatment we received, and other officers continue to receive, at Madrid is entirely owing to their having run away in that disgraceful manner. . . .

There is at this place a battalion of the Irish Legion. Most of the officers speak English and are very civil to us. Amongst them we have found out many notorious rebels, particularly one Allen, who was tried at Maidstone and escaped from Ireland in 1803. He and another kept a woollen-

* Young Englishmen were given in those days to heroic remedies. My father used to tell us with ill-suppressed pride that he always had believed that it was his brother Frank who knocked down Marshal Victor in the streets of Paris. The marshal, in plain clothes, was elbowing his way very rudely and inconsiderately along the crowded pavement, with an insolence so intolerable and so much resented by the bystanders that a young English officer promptly knocked him over.

draper's shop in College Green, Dublin. The English officers who escaped walked over about a dozen soldiers fast asleep, got out of a two pair of stairs window, and over an immensely high wall, on the top of which they left a loaf of bread. They had all provided themselves with *habits de bourgeois*. A sailor met them at Vittoria to conduct them. Speaking Spanish, he contrived to disguise himself, and conducted them to Bilbao, near which there were three English frigates.

An unpleasant circumstance occurred yesterday at the prison where our prisoners are confined. A sergeant of the Irish Brigade, who had belonged to our 50th and deserted from Lugo, an Irishman by birth, came into the prison to drink with a parcel of soldiers' wives, got drunk, and wanted to enlist the prisoners into the French service. Some words ensuing, and consequently blows, this *United Irishman* drew his sword and cut two of our soldiers very severely, one of them a servant to the late Captain Bryan. Upon a complaint being made to the French commandant, the culprit is to be broke and imprisoned for one month. . . .

We expect to get the above-mentioned coach to travel in to-morrow. It will particularly please me, as the rascally *coquin* wanted to take me in, making a demand of one hundred and eighty dollars to Bayonne. We have found here fresh butter, which is a very agreeable novelty to us: in France, however, we shall be in want of nothing. In twelve days we shall be at Bayonne. We visited the cathedral yesterday, the finest in Spain. It is a Gothic structure—the niches are very great; and although the town has been pillaged, the church has not, on account of Bonaparte's having been lodged in the archbishop's palace. We found a *chanoine* who spoke English and French, a well-informed man, who conducted us about. There is

a most beautiful picture of Michael Angelo's—the Virgin Mary and our Saviour, with two angels crowning Him. The background is also remarkably fine. In this city great respect is paid to the memory of a famous Spanish general—El Cid. There is a monument erected to his memory and that of his wife. They also showed us a brush that belonged to him as a great curiosity. In the cathedral I should mention that there is a most extraordinary clock. There is a small female figure that strikes the quarters, and a figure of a man in a red coat faced with sky blue and gold lace which strikes the hours, opening his mouth each time in a curious manner.

VITTORIA, *October 31st.*

We obtained the coach; but the scoundrel as it were outwitted us, for he came to us the second evening at Bribiesca, and asked us at what time we should be ready. We told him at three o'clock, but the cunning thief set off whilst we were asleep at two o'clock. This, the first town in Spain, in some respects better than even Madrid, is full of inhabitants, and the shops, which are of all kinds, are open. There are a number of very pretty girls, and there is said to be good society. We are now come to a very mountainous country, and in seven days we shall be at Baynone. On my arrival here I found a letter, dated "Madrid, October 14th," from General Doulbanne, Chief of the Staff, to say that I was to remain at Madrid or return, as they expected to receive an answer to my application for an exchange. I have shown the letter to many French officers, who tell me that I shall certainly obtain it in about a fortnight. I have written to the Minister of War at Paris to tell him that I shall wait at the *dépôt* in France for his commands. General Bozer, who is governor

of this town, advised me to go to France in preference to returning to Madrid. Of course I did not require much persuasion. We crossed the Ebro yesterday : in that part it is not very broad, and does not give one the idea of the finest river in Spain. This town is situated in an extensive valley, surrounded by an infinity of small villages, and the country around is extremely fertile. We depart to-morrow. Our lodgings here are not good, and the *traiteurs* very mediocre. Near Miranda the advance guard of our army surprised a party of brigands, sabred fifteen, and took two prisoners. The rest escaped, leaving behind eleven horses. The two prisoners were immediately shot. They are mostly dressed in peasant costume, and they have no saddles to their horses. I reported the coachman who had run away with our carriage to the *commandant de place*, and told him that he had stolen my jackass, which was taken out of the stable in the middle of the night.

VILLAREAL, *November 2nd.*

We are now ten leagues from Vittoria. Last night we slept at Mondragon, which is a cheery village, where we were extremely well lodged, and contrived to get a decent dinner at an Italian *traiteur* for seven francs. We met yesterday another convoy going towards Madrid from Bayonne. They had taken two brigands and killed two others, but their convoy straggled so much that they lost seven carts laden with different articles. At the affair near Miranda, M. Marchand, aide-de-camp to Marshal the Duke of Elchingen, killed two brigands with his own hand. I was witness to the whole fight, but kept a very respectable distance. It would have been a great *sottise* for an unarmed person, especially with a gold-laced coat, to expose himself too near. The

couriers begin now to travel without escort as we approach the frontier. Yesterday a rascally driver of a cotton cart was very impudent to Major P., and threatened to horsewhip him. I had him instantly reported, and had the promise of his being well flogged on his arrival. To-day a *gendarme* was insolent, but we had no redress. I advanced this morning and had some breakfast with some French officers, got moderate quarters, and wrote the *bons* for our provisions. There is a Mr. Pagett, a *chef d'escadron* of the Royal Guards of King Joseph, who is kind and attentive to me. He was formerly made prisoner in General Hoche's expedition to Ireland. On our arrival at Bayonne, we are to have a grand dinner from a party of officers, of whom he is one. The Biscayan language is Basque, or rather a kind of *patois Espagnol* (if the expression is allowable). They are altogether a better and cleaner race than the Castilians. A sad exchange of kingdoms for King Joseph, who was adored at Naples, not to mention the difference of the two countries! As for the Biscayan language above mentioned, it is with difficulty that I can understand a word, though considerably advanced in Spanish. Settled a bet with the Doctor that the Duke of Abrantes was not a marshal, which I won. It was for a bottle of Bordeaux, which the *Sangrado*, being a cunning rogue, will not pay till we get to France, where it is cheaper.

HERNANI, *November 4th.*

At Tolosa yesterday we had a dinner *à l'Anglaise*—namely, some strong soup and a leg of mutton, which our hostess contrived to spoil by cutting a large gash in it and letting out all the gravy. The town is not bad; but the houses, though clean and neat, are extremely old. We arrived here this

morning well wetted : it has rained all night and this morning till twelve o'clock. I fear the rainy season is completely set in. We dine to-day at a French *restaurateur* for three livres and ten sous a head, but it must be the last time, as our cash is totally expended, having nothing amongst us but an English guinea, a half-guinea, and a seven-shilling piece, none of which do I believe they will take without deducting immensely from the value. The neighbourhood abounds with chestnuts, which you get in the greatest perfection, as many as you can hold for a sol, ready washed. Major F. sold a horse for three hundred francs, which set us up in cash, and enables us to go to a *traiteur* again.

IRUN, *November 5th.*

This place is close to the sea, and on our march this morning we had a very fine view, and experienced a very agreeable sensation at the sight. The peasantry are very handsome and clean, most particularly the females, who wear their hair platted in a long queue, which has a very neat appearance. Apples are here very abundant, of which they make a kind of cider, which is not very palatable. There is also French beer, which is very inferior to our own. This is the last town in Spain. Within the last two days we have passed the Pyrenees, which in that part are not very tremendous.

BAYONNE, *November 6th.*

We started from Irun about eight o'clock, and breakfasted at St. Jean de Luz at a very decent house. At the bridge which divides the two countries all our effects were most rigidly inspected. Those on the French side were the worse behaved. They cut open our mattresses, and inspected every portmanteau to the very bottom. The difference between the two countries is soon apparent. On

the side of Bayonne the country is fertile and well peopled. The cottages are delightful, and the people clean. They ride in a curious manner—a lady in each pannier, and sometimes one in the middle. To see three pretty girls on one horse in that manner is quite delightful. As we are not likely to meet any adventures of a very striking cast while travelling in France, I here conclude this short account, which, if it gives pleasure to any of my friends, will have answered my intention. Should it arrive safe in England, it may serve some time or other to recall to my memory the different places I passed through.

APPENDIX II.

Letters from Captain Husson to Dr. Jenner, and from Dr. Jenner to Sir Francis Milman, relating to Captain Milman's release by exchange of Prisoners.

MONSIEUR,—

J'ai l'honneur de vous prévenir que je viens de recevoir une lettre de mon frère (datée de Paris, 2 Août) concernant la liberté du Captn. Milman et dont je m'empresse de vous en donner un extrait dans lequel vous verrez qu'il est très possible que nous soyons tous deux mis en liberté sous le plus court délai, mais le Dr. Husson désirerait avant de finir cette affaire que vous eussiez la parole d'honneur du Transport Office spécifiant que je serai mis en liberté aussitôt l'arrivée du Captn. Milman. Comme j'ai envoyé votre lettre à ce sujet au Dr. Husson j'ose croire que s'il l'a reçue il sera satisfait.

Néanmoins d'après la lettre de mon frère il paraîtrait que le mémoire que vous avez envoyé il y a trois mois au Gouvernement français pour la liberté de Monsr. Milman n'est point parvenu et a été égaré, puisqu'il vous prie de l'aider auprès de son Gouvernement.

Si donc vous voulez avoir la complaisance de refaire votre mémoire pour mon Gouvernement demandant la liberté du fils de votre ami je vous prierais de l'envoyer à M. de Crespigny qui ayant souvent des occasions pour France le ferait parvenir de suite à mon frère, qui l'attend pour terminer l'affaire de concert avec votre ami le Dr. Corrisart.

Oui, monsieur, je n'ai pas le moindre doute que d'ici à trois mois Mr. Milman et moi serons rendus à nos patries si votre mémoire ainsi que la parole du Transport parviennent au Dr. Husson.

Daignez faire part de cette nouvelle à Sir F. Milman votre ami, et le prier de s'intéresser pour qu'on me remette sur parole jusqu'à cette affaire soit terminée, et ce pour cause de ma mauvaise santé me trouvant toujours à l'hôpital. Vous obligerez infiniment, monsieur, celui qui a l'honneur d'être, avec le plus profond respect,

Votre plus dévoué et reconnaissant serviteur,

E. HUSSON.

Extrait de la lettre du Dr. Husson en date de 2 Août.

Je fais les démarches pour le Capt. Milman. Il est très possible que je réussisse ; mais le Transport Office consentira-t-il à te renvoyer quand je lui aurai rendu ce gentilhomme ? L'éternelle raison que tu as manqué à ta parole ne viendra-t-elle pas encore s'opposer à ce que ces promesses verbales soient réalisées ? J'ai écrit au Dr. Jenner que je ne mettrais la dernière main à cette affaire que quand il aurait cette promesse écrite. J'attends la réponse du Dr. Jenner pour agir définitivement et pour qu'il m'aide dans cette affaire près du Gouvernement français. Aussi, mon cher Eugène, du courage. J'espère réussir à rendre Mr. Milman à sa famille si le Dr. Jenner me seconde.

Forwarding this letter to Sir Francis Milman, Dr. Jenner writes :—

DEAR SIR,—

I received the enclosed by yesterday's post from Captain Husson, and congratulate you on the cheering prospect it holds up.

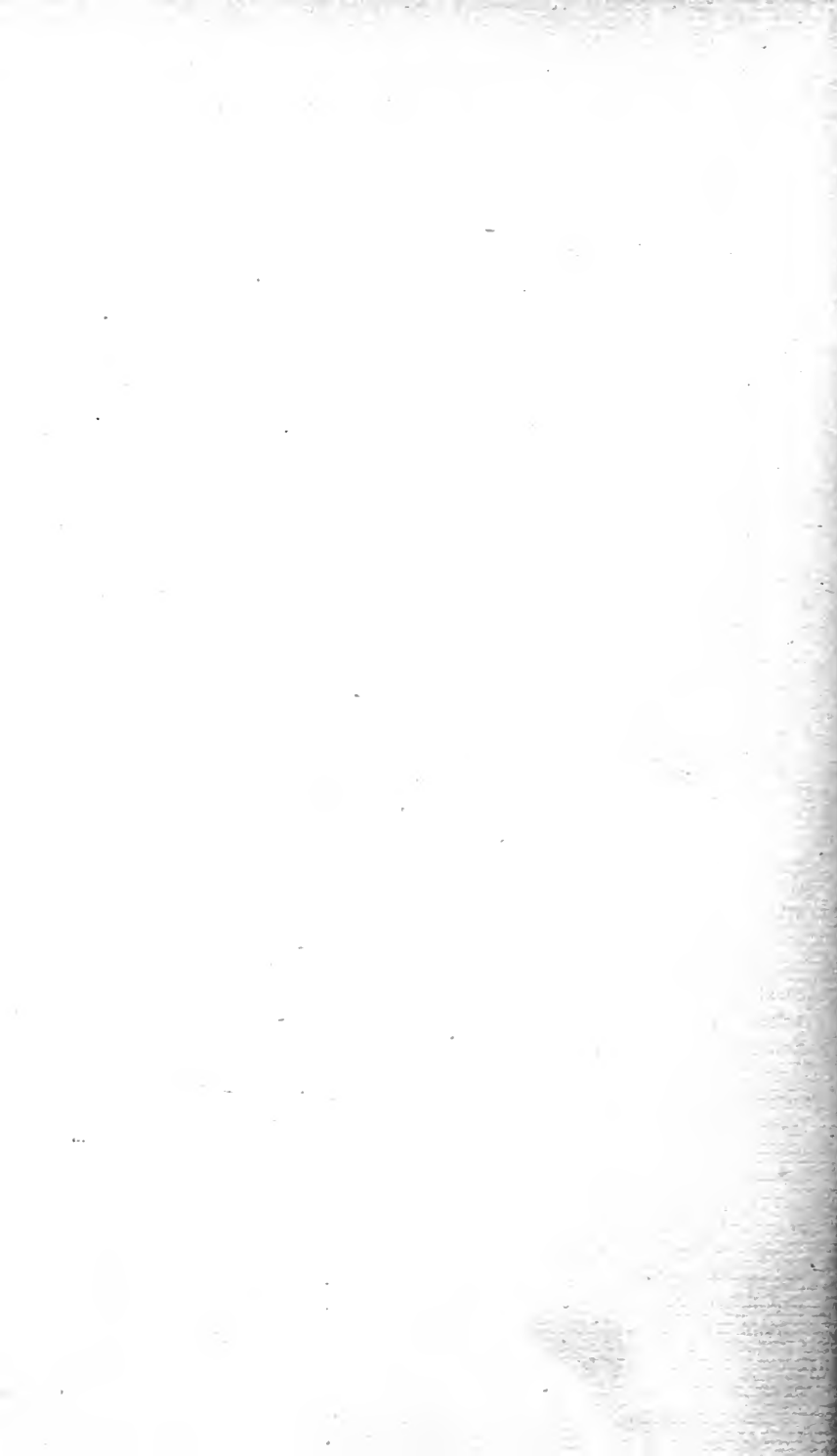
The letter which I sent through you to Captain Husson, and which, it would seem, is now in the hands of his brother in Paris, I meant as a memorial to the French Government. But it appears that something more direct is required. The business with the Transport Board I must leave to you, and presume you will find, after what you communicate to me on the subject, no difficulty in obtaining the pledge. Dr. Husson's letter, alluded to by his brother, has not yet reached me. I had better perhaps wait a few posts for its arrival before I send my memorial, as this letter may furnish me with some useful hints. With regard to Captain Husson's removal from the Prison Ship, I should hope, as he is lingering under a wretched state of health, that the Transport Board would in mercy allow him the benefit of a little sweet air. Your interest there I trust may affect this.

I remain, dear sir, with best wishes for the restoration of your son,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

EDWARD JENNER.

CHELTENHAM, *August 31st*, 1813.



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